Australiar
PE' HOUSE
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DECEMBER 1985
EXCLUSIVE!
SEXUAL HARASSMENT: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE JANE HILL STORY
CRIME:
THE NEW MAFIA
SPORT:
SURFING'S FEAR FACTOR
HUMOR:
THE KIWI CONNECTION
INTERVIEW:
REV. TED NOFFS ON THE CROSS
WIN A TRIP FOR TWO TO ENGLAND!

Fresh is Alpine.

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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine For Men/Vol 6 No 12/December 1985

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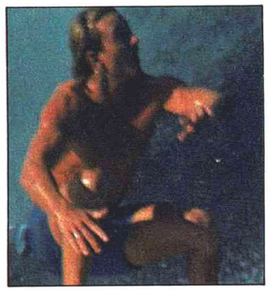
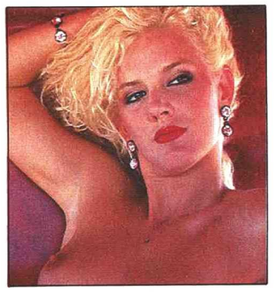
The Martyrdom of Jane Hill



The Fear Factor



Pet Of The Month

The Kiwi Connection

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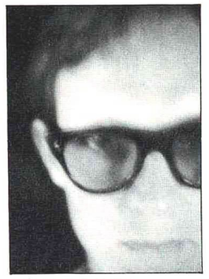
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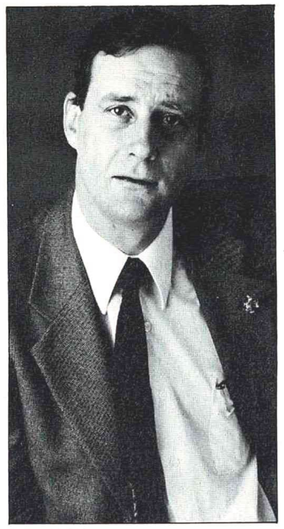
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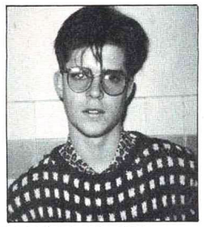
SHANE McGOWAN

ROGER CROSTHWAITE

HOUSECALL

THE MARTYRDOM OF JANE HILL
The celebrated Jane Hill case created a monumental precedent for anti-discrimination law in Australia. But does the end justify the means? Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** investigated the case and uncovered evidence of political interference and legal manoeuvring which may have resulted in a miscarriage of justice. Were the men accused of harassing Jane Hill railroaded for the sake of a legal precedent? Hunter's story, presented exclusively in *Penthouse*, suggests that question ought to be answered by a full public inquiry. **Shane McGowan** created the illustration on page 34.

THE FEAR FACTOR
Hawaii's Banzai Pipeline is the most dangerous surfing location on Earth. The awesome power of the Pipe is absolutely guaranteed to sort the men from the boys, which is why every serious surfer in the world longs to join the elite fraternity of Pipeline masters. **Nick Carroll** accepted the challenge of capturing in words the ultra-cool machismo of the men who dice with death whenever Pipeline pumps. **Peter Simons** and **Peter Crawford** helped out with a selection of classic photos. Turn to page 50.

THE NEW MAFIA
The thing that distinguishes these gentlemen from the Old Mafia is their style. The caring and just Mafia *don* of American romance is long gone; into the vacuum have stepped a mob of Sicilian thugs so ruthless they would gleefully kill their enemies' grandmothers for a slice of the lucrative heroin trade. In the past year the infrastructure of the New Mafia has finally come to light, despite a concerted effort by the mobsters to rub out investigators. **William Sherman** reveals the gruesome story of the Mafia in the Eighties, beginning on page 58.

THE KIWI CONNECTION
Not every Kiwi immigrant is a dope-dealing cut-throat, but our little brothers from across the Tasman have distinguished themselves in Australia with a record of creative criminality unmatched by any other nationality. However, contends **P.D. Jack**, "they're always good fun to tease." We're hoping he's right, and that Kiwis will refrain from doing a haka over Jack's tongue-in-cheek observations. Turn to **Frants Kantor's** illustration on page 82.

TRIPTYCH
This month's fiction by **Brian Manning** is a haunting self-portrait of the artist as a broken man. A struggling painter is hoodwinked into an attempt to commit an act of gross indecency when confronted with a spectre from his past — or was she? **Georgina Stroud's** illustration opens that piece on page 94.

REVEREND TED NOFFS INTERVIEW
How many ministers of religion would choose to air their views in the pages of *Penthouse*? **Roger Crosthwaite** spoke with Noffs in the celebrated Wayside Chapel in Sydney's Kings Cross; the reverend emerges as a man whose genuine love of humanity and hatred of hypocrisy have made his ministry the most effective in the country. **Graeme Davey** shot the portrait of Noffs on page 112.

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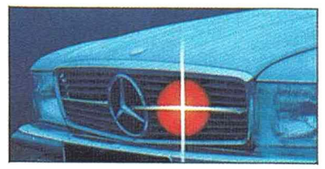

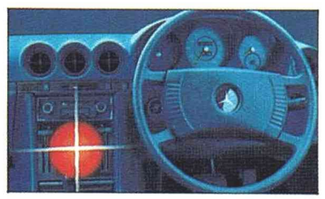

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Ethical therapy

As a psychiatrist I wish to comment on the article on electroconvulsive therapy in the August edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

The article appears to be based on anecdotes rather than any statistical evidence of harm caused by ECT. Taking that into account, and the fact that ECT may be a life saving treatment, the article is at best a pointless and rather sensationalised view of ECT. At worst, it is downright dangerous.

Perhaps it is time that people writing for the media were made aware that their responsibility is not just to sell magazines. — *Name and address withheld for ethical reasons*

Contemplate . . .

I have just finished reading the July edition of *Australian Penthouse* and thought I'd drop you a line concerning the cartoon feature titled Plates.

Firstly, the cartoon of Old McDonald's farm truck with the number plates EIEIO is not a fantasy. Last year I pulled up behind a Falcon station wagon and noticed that the plates consisted of those capital letters. I drove alongside the vehicle at the next set of lights and asked the driver if his name was McDonald. He nodded in the affirmative.

One of Mike Walsh's last guests on his ill-fated show was Dr Geoffrey Edelsten, the purchaser of the Sydney Swans VFL team. It has been pointed out that the number plates on his garish array of cars are even more fantastic than those of cartoonist Lodge. I guess good taste is its own reward. — *Bob White, Canterbury, NSW*

Where the laughs are

I am not one of those lucky people who are constantly having outrageous and unlikely sexual experiences with female coital machines whilst standing in the queue at the pictures, as portrayed in your infamous Forum column.

Neither am I prone to laughing out loud after reading something funny. But I did laugh long and loud after reading C.J. Mackay's article Where The Girls Are in August *Australian Penthouse*. — *Simon Hughes, Stepney, SA*

Pick-up tips

I'd like to comment on a couple of aspects of the article Where The Girls Are. Firstly, I can confirm Ms Mackay's criticism of pheromone sprays. Her description of the smell as being something between a wharfie's armpit and a gorilla's jockstrap is correct. It stinks, and in my experience it doesn't work. Or if it does, it tells the girls to go, go, go . . . in the opposite direction. It certainly didn't work for me anyway, although maybe the fact that I didn't have my front teeth in at the time I tried it out didn't help.

Secondly, the claim that cruise ships should be avoided as pick-up spots surprised me. A recent trip on the *Canberra* revealed surplus single females. Too bad I had my wife with me. But I've just booked a fortnight for myself on the *Fairstar* which is reportedly chock-a-block full of twat every time it sails out of Sydney Harbor. — *Name and address withheld*

Julie Mulherin . . . heat

Fire started

No doubt Firestarter Julie Mulherin has set fire to the hearts of many men who have met her. The closest I can get may be only your excellent September edition, but let me tell you without doubt that that woman is the hottest ever revealed to me and I would crawl over hot coals for her. Thanks for a great mag. — *R.R., Scone, NSW*

Fact from fiction

In your July 1985 edition you published an article entitled The Crimes Of Colin Creed by one Frank Pangallo. As the subject of the article, I would be obliged if you would publish this letter in your Feedback column.

I must confess that I approached the reading of the article with a considerable degree of scepticism, engendered by the numerous other factually inaccurate articles in similar vein which have appeared in various newspapers and magazines over the past few years.

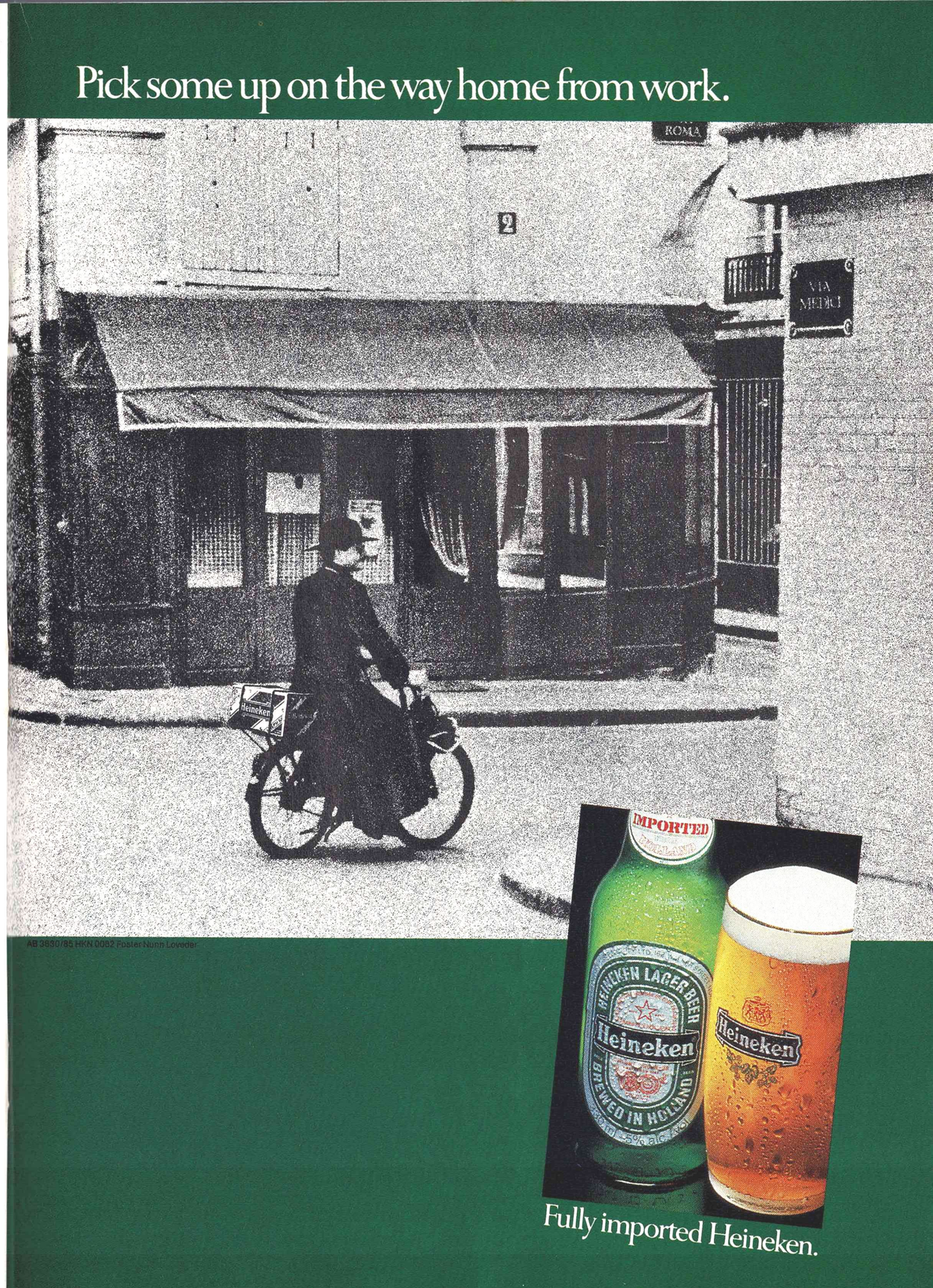
However, no amount of scepticism could have prevented the incredulity I experienced on reading Mr Pangallo's article. I am well aware of the journalistic adage that "one should not let the facts stand in the way of a good story", but Mr Pangallo's imagination and inventiveness know no bounds.

In fact, the majority of his article appears to be simply a re-hash of various newspaper articles, with a few refinements of his own added for good measure. I could write at length and point out each inaccuracy and absurdity, but the credibility of the article as a whole is best demonstrated by Mr Pangallo's fictional *piece de resistance*.

Many of the facts and assertions in the article are demonstrably untrue, but even Mr Pangallo's inventiveness reached a new high when he described the "indelible impression" which I left on a "middle-aged woman juror" during my trial. He quotes her at some length: eg "Throughout his trial he showed little or no emotion" . . .The verdict was "a formality"... "I'd made up my mind quite early in the piece. After all, the evidence was quite overwhelming."

For Mr Pangallo, the invention of a "middle-aged woman juror who wanted to remain anonymous" (naturally) probably seemed quite safe — after all there is bound to be someone of that description on most juries. However, the most casual of enquiries by your contributor would have revealed that I entered a guilty plea. Consequently there was no trial and therefore no jury. It necessarily follows that the "middle-aged woman juror" exists only in Mr Pangallo's fertile imagination — *C.J. Creed, Adelaide, SA*

Writes Frank Pangallo: "Colin Creed has made consistent attacks on the media reportage of his exploits and subsequent court hearings, a consistency only matched by his refusal to talk to any media on his story. A number of attempts were made by myself to interview him, through both his solicitor and through the jail where he is currently held, to be met with no response."



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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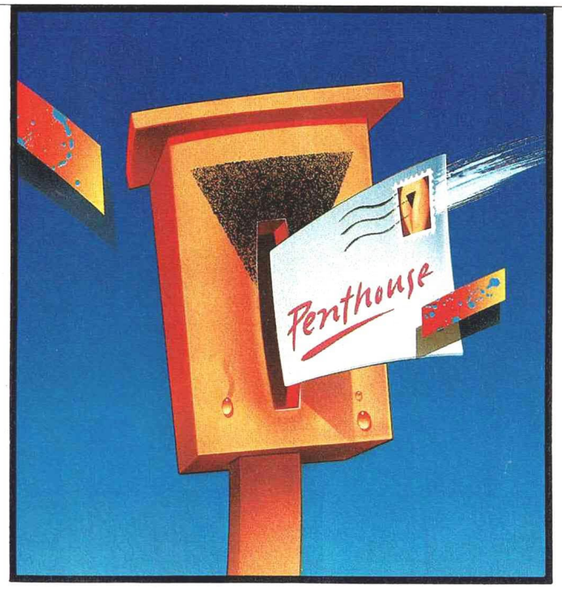
Easy rider



My wife, at five foot eight, wit waist-length dark hair, a beautiful, aristocratic face, and the best legs in this or any other world, doesn't like to admit that she is an exhibitionist. The truth of the matter is that she definitely gets a kick out of visually teasing passers-by, and the chance of being truly caught with her pants down is enough to make her sweet lips glisten.

Add to this the fact that we both love to get in the car and just drive, and you have the makings of some good entertainment — for us and anyone fortunate enough to drive by our car.

In the past, she has deep-throated me while I was driving; she has stripped completely while we crossed the Nullarbor ("Too hot!" she said); and she has straddled me with her back to the wheel and gyrated me to an orgasm while a couple travelling with us in the middle of the mountains slept in the back seat. She has several pairs of almost nonexistent short-shorts that make for *very* clean windshields when we stop for petrol.

Recently spring arrived. Tired of being penned up for the long winter, we hopped in the new car for a drive to the lonely outback. My wife decided to get a start on her tan while on the road, so she peeled off her jeans, opened the sunroof, and positioned her legs to catch the direct sunlight. She put one leg across the cabin to the dash in front of me and one on my headrest. She was seated with her back to the passenger door, facing me. The French-cut leotard, which was now her sole garment, clung tightly to her body and effectively revealed all details. I enjoyed the view, and caressed her legs from ankle to heaven, gently relaxing her to the point of sleeping. Every once in a while, I tickled the clip on the thin crotch of the leotard which lay directly above her clit, causing her to jump, but she made it clear that she was trying to relax, and said, "Quit that!"

A semi had been slowly gaining on us for several miles, to the point where it was just about to pass. I began teasing my wife about "showing me some pink." Finally, sleepily unaware of what was happening, she reached down and pulled the crotch of her leotard to one side, revealing her lusicous lips and extravagant bush. As the truck pulled alongside, I ran my hand up her leg and briefly cupped her cunt. I then withdrew my hand to wet my thumb in my mouth, replaced it, and rolled her clit with my now-wet digit. She squirmed and sighed, but the truckie chose this moment to blow his horn in approval. This woke my wife completely. She let the leotard snap back into place and sat up abruptly. "You knew he was there!" she accused. "Sure I did," I admitted. Pulling on one knee, she spread her legs and, sure enough, a dark wet spot had formed on the leotard between her thighs.

I tickled her clit through the fabric, then slid my hand under the elastic to her slippery cunt. After rolling her clit between my fingers and thumb, I moved farther down to put first one, then two fingers inside her pussy while rubbing the front of her mound with my palm. Soon she had pulled the front of her leotard down and was almost violently pulling and twisting her nipples with both hands. As the sounds of slurping and smacking from her cunt increased, she twisted around enough to whisper in my ear, "I'm sooooo slippery. I want you to lick me." I said that I couldn't while driving and that she should get out her vibrator. "I can't," she moaned. "I didn't bring it."

Then it occurred to me. "Take that thing all the way off," I ordered. As she moved to comply, I pulled the shift lever down from fifth to fourth gear, moving the knob between the seats. "I knew this damn vibration would be good for something!"

She looked doubtfully at the large leather knob. "It won't fit," she insisted.

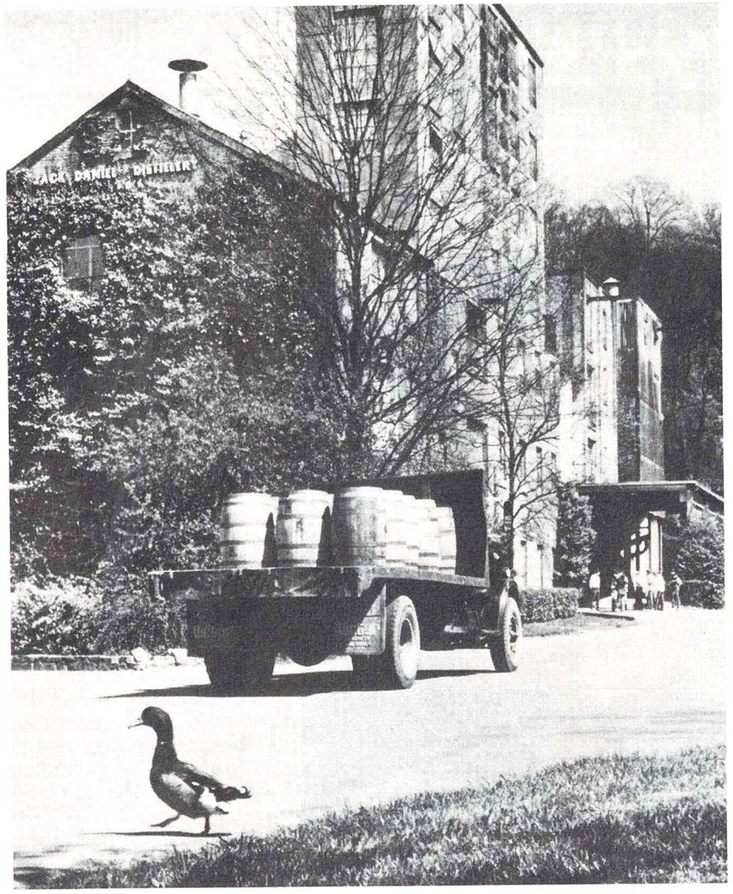
"Try it." I suggested. "Just vibrate your clit with it. It's soft."

She turned her back to the windshield, put one knee on each seat and slowly lowered herself until her dripping wet pussy touched the vibrating knob. Searching for the right position, she braced herself with one arm on the seat back, then reached between her legs to grasp the lever below the thick knob. Slowly she began rotating her hips so that the thick head of this surrogate cock slid, parting her lips as it moved, from clit to love hole and back. As the speed of her movements increased, I increased the speed of the car to intensify the vibrations. As we blew by the semi, wet slurping sounds could once again be heard above the roar of the wind, and it was my turn to pull and twist her nipples for her.

With a little cry, she shifted her weight, slid the knob to her pussy opening, and forced it into herself, deeper and deeper, until eight inches of leather knob and metal shaft had disappeared. Now bracing herself on the rim of the sunroof with both hands, she began to slide back up the shaft. I quickly grabbed the lever to keep her from forcing the transmission out of gear.

As she slid up, she arched her back until her nipples pointed skyward and her head was partially out of the car, hair flying wildly in the wind. Back down she plunged, until her hot, sopping pussy slapped against my hand. Up and down she moved, faster and faster, eyes closed and oblivious to the stream of traffic now passing us in the opposite direction. Every time she rose up the shaft, the huge knob forced her juices out of her cunt, over my hand, and on to the console.

Finally, with a breathless scream she stopped pumping and began shuddering, her legs trembling and her nipples fully erect, with the areolae puckered up to add



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FORUM

to the length of her nipples. Sweat ran between her breasts and across her stomach to mingle with the cunt juices glistening in the sun. She rose completely from the shaft to collapse in a curled-up position in the other seat. With her arse pointing directly at me and her legs drawn up, I could see that both her rosebud and stretched-open pussy were pulsating. Dribbles of her sweet juices pumped from her cunt and ran down the inside of her thighs. It took the several minutes I needed to find an exit ramp before her pussy desensitised enough for me to lick her spotlessly clean. — *Name and address withheld*

Beach lovers

Reading Forum has always been a pleasurable experience for my boyfriend and I, and we enjoy the thought of actually reading about one of our adventures! We are both young, very athletic, and we enjoy the outdoors.

On our last holiday to the coast, we encountered something that has since become a pleasurable memory. When we arrived at the island we grabbed some beer and munchies and headed for a secluded beach on the south-eastern shore. We had to climb down about 300 feet of rough terrain to find our paradise. When we reached the sandy beach, we settled down with our blanket and cassette player. The waves were beautiful, the sun relentless.

After a few beers my boyfriend, Eric, became very horny and offered to rub lotion on my back. Before I knew it he was slowly humping me through my bikini. Now I was as horny as he was and suggested that he rub lotion on my chest! He quickly agreed. I rolled over and undid my top. He grabbed the lotion and started rubbing my swollen mounds.

After a while I noticed people sitting on the rocks at the bottom of the path. The couple were so engrossed in each other and the view that they didn't notice us. Eric finally saw them but it didn't stop him — in fact, I think it turned him on even more! When the male of the couple looked our way, Eric said, "Let's give this guy something to watch!"

He removed his swimsuit to reveal his ready-for-action hard-on. He was inside my pussy in no time flat! The next time we looked over at our audience, the man was thrusting his hand in his girlfriend's snatch! Her arse was coming a foot off the ground with each thrust! We both got a charge out of playing this game. It seemed as if we were trying to outdo each other.

Eric was finally spent after about ten minutes of rock-hard fucking. I then took his limp member and got out the suntan lotion. It works wonders on a limp cock! After a few strokes he was ready, so I went down on him. The lotion didn't taste so good, but I was hotter than ever, knowing that four eyes were watching us go at it. Eric looked over and told me the girl was doing the same thing I was, but the man still had his eyes on us! I sucked for all I was worth. Fortunately, Eric came before I needed my jaw rewired. I swallowed all of his load. I finished just in time to watch the other guy shoot his load down the throat of his partner.

We then decided it was time to hit the water and cool down. We went body-surfing for about half an hour. When we returned our private audience was gone, but just thinking about them got us rarin' to go again. This time I took him doggy style on the warm sand.

That day was so great and such an incredible turn-on that every time we talk about it we end up in a mad fucking session! I just hope the other couple reads this. If so, thanks. You gave us both a great occasion to remember! — *Name and address withheld*

Rising altitude

It happened in late autumn, on a flight to the States from Europe.

It all came as a surprise. After all, I was a recently separated, 42-year-old executive. I wasn't sure I was ready to play. My fantasies of being single were of young blondes with big tits and tiny brains. Yet here I sat with a woman almost my own age. Well, I admit she looked younger, a lot younger. She had shoulder-length, sun-streaked, dark-blonde hair, the face of a virgin, and the body of a 23-year-old. Thank God for the physical fitness craze.

The only place her maturity showed was in her professional success. We'd fallen deliriously in love only six weeks before, and both felt like teenagers.

She sat beside me, dressed in a white-on-white-striped silk blouse with a little bow tied at the collar, and a black silk skirt and high heels. I held her little hand (she was a petite five feet one inch tall) and marvelled at her blue eyes, which turned to turquoise as the sun slanted through the cabin windows. Her nose turned slightly upward, and I watched her small, sweet lips as she laughed and talked in her musical way.

I was in awe of her. Unfortunately, awe had not led me to wild sex. Sure, we had made love during the last two weeks, but it was always straight and simple . . . and, well, dignified. I reminded myself how in 20 years of marriage my wife had never swallowed my come. Here, I figured, I go again. Pausing in the conversation, she closed her eyes and rested as I sat waiting for the in-flight movie to begin. My hand rested on her thigh. She seemed extremely warm there and I pressed cautiously, moving slowly up and toward the inside. I waited for her to start talking again or to move my hand away, but she did neither. If anything, her legs seemed to part a little under the tray that held her glass of sherry. I pressed again, this time moving farther up. Through her skirt, I could feel the bone above her crotch. She took a little breath.

"No," she whispered. "Not with all of these people around."

I looked down our row and saw a woman reading a magazine. There were people behind us and in front of us. A stewardess walked by, glancing at my arm under the tray.

I pressed again, and felt warmth from her pussy flow through the silk. She was getting wet. Our hands came apart and my fingers travelled up her waist and inside her skirt, pushing aside her silk blouse and going beneath the waistband of her panty hose. Hidden, my fingertips brushed her tight, springy, curly hair.

"Please," she whimpered. I told her to relax and pressed down with my fingers again, sensing the steamy wetness already inside her panties. She breathed harder and I felt her belly suck in, but I could not get my fingers farther down. I disengaged my hand and moved it back around her waist until I found the button and zipper at the side of her skirt.

"You've got to stop," she said as I undid the button, but I could tell by the fast pace of her breathing that she was mine now. My fingers went back inside, diving deeper, down to where she was all hot and wet for me. My cock grew hard, imprisoned in my pants. My middle and second fingers found her clitoris. Rhythmically I moved, flicking her clit, toying with it, now teasing, now pressing, feeling the pleasure forcing her hips to wriggle no matter how much she tried to hold still and ignore what I was doing to her.

Her hand clasped my forearm so hard I thought she'd close off the circulation. Still, I continued, ravaging her pussy with my insistent fingers. My cock strained to be free, but I would not stop to release it. I began to hear low animal sounds from her in my ear. "Oh God, I want to scream," she moaned. "Don't make me come here."

I looked around at the people and the stewardesses, and I drove deeper inside her pussy, impaling her on my middle finger as my thumb pressed and pushed and rolled her clit. Her hand shot up to her mouth and I watched her bite down on the heel of it. Her face grew red and her blue eyes stared wildly into mine. The sound of the jet engines seemed to grow louder, carrying her silent scream. Time held, and then the contractions slowed and stopped. She sank into the seat.

"I can't believe we just did that," she said.

I pulled my finger out and looked at her. "I'm going to the bathroom," I said. "Follow me."

"No way."

"Follow me."

I got up and nonchalantly strolled down the aisle. Children played. There were people sleeping, drinking, reading magazines.

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FORUM

If they only knew what was going on!

I looked back and saw her in the aisle. Her face was flushed and she steadied herself by holding on to the backs of the seats while she walked. Making sure she saw me, I stepped into a vacant lavatory, waiting in the half-darkness of the tiny room. She knocked. My cock practically ripped through my pants.

The door opened and she stood there, dazed by what we were doing. Her face looked younger and more angelic than ever. She closed the door behind her. I locked it and the lavatory lights went on. We kissed. As my hands went under her skirt and began pulling down her panty hose and the lacy white panties underneath, her mouth opened wide. I only paused long enough to push my right hand up under her blouse and inside her bra, where I squeezed her round tits and pinched her nipples erect. Little sounds of excitement came from her mouth.

We could look in the mirror and see ourselves. Her tiny body pressed against mine, the black silk skirt up around her waist and her white arse sticking out. I began fingering her and told her to get out of her panty hose. She obeyed, slipping her high heels back on so she wouldn't have to stand barefoot on the lavatory floor.

I unbuckled my belt, unzipped my pants, and dropped them. My cock stood straight out, charging at her. She couldn't resist looking at it. I sat down on the toilet and she climbed on to me. I forced my hand between us to guide my cock and she slid down on it. Inside her pussy, I could feel her burning hot and dripping wet, but the space in the room was so narrow that we could barely move. Her knees banged against the wall and sink cabinet.

"Get up," I said, pulling her to her feet. I grabbed her waist, put her up on the metal sink counter, and yanked her skirt clear.

"Oh," she squealed. "It's so cold!" That made me even harder and I drove my cock in, feeling it part her cunt hair as it found its home. Now I could move and I fucked her hard, jamming it in and out to fill her with my hot, throbbing cock. She pulled at the hair on my head and started crying, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

I banged away, feeling my balls slap into the cabinet as my cock plunged through her. Finally, she begged for mercy. "I can't come anymore," she said.

At this I pulled out and let her off the cabinet. She stared down at my cock. It was rock-hard and bright red. She took hold of it, but her little hand didn't even begin to cover the whole thing. The brute had grown even bigger than normal from all the fucking.

Slowly, now, she crouched down on her high heels until my cock stared her straight in the face. I looked in the mirror and I could see him pulsing at her, her look of almost worship, the collar of her white blouse and the little white bow, her little hands around the long fierce cock, the drop of pre-come at its tip. She opened her small mouth and, although the cock looked too large for her, she began working it in. I could see her tiny white teeth around it as she tried to take the whole thing in her mouth. I looked down and for an instant, her baby blue eyes looked up me with my red, raging cock now plunged between her small pink lips. She closed her eyes and concentrated, moving her head back and forth on my cock, while I could feel the warm juicy wetness inside her mouth as she swirled her tongue around the head and up the base.

With one hand she grabbed my arse and pulled me even tighter; her other hand went under my shirt and pinched and pulled at my nipple. It was like a direct line to my cock. I felt the come boiling up in me and I looked in the mirror. I could actually see the bulging cock head as it slammed against her cheek. Her cheeks swelled as she took it in.

"Oh, fuck!" I yelled out, and I turned inside out, coming and watching her swallow my come. A little rivulet of white broke through her lips and ran down her chin. Seeing that, I closed my eyes and suffered one last spasm, unable to look anymore. I crumpled over on her. My only thought now was at least if I had a heart attack, my lady doctor could hopefully save me.

There was a knock at the door. I shouted, "Just a minute."

My love's face went red with embarrassment. Quickly she pulled up her panties and panty hose and pushed her skirt down. She grabbed a paper towel to wipe her face. I zipped up and we kissed. I could taste my come in her mouth.

The knocking started again. She tucked in her blouse. I threw the latch and opened the door. There stood a matronly stewardess with her arms folded. About six people were lined up behind her, staring with curiosity. We stepped out with as much dignity as we could manage. The stewardess stepped into the lavatory, sniffed loudly, and turned back to us. The room must have smelled of sex.

"Were you two smoking in there?" she barked.

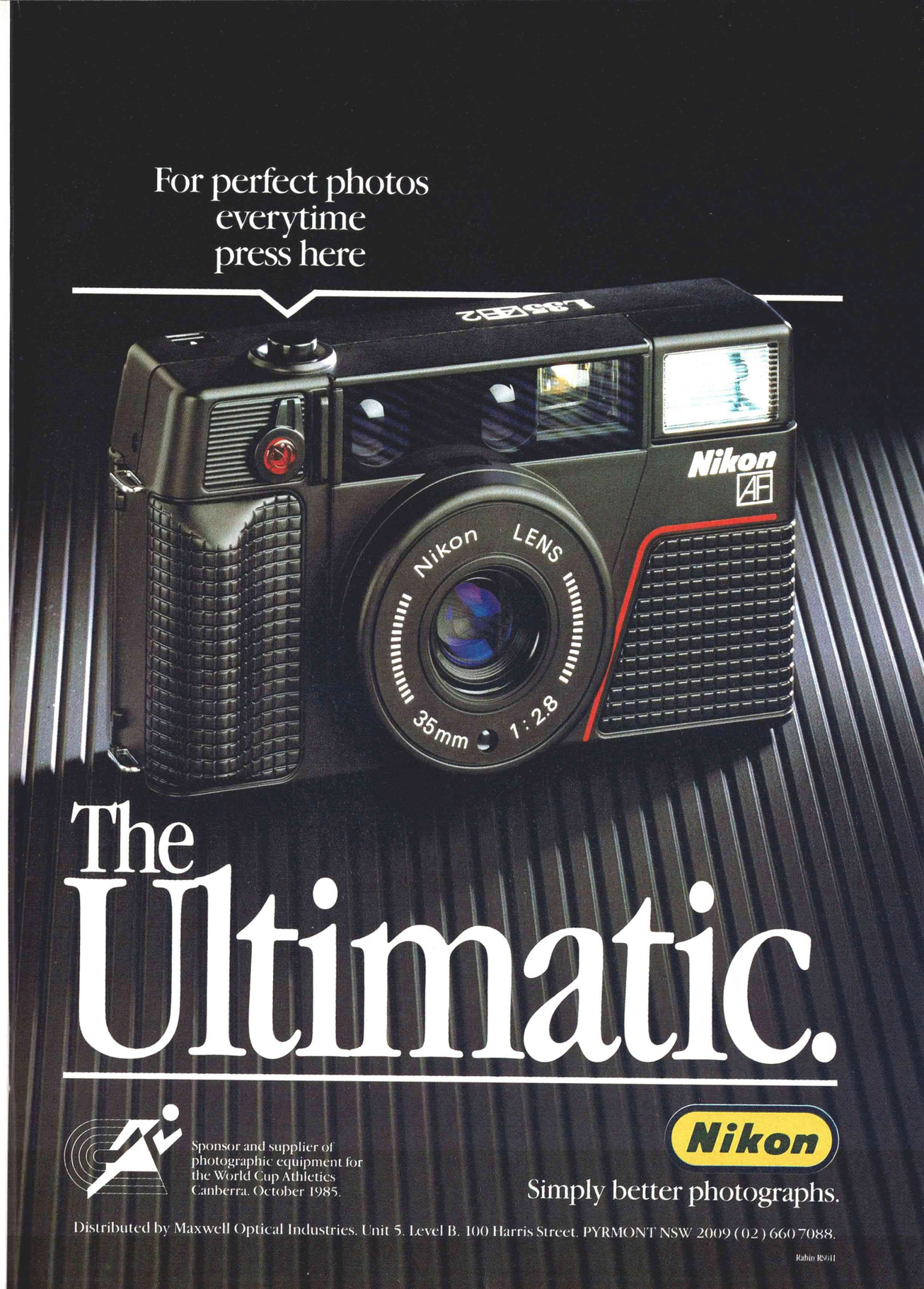
I remembered the punch line to the old joke and said, "I don't know, I didn't look."

And like naughty children, we walked past the waiting passengers and giggled our way back to our seats, completely in love. — *Name and address withheld*

Taking the back seat

I was on routine patrol in an inner-city district the other night when I spotted a car backed into an alley with the lights off. I parked my cruiser around the corner and walked back on foot.

As I neared the car, I noticed that the windows were a little fogged over. As I reached for the door handle I heard soft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FORUM

moans coming from inside. What I saw inside gave me an instant erection. There, right in front of my eyes, were two of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, and they were stark naked! One was small-framed and blonde, with small but perfectly shaped tits. The other had dark hair and larger boobs, with pink nipples that stuck out at least an inch. They didn't see me, so I just stood back and watched as they kissed and caressed each other.

Soon, the darker girl lay back across the seat, and the blonde went down on her. She licked up the inside of the other girl's legs, just brushing across her beautiful bush. The brunette was moaning loudly now and licking her lips as she rubbed and pinched her own nipples. Then the blonde turned around and swung her legs into a sixty-nine position. I couldn't believe it! There, staring me in the eyes, was the most beautiful shaved pussy I had ever seen. I could see the brunette's tongue reach up and lick the juices that flowed freely from her tasty-looking cooze.

Just as things were heating up, my radio barked out a call to another officer. The two girls nearly jumped through the roof of the car. To my surprise, they made no attempt to cover up. Instead, they began begging me not to say anything. I was dumbfounded. Then they noticed the huge bulge my throbbing hard-on was making in my pants. Almost simultaneously, they reached out and began rubbing me through my pants. The brunette unzipped my pants and pulled them open. It was their turn to be surprised, for out sprang my 10-inch cock, fully erect and begging for relief.

The girls went crazy, licking and sucking my cock shaft. Lillie, the blonde, started to gently suck my balls, while Jennifer, the brunette, took almost half my length down her throat. I came within minutes, filling Jennifer's mouth with my warm semen.

I stayed as hard as Japanese arithmetic. I held my cock to Jennifer's mouth so she could wet it, then press the head against Lillie's pussy. She made no protest, so I eased forward. Inch by inch, I disappeared into her as she let out a low moan. I started pumping, slowly at first, but gradually increased the tempo. I was able to last a little longer this time, but with Jennifer occasionally licking my balls, I couldn't last forever. I started pouring tons of come into Lillie's pussy, which Jennifer lapped up like warm milk. Jennifer said it was the first time she was able to enjoy her two favorite flavors at the same time.

I would have liked to stay longer, but duty called. I excused myself and, promising not to tell anyone their secret, gave them my phone number and address and reluctantly left. Well, they called this morning and, as I sit here writing this letter, I'm thinking of all the different positions we're going to try tonight. As soon as I'm through writing, I'm leaving to buy balloons, feathers, whipped cream, and honey. I can't wait. — *Name and address withheld*

Wild weekend

I like reading Forum because I pick up ideas that I can use on my wife when we're making love. I used to think *Penthouse* employed a group of writers to write the stories. I really didn't believe everything I read. Well, let me tell you of an experience of mine.

My wife, Kathy, and I work during the week, so weekends are usually spent running errands, shopping for groceries, and paying bills. One particular weekend I had to stop for petrol. Kathy waited in the car while I went inside to pay for it. At the register, I noticed that the new *Penthouse* had arrived. I bought a copy and, as I waited for my change, I thumbed through the pages, looking at the models. Suddenly I spotted a model that closely resembled my wife. I immediately got an erection. Luckily the attendant gave me a bag, which I quickly put in front of me. It hid my erection but did nothing close to making it go away.

My wife saw something was wrong when I got in the car, still holding the bag in front of me. "You look like you've seen a ghost," she said jokingly. I told her everything was cool. She asked why I was driving with one hand and holding the bag with the other. With that, she grabbed the bag and opened it. She also saw my erect penis, which had grown even bigger. She said nothing, but turned the pages and looked at the models. "So that's what got your pecker up," she said slyly, looking at me out of the corner of her eye. "This girl looks like me and she's made you hard. You poor baby." Kathy laid the magazine down and eased closer to me and put her hand on my rigid cock. Giving it a pat, she said "Let's go home and help this poor little fellow out." Then she moved even closer and nibbled on my ear. She giggled as I battled to get the car into gear and away. As the engine strained she reminded me to release the hand-brake. "It might help," I conceded.

I had a million things to do that day but I suddenly forgot all about errands and bills, even the grocery shopping. My mind was on only one thing—going home—an idea I pursued even to the point of running two red lights. When we got home my wife led me straight to the bedroom. Wasting no time, she unzipped my pants and unbuckled my belt. Letting them fall to the floor, she grabbed for my briefs, yanking them down as I stepped out of them. I unbuttoned my shirt and dropped it on the floor along with the rest of my clothes. I stood naked in front of my wife, my cock fully hard, waiting for her to relieve the pressure which had swelled it.

She was wearing tight jeans and a halter top. Kathy doesn't wear undergarments. She likes freedom. I unbuttoned her jeans and slipped them down her sleek long legs. She turned her back to me and I undid the strings of her halter. I let it fall to the floor. My wife and I have been married for six years and we have done quite a lot of screwing. We have done it in every possible way we could dream of. So sex to us is no odd subject. Over the years my wife has maintained her trim figure and good looks. I think her firm arse and breasts are her greatest assets, not to mention a nice snug cunt buried in a big bush of brown hair.

Kathy turned toward me and took my penis in her hands. She stroked it a couple of times, then knelt in front of me and took the tip of her tongue and circled it around the head. This made me tremble and weak in the legs. She took my cock head into her mouth. Slowly she withdrew. She went back to my penis again. This time she cupped my balls in her hands as she sucked me. I could feel the come build up in my balls. Suddenly she stopped and stood up, looking into my eyes with a look of need on her face. "Do me now," she said as she moved back and lay on the bed.

I started to kiss her feet; I held one in each hand. Her toenails were painted bright red. I kissed her legs as I spread them wide and placed them on my shoulders. My kisses turned to long stokes as I worked my way to her fur-covered cunt. I kissed and licked around the outside of her cunt. She was wet and the juices had already oozed out of her cunt on to the sheet. A tiny wet spot lay beneath her.

I kept working on her cunt with my mouth, running my tongue along the lips and then inside. Gently, I nibbled at her clit. This made her shudder and tremble. I did this twice, then stopped. She reached out and pulled me up to her. She spread her legs wider as I eased my hard cock into her hot, dripping love box. She wrapped her legs around my waist and pushed up at my every stroke. Arching her back, she moved her legs even higher as I moved in and out. As I pumped away she lay beneath me with her head held back and her eyes closed. She gritted her teeth and I could feel the hot come move out of my balls and down my shaft.

As I gave one last shove, I shot my hot jism into Kathy's hot, drenched cunt. She gasped loudly and fell back on the bed, breathing heavily, her breasts rising slowly and falling. I too was a bit weak as I lay down and pulled her close to me.

We spent the rest of the day in bed, sucking and fucking our brains out. We never got anything done that day. As a matter of fact, we spent Sunday in bed sleeping, and we called in sick the following Monday. — *Name and address withheld.*

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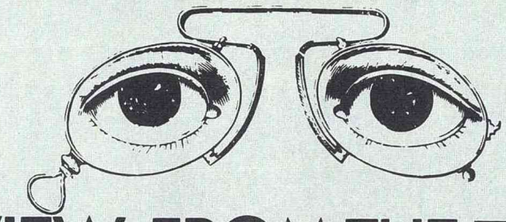


VIEW FROM THE TOP

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

BY JACK RANSLEY

Three friends of mine who used to share long lunches devised a game called First Impressions. Taking turns, each would appraise the others as though seeing them for the first time, then speculate — as idle folk sometimes do across crowded rooms — about their likely occupations, politics, philosophies and so on.

Among friends, First Impressions is potentially as dangerous as unrelenting honestly within a marriage... it can destroy fond illusions and confirm worst fears. Played strictly by the rules, it calls for assessments on the basis of grooming, physical characteristics and dress. No foreknowledge of the subject's personality or habits may be employed.

Clothing is, of course, the most telling superficial clue to a man's character and role in life. Especially when, like my friends, the men are in their thirties and presumably have made decisions about the sartorial image they want to convey as adults. So let's consider how the masochistic trio fared at one another's mercy.

GRAHAM came here a decade ago from London and clings tenaciously to the Carnaby Street suits and shirts he bought in the early Seventies (pin stripes and wide lapels). By contemporary standards his hair is too long; he spends a small fortune on narrow leather shoes.

Assessment: A disc-jockey in some shabby British resort like Blackpool. Never hit the big time and so lives, rather pathetically, in the past. Still believes the Sixties *meant* something. Votes Labor.

CHRIS is small, neatly groomed, dapper. Wears expensive business suits, ill-matched silk shirts, gold-rimmed spectacles and raised-heel shoes. He sports a thin moustache and gold rings.

Assessment: An insecure dentist who cheats on his wife, the Taxation Department and, when playing Monopoly, his children. Driven by an obsessive desire for the trappings of success. Votes Liberal.

CLAUDE is tidy but never flashy. He wears inexpensive slacks and short-sleeved shirts, always in monotonous autumn tones. Favors suede desert boots. Balding, bespectacled, mild-mannered.

Assessment: Chartered accountant or public servant. Claude's mild manners and dull exterior belie exotic daydreams in which Tina Turner and Betty Rubble compete for his favors. A mass of prejudices: votes National.

It's easy to understand why my friends rarely lunch together any more. They prefer the company of those who see them more as they see themselves — or at least *pretend* to see them that way. Of course Chris, Graham and Claude, having heard the worst, could change the way they look by what might seem to some a simple process: buying new and different clothes. Except that it isn't a simple process.

Shopping for a new wardrobe, for many males in their late twenties or early thirties, is an ordeal comparable with filling out tax returns. They are expected to *know* what's right for them.

Some men — doctors and lawyers spring to mind — experience no difficulty in buying clothes. The pompous traditions of their calling dictate what they wear, where they live, what golf club they join and what color Volvo they drive. For the rest of us, though, buying clothes is at best a bloody nuisance. Invariably, the chore is delayed until we are in need of so many things we don't know where to start.

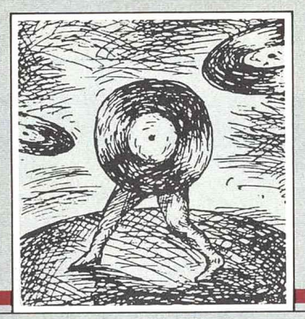
Driven forth by the taunts and lamentations of wives or lovers, we may find ourselves in a trendy boutique, borne down upon by effeminate sales assistants in pastel pantaloons and silly unironed shirts. Given half a chance, they'll send you back to the streets looking like some kind of rumpled neon pear, trailing buckles and straps and flaps and ripcords.

Even in the more traditional department stores, the reluctant shopper must cope with such obstacles as metric size tags, starkly unflattering three-sided mirrors, assistants who demand to know how an item fits before you've managed to unpin the collar, and — in the case of a university professor with whom I've discussed these unhappy experiences — a disturbing conviction that gleeful homosexuals are peering at him through spyholes in the changing room walls.

And everything takes so much time! Undressing. Dressing up. Wondering if the effect is *you*. Undressing. Finding another size. Dressing up. Poncing about in public view while the woman in your life inspects each item. Going to another store. At last, mercifully, you run out of money and the ritual ends.

Until next time. Because no matter how many clothes a man buys, fickle fashion and shoddy workmanship conspire to ensure they are never enough. In the future, the need to preserve certain resources may see the introduction of a people's suit, standardised and indestructible, suitable for all occasions. Only when we all look like a blend of Flash Gordon and Mao Tse-tung will the game of First Impressions be laid to rest. Then God help Liberace.

Illustration by Graham Rendoth



SOUNDS

Talking Heads, arguably the most influential white band that America has mustered in the last decade, have gone country and gospel — well, sort of. *Little Creatures* (EMI) sees David Byrne accepting "almost the conventional song structures as a valid way of working." There is some mighty fine picking and sliding on "Creatures Of Love" and who could fail to be moved as the assembled choir belt out "We're On A Road To Nowhere" complete with snare militaire and piano accordian. Elsewhere Byrne plays at being some doting uncle ("Stay Up Late") though his approach to "cute little baby" is more Zippy than Dr Zeus. There are healthy slabs of cynical paranoia that have established Byrne as one of the great wordsmiths of modern music, buoyed along by simple feels and real purty melodies.

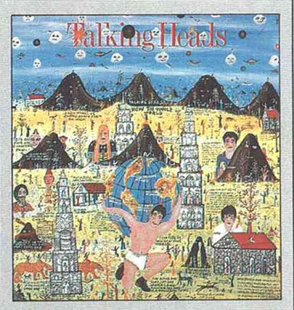
The initial fixation with **Prefab Sprout** would have to be lead seed Paddy McAloon's claim to be "probably the best writer on the planet." It's a tall claim and one apparently prompted by an obsession with the process of writing — the product doesn't always support the notion. He agrees that "sweet talk like candy rots the teeth", but he has opted for the musical saccharine of performers like Michael Franks. *Steve McQueen* (Epic) has been enthusiastically produced by Thomas Dolby though he was not originally in on the criminally-neglected single "When Love Breaks Down." Occasionally McAloon raises his voice, as on "Goodbye Lucille #1", but too often he sounds like he's reasoning with the listener, mouthing the sweet nothings he isn't.

The **Vitabeats** are one of the most conscious efforts at techno-funk to be based in Australia, which could explain the long and winding process of actually getting their sounds on album. To too many ears that control the purse strings, if it "ain't Rock and Roll" (optional frothing at the mouth) it may as well be a singing telegram. *Spot The Spanner* (Hot) is peopled by a handful of studio stalwarts and their machines with the conceptual core being Andrew and Lissa Barnum: he writes, she sings. "Boom Box" tackles the technological spirit of the album with "Audrey" as its pop highlight, and Lissa's humorous undertones the human element.

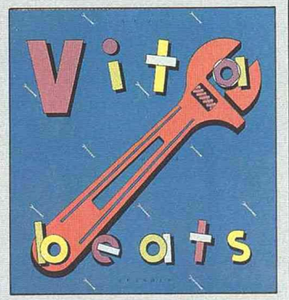
Heavy on the humor with occasional lapses into techno-song are Australia's own bumbling comic gems **Los Trios Ringbarkus** on *Sorry About The Record, Record* (White). It comes complete with instructions for an origami Baby Jesus and some barely decipherable comments from a Tasmanian audience on three live tracks.

The Expression from Perth (and currently via London) belong to rock's nobility if only for their poise on their second album *Con-*

Talking Heads, real purty



CREATURES FEATURED



Vitabeats . . . techo spirit

science (Mushroom). That's not to deny their musical moments of beauty and sincerity; there's something statuesque about their songs and the vocal style of Tom Haran — aimed at effect and not feet. The Expression arrived about the same time as Real Life and Kids In The Kitchen but have probably retained more individuality. A lot of pub crowds (shudder) wouldn't love their folk inflections — too much chest beating — but they do achieve their own style of poignant pop.

The Bangles now have the honor of being the only all female American band with the demise of the Go Gos. Thankfully that's not all they've got going for themselves on their debut *All Over The Place* (Liberation). Their treatment of Katrina and the Waves' "Going Down To Liverpool" shows them injecting the original with more vocal character and classic chiming backing. This is no pyjama party and although they're not the Clashettes, their sweet pop does have a musical and lyrical edge.

What do the **Hooters, Jules Shear** and self-made event **Miles Davis** have in common? **Cyndi Lauper** is the not entirely obvious answer. The Hooters, Philadelphian club favorites, provided most of the band and some of the songs for Lauper's *Unusual* album. They are having a *Nervous Night* (CBS) on their own while pointing the bone at "All You Zombies." Singer-songwriter Jules Shear also wrote songs for the redhead's Big Disc and makes the *Eternal Return* (EMI) in his own brand of nasal croon. From what to where is unclear, though Lauper has co-written one track. In the time-honored tradition of jazz treatments of pop successes, Miles covers Lauper's "Time After Time" on *You're Under Arrest* (CBS) with other moments of more nervous funk.

If you like it funky and frothy, with extremely well done moments of platinum inanity, then don't go past **Sister Sledge** on the far-from-life-changing *When The Boys Meet The Girls* (Atlantic).

Melbourne band **Domino Theory** suggest *When The Thrill Is Gone* (WEA) there's always the extended remix. **Billy Idol** (Mr Flesh with the Sid Vicious smile) proves this conclusively on *Vital Idol* (Chrysalis), which has really, really long versions of all his biggies except "Rebel Yell." — *Jeremy Cook*

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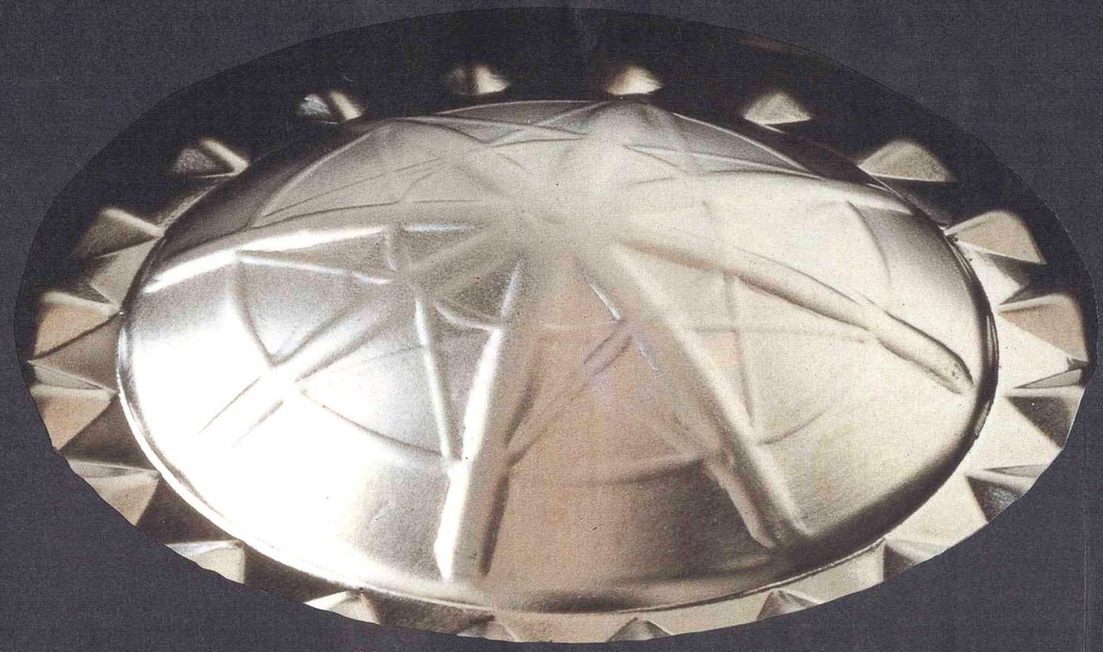

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FILM

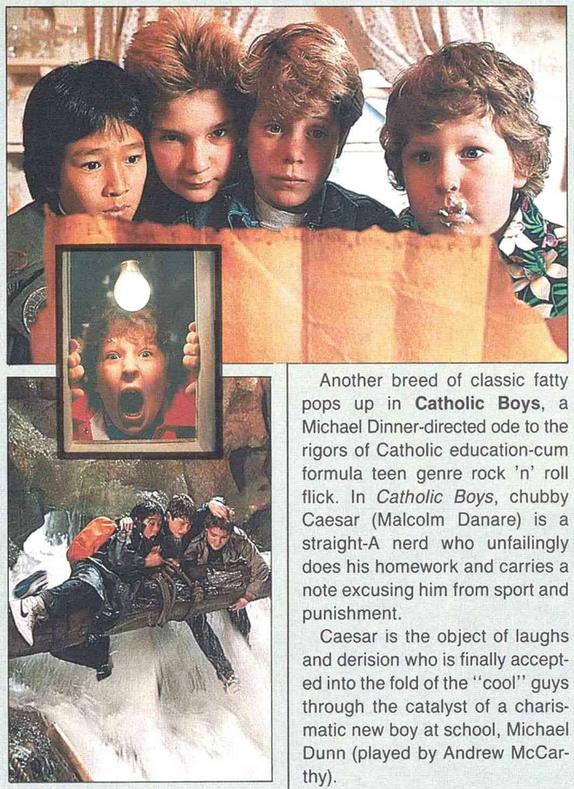
THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE CHUBBY

The grand old tradition of Fatty Arbuckle would appear to be experiencing a revival in the Eighties. This is not to be taken as a reference to *The Coca-Cola Kid*, but rather to what seems to be a renaissance of the fat person as comic relief in movieland. Mr Arbuckle was among the first of a great many to capitalise on his waistline and jowls for cheap laughs on screen, but over the past 15 years or so laughs from lard have been few, and fat fall-guys have been pretty thin on the ground — or a dying breed if you consider John Belushi.

But the fat kids are coming up through the ranks and Steven Spielberg employs the talents of one such in his latest production **The Goonies**, a rollicking action-packed tale of a bunch of kids on the hazardous trail of pirate treasure. Many elements of this Richard Donner-directed film are reminiscent of the *Our Gang* flicks of the Forties, and this may explain the presence of a chubby. Back then there was always a fat kid in kids' movies. Fatty was never the hero, but rather a sight gag who came out with a few funny lines.

So it is with Chunk (10-year-old Jeff B. Cohen), the corpulent coward who tags along with a gang of small town kids who call themselves the Goonies. Chunk is forever stuffing his face with crisps and creamcakes, craving soft drinks and choc-chip icecream, bumping into things and screaming hysterically. Each of Chunk's Goonie cohorts has a distinctly individual character. There's Mikey (Sean Astin), the asthmatic visionary who leads the adventure; Brand (Josh Brolin), Mikey's handsome and protective older brother; Mouth (Corey Feldman), a wisecracking, smartarse dude in Prince T-shirt and punk haircut; and Data (Ke Huy Quan), the nutty inventor of the crew. There are also a couple of girls thrown in for the love interest and the squeal factor during scary bits.

From a rather annoying and fragmented beginning when it is almost impossible to fight the urge to give the lot of them a darn good smack, *The Goonies* builds into a fantasy adventure that pulls out all the stops as far as sets and classic action japes are concerned.



Scenes from The Goonies

Based on a Spielberg storyline, *Goonies* shapes up as a fun, boys' own adventure to be enjoyed by all age-groups. It is blissfully low on the vicious gore for guffaws elements so prominent in *Gremlins*, and if you have a reasonable tolerance of sassy-mouthed American children, you'll be sure to find this is a nice piece of fantasyland.

Another breed of classic fatty pops up in **Catholic Boys**, a Michael Dinner-directed ode to the rigors of Catholic education-cum formula teen genre rock 'n' roll flick. In *Catholic Boys*, chubby Caesar (Malcolm Danare) is a straight-A nerd who unfailingly does his homework and carries a note excusing him from sport and punishment.

Caesar is the object of laughs and derision who is finally accepted into the fold of the "cool" guys through the catalyst of a charismatic new boy at school, Michael Dunn (played by Andrew McCarthy).

Dunn is a strong but gentle soul whose honor wins the respect of the toughest tike in school, Rooney (Kevin Dillon), and who stands up to the sadistic Brother Constance (Jay Patterson).

Catholic Boys

Though *Catholic Boys* cannot be wholeheartedly likened to *The Devil's Playground*, aspects of the excellent Australian film's frightening look at the guilt and sadism of the Catholic education system form the basis of its mainstream storyline about a boy learning to know himself, becoming a man, getting laid, etc — all to a background score of classic R&B and rock 'n' roll.

Veterans of old time religious education will no doubt relate to this film's plot. Others may thank their lucky stars their school years weren't spent in strict institutions, and settle back to enjoy (or otherwise) *Catholic Boys'* odd mixture of integrity and smelly, smutty schoolboy humor.

Big Clint Eastwood goes for few cheap laughs in his latest film **Pale Rider**. Apart from a scene where a nasty character gets kneed in the balls (always guaranteed to get a roar from the crowd), Eastwood goes for no laughs at all, just his trusty six-guns.

Clint Eastwood directs himself in this fairly straightforward western about good guys versus bad guys during the American goldrush. He is the Pale Rider — a man without a name, a preacher with a gun-fighting past — who comes riding into a town as a result of a young girl's prayers, and proceeds to save a group of struggling, God-fearing miners from a powerful conglomerate. After winning the hearts of a couple of fair ladies and righteously drawing a great deal of bad blood, he rides off from whence he came.

For true fans of the western, *Pale Rider* is a must-see for it is a distillation of the white hats always win out over the black hats school of film-making. In fact, with its climactic emphasis on blood-spilling, *Pale Rider* may be likened to some magazines on the market — black and white and red in places. — *C.J. Mackay*

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SPORT

GETTING IT OFF

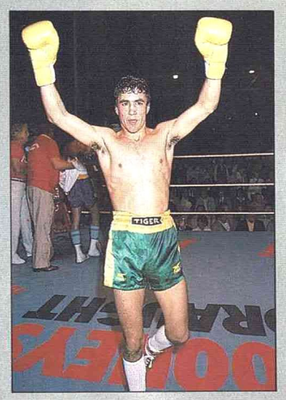
A lot of people are obsessed with keeping their weight down — you only have to listen to the talk in the staff canteen to know that. But imagine the obsession of those people whose livelihoods depend on maintaining a certain weight.

Two sports which offer a contrasting psychological approach to the problem of making the weight are boxing and horse racing. Boxing is a sport governed by weight divisions. A boxer can determine which division best suits his body type and use the grinding training associated with the sport to burn off excess poundage and so remain in that division. As a fight approaches he must get as close as possible to that division's upper weight limit without going above it.

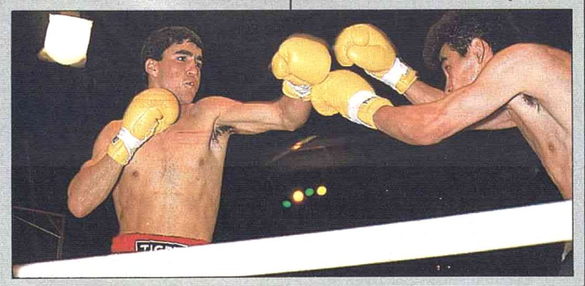
A jockey on the other hand has the challenge of keeping as light as possible over a career of perhaps 30 years, not the mere five to ten that a boxer may spend in the ring. For a jockey to make a living he must be able to ride at 50 kilos or close to it. For many, spending time in the sauna takes up a big part of their race preparation, and it can be as demanding as the more physical preparations that boxers go through.

Jockey Pat Hyland

Fighting-fit Fenech



Jeff Fenech, the Sydney street-fighter who won the IBF World Bantamweight title earlier this year, admits a passion for heavy food such as hamburgers and pasta and trains harder than most to stay under the 54 kg limit. His main problem is his ability to eat — so he controls this urge by consuming plenty of vegetables and taking his frustration out in the ring. Fenech is also very conscious of vitamins and dietary health; he's not one to allow his energy to run down nor his weight to balloon. He doesn't touch alcohol, although he loves soft drink. After a weigh-in he'll have a substantial carbohydrate meal, but remains attuned to the edict that a hungry fighter wants to win more than a satisfied one.



Photos by Action Graphics

Pat Hyland, one of Victoria's champion jockeys for more than 20 years, has long endured a weight problem. He is on a permanent diet, and has spent the last three years on the no sugar, no salt, no alcohol Pritikin diet. The complex diet is the only one Hyland has found effective, although he still finds it necessary to "waste" in a sauna before each race day. A jockey's weight can directly determine the number of rides he gets — the battle to provide for a family is a constant pressure to the dietary routine. Hyland believes that in 20 years there will be more Asian or other small stature jockeys riding in Australia. He recognises that Australians are becoming bigger with each generation and adds that an increasingly popular attitude in the racing game is that a jockey is useful only until he completes his apprenticeship. Young people usually have less of a struggle to keep their weight down.

Getting up at 4.30 every morning can't be that good for you, but it's the track work that provides Hyland with his exercise. Running and working out in a gym aren't really suited to a jockey's stature and weight needs. Hyland sweats three days out of seven so he can ride but claims he doesn't suffer from exhaustion or dehydration; it's something he's become used to. Hyland enjoys a drink with friends, but has to wait for his holidays to indulge and then suffers for the first three weeks back when he has to reduce his riding weight. It's very much a case of no weight loss, no rides.

Boxers certainly seem to have more options for losing weight than jockeys. Australian junior lightweight Barry Michaels, in preparing for his title stoush with Lester Ellis, decided the best way to get rid of the three kilos necessary to make the weight was to begin two months prior to the fight with a week at Berida Manor, an executive health resort near Bowral, NSW. Barry ran 20 kms each morning, adhered to the house diet and almost lived in the sauna the rest of the time. He wanted to get to his fighting weight early and build his stamina from there. The main reason for this measure was that he's a natural lightweight — four kilos heavier than the junior lightweight limit — and finding an extra three kilos to remove from his body required a special program. Most pugs love sugar and use it to fuel their constant physical training. But sweets and soft drinks can pose some potential health hazards. In the case of former champion jockey Roy Higgins the combination of sugar and fasting for rides finally took its toll when he developed hypoglycemia late in his career. This condition contributed greatly to his retirement from the saddle.

A few conclusions can therefore be drawn regarding sportsmen whose propensity to perform depends upon their ability to shed pounds. It seems that crash diets are out, as is alcohol. For that quick energy hit sweets are in, as are large carbohydrate-based meals (such as pasta) after the weigh-in. The sauna is like a second home. And the response to feeling down is to hit the lollie jar rather than the bottle or the fast food joint. The preoccupation with weight may sit heavily on the minds of such sportsmen, but when it's accompanied by an overriding desire to perform, there's no question what matters most. — *John Bay*

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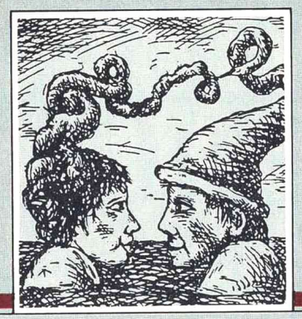


SEX

KNIFE. BE IN IT

A girlfriend of mine recently confessed that up until the age of 14 she believed the size of a man's dick was in direct proportion to the size of his nose. Her eyes glazed with schoolgirl memories and more than a couple of Bacardis, she recalled the object of her pubescent fantasies. He was the son of the local chip shop owner — a lad with a hooter so magnificent that, given a penchant for cocaine in later years, he could well have inhaled Peru.

I shouldn't have laughed so loudly and drunkenly through my average-sized nose. It was, and still is, a fairly common youthful misconception, and I wasn't without a few dick misconceptions myself in the playgrounds of my boyhood.

For instance, as a youngster I believed I was the only uncircumcised boy in Sydney. These days doctors are not nearly as quick with the knife as they were in 1960 when I arrived. Then it was a rare baby indeed that went home from a public hospital complete with foreskin. The small percentage of uncut versions scattered across the primary schools of Australia must have all shared my feeling of being the odd man out whenever dick-flashing was the order of the day.

Thankfully, parading the privates was a rare occurrence. Unlike our American school-age counterparts who seemed to dabble in a lot of locker-room hi-jinks and towel-snapping tomfoolery, Australian boys in my experience preferred to keep their pricks under wraps. When you had to shower with the team after particularly muddy games of footie, rules of shower block etiquette were observed. While changing you faced the wall (or a corner if you were quick), you didn't look at anyone else's old fella, and you expected reciprocal courtesy; then you got changed at a speed that would melt the average pair of nylon undies. Some boys even hid in lockers to get dressed. I tell you, it could get pretty dark in those lockers.

My competitive spirit was my undoing. At "Who Can Piss The Highest" contests my cock became the object of much curiosity. The starters at the urinal were invariably the proud possessors of sporty helmeted jobs who viewed my superseded anteater model with what I interpreted as scorn.

As the years passed the pain of being different dissipated. The old anteater was trotted out for the usual teenage sexual adventures and found to function quite adequately. But I still wasn't completely happy as a cavalier in a world of roundheads.

Then, as luck would have it, I developed something called congenital phimosis in my late teens. That basically meant that the top of my foreskin was too narrow to facilitate proper growth, cleaning and a few other things. Freddie Foreskin had to go.

I welcomed the operation, even though I had been warned of the pain involved. In the days after the surgery a procession of male hospital orderlies called by my room to inspect my doctor's workmanship and ask a lot of questions about the operation. Casting aside the thought that they only wanted to perve on my lacerated pene, I came to the conclusion that there are a lot of men out there who are curious about adult circumcision. My advice for anyone considering the operation is: Go for it. Circumcision for cosmetic purposes is covered by Medicare, so if it's really bothering you, hop in for the chop.

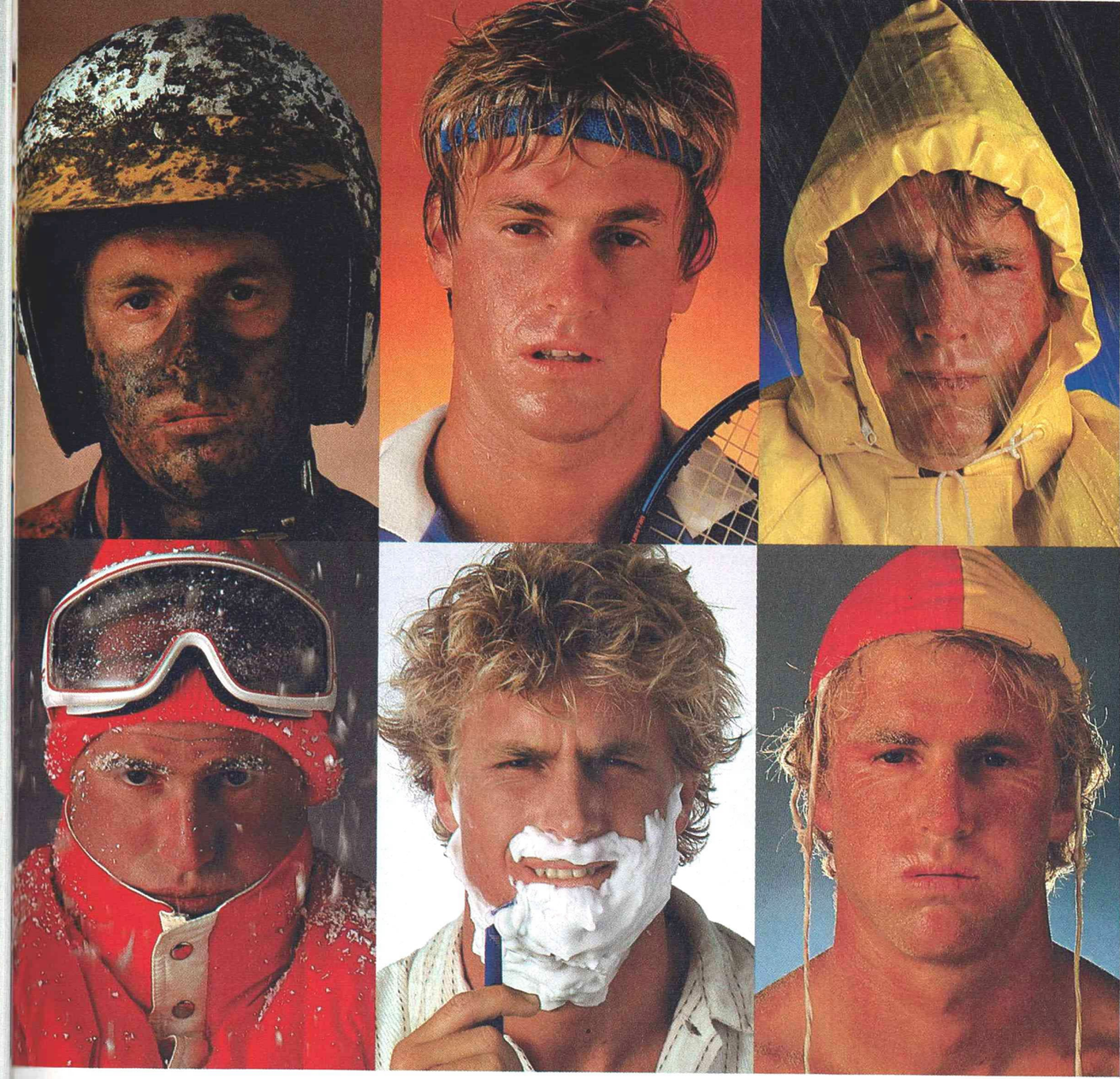
As far as the physical sensations of intercourse are concerned there is negligible difference between going at it with the bare frankfurt and trying it on with the toad in the hole. What circumcision meant to my sex life, apart from the physical discomfort it eventually corrected, was added confidence. I now no longer suffer real or imagined problems whenever there's a sniff of oral sex in the offing. Having conducted a minor survey on the subject I realise that while most women have a slight aversion to the look of an uncircumcised member, they are prepared to overcome their fear of the unknown if the said member and its owner/trainer makes the required sterling effort. The idea of going down on an anteater, though, can provoke second thoughts — thoughts that spark icky-poo facial expressions. With a circumcised penis, what they see is what they get. With an uncircumcised one, who knows what evil lurks behind the pink curtain?

My up-dated model is definitely a lot easier to maintain. No more smegma hunts. Smegma, apart from being arguably the ugliest word in the English language, is the cheesy substance that given the right conditions tends to build up beneath the foreskin. It's the stuff that prompts fathers to tell you at a tender age that unless you wash it regularly your dick will drop off. That, thankfully, is but an unpleasant memory these days and no object of my affections has since eyed my old fella as if it were a rattlesnake with a hare lip.

The pain and possible dangers of late circumcision cannot be trivialised. By God the operation hurts! For two to three weeks after the knife I felt like I'd had a nasty accident with a document shredder. I also lived in mortal fear of cracking even a whisper of an erection — and keeping such things at bay is never an easy task for any man, let alone a teenager. Had I not won the battle of the telltale bulge, I may have broken my stitches and wound up with an infection or obvious scarring. Speaking of scars, shop around for a doctor with experience in such things — you may have to wait a bit longer and maybe pay a bit more. If so, tell your specialist to keep the tip.

One problem I faced at the time was acute embarrassment when folks asked why I'd been in hospital. Maybe it was my age, but I would rather have said that I'd been gelded at the Joseph Mengele Research Laboratories than admit I'd been circumcised. That, of course, has passed. Why, I'm even writing a story about it in an effort to explain a few things to dissatisfied anteaters. It won't work any better, but I don't care what anyone says — looks are important. — *Damon Mackay*

Illustration by Mark Tremlett



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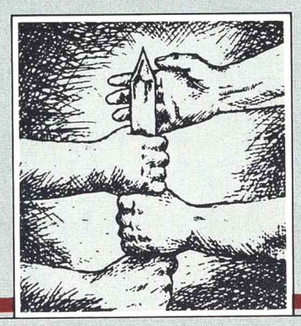


WINNING

PLACE YOUR BETS

When NSW Premier Neville Wran wagered that most Australians would be happy if they could get the Trifecta on five flies crawling up a wall, he wasn't really taking a plunge. Considering the great range of gambling opportunities traditionally available to Australian punters, including two-up, the racetrack, the stock market, lotteries, Lotto, the Pools, poker machines and chook raffles, it seemed a fair assessment of a national obsession.

All of these avenues of having a flutter are well within the law (even two-up, at least on Anzac Day). There's always been, however, one popular type of betting that's strictly been a legal no-no — and that's casino gambling. Of course, there are a handful of sterile, showpiece-style legal casinos scattered around the country, including Wrest Point and Launceston Country Club in Tasmania, Mindil Beach (Darwin) and Alice Springs in the Northern Territory, and the brand newie in the old Adelaide Railway Station. They've been set up to attract interstate and foreign tourists and to provide a boost to state Treasury coffers, and generally have been noticeably unsuccessful in meeting those aims.

Traditionally, the *real* casinos, where the *real* money changes hands, have been in Sydney. Traditionally those real casinos have also been very illegal. That was so up until about two years ago, when an eminent Sydney QC discovered something that no-one else had noticed before: in NSW there is no law against card games of skill where the bank may be made available to any player. This effectively meant that "blackjack" or "21" is not an illegal game in NSW.

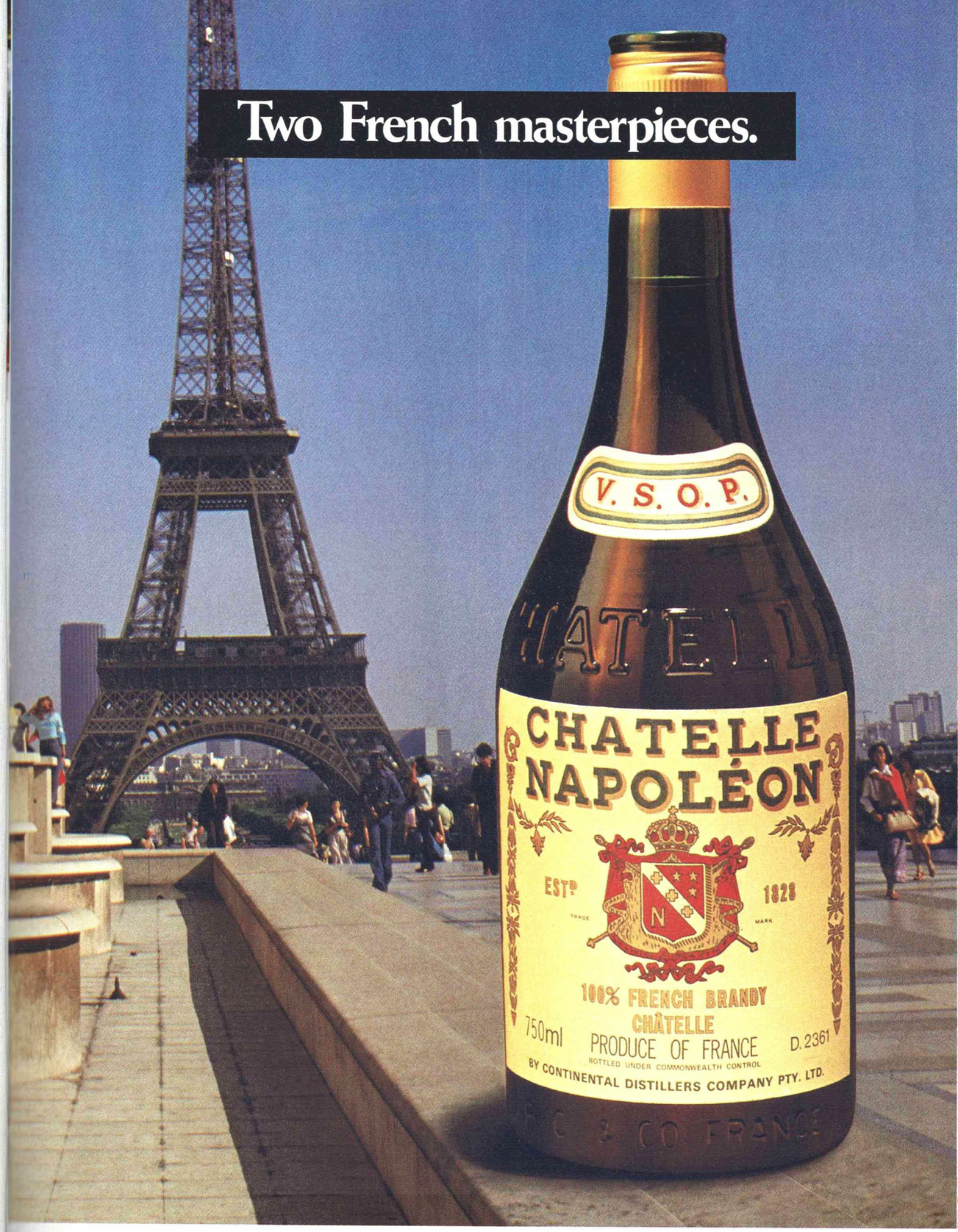
Things changed overnight. Illegal casino operators who threw out their dice and roulette wheels, but kept their card tables, found that for the first time they could operate without fear of being raided by the Gaming Squad. New people came into the business — to the extent that there are now about 180 gambling clubs operating legally throughout NSW. Most often the clubs offer blackjack, poker and Chinese dominoes. The idea is that the house derives its income from the leasing of the tables and other equipment to the players. Roulette, two-up and other card games like baccarat, fan-tan, faro and manilla are still illegal.

Punters have been flocking to the clubs, as the expansion in their numbers indicates. And generally they're punters with a keen eye for the odds. The house advantage in blackjack is a meagre two and a half percent... For every dollar a punter puts down on a blackjack table he gets back — on average — 97 and a half cents. That compares more than favorably with the 60 cents returned to him if he invested his dollar in a Lotto coupon, the 63 cents he'd get back on a dollar lottery ticket and the 80 to 85 cents returned if he put his money through a poker machine. If he went to the races his return would range from 83 cents for a Trifecta bet to 86 cents for a Win and Place.

One of the more popular gambling houses is the Empress Club. Although located in Darlinghurst Road, Kings Cross, the club is a haven of gentility and good taste, far removed from the sweaty anarchy on street-level below. The place is a picture of refinement: there are no broken-nosed bouncers bursting out of monkey suits, the clients are well-dressed and sophisticated and the croupiers, all attractive, are astute and quietly busy. The only sounds are the shuffling of decks and the setting of chips on the lush felt of the tables; all conversation is hushed. There is never any trouble — "undesirables" are quickly asked to leave. Perhaps the five-dollar minimum bet rule at the Empress ensures that the clientele is sufficiently well-heeled.

Operations manager of the Empress is Vilma Ponchard, a dusky Mauritius-born beauty who has worked in gambling clubs in Australia and overseas for more than four years. And while it's certainly true that she's very easy on the eyes, Vilma is far more than just a handsome adornment to the decor. She is responsible for the club's 15 croupiers, and her duties include dealing, inspecting, refereeing disputes and selecting croupiers. She also has a great flair for languages, speaking English, French, Spanish and Japanese.

Vilma's delicate and decorous appearance tends to camouflage a shrewd and quick mind. She sees a very bright future for the Empress and clubs like it, reckoning that the growth of tourism and the fact that Australia's army of punters are becoming more sophisticated about their gambling habits will see to that. It's even something she's prepared to bet on. — *John Elliot*



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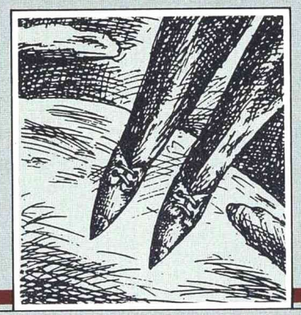


TRAVEL

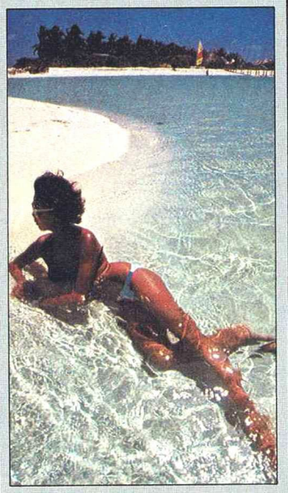
DISCOVERING THE MALDIVES

All too often fashion becomes tyranny. It can take the smart, clever or primitive and turn it into a mass-market horror.

And it's most evident in travel. Bali was once — as the brochure writers rightfully, but damagingly, claimed — a paradise of staggering beauty populated by a friendly, simple people who treated every visitor as an honored guest. Enter the developers and the marketing whizkids, closely followed by the hordes and droves, and the magic was soon gone. It's still possible, if you do your homework, to find peace and beauty on Bali, but you're never far away from the pestering traders, a new species who can spot a dollar under six feet of concrete.

Unless its government is inordinately far-sighted, the same is likely to happen to the Maldives, a collection of fairytale islands south-west of India. It seems they've been "discovered", and the medium jet airport has recently been upgraded to take 747s. The stage is set for the arrival of the hordes, so I suggest you go *now*.

Estimates of the number of islands, mostly low atolls, range from 1200 to more than 1700, but only about 200 are inhabited by the 150,000 people of mysterious origin whose business is line fishing. They may have come from India or Sri Lanka, but their language, Dhivehi, appears to be Arabic-based, interlarded with Sanskrit and Hindustani.



The charm of the Maldives — a fairytale retreat both on the surface and below — has been "discovered."

The Maldives don't, and hopefully never will, offer five-star high-rise with air-conditioning and big restaurant bills. Civilisation as we Westerners know it hasn't reached there yet. There is no motorised land transport.

A constant breeze dulls the edge of the tropical heat and is a delight to windsurfers. For divers, the Maldives are the new Mecca. There are several SCUBA schools, run mainly by stolidly competent West Germans, to take you into an underwater world which taxes the descriptive powers of the gushiest brochure scribes. Though I espouse the philosophy of Woody Allen in this regard ("swimming is what you do so you won't drown"), acquaintances of mine have described the diving in the Maldives in garbled, awestruck superlatives. Even the Great Barrier Reef, they assert, is by comparison somewhat dreary. Add to that the relief from the aggressive commercialism of Queensland (where operators are about as laid-back as mako sharks) and you have an almost irresistible attraction.

Accommodation is clean, simple and basic, although sanitation is modern. Tipping is discouraged, and the shy, retiring staff on the islands earn about $35 a week to clean rooms, carry luggage, sweep the beaches and ferry you around in boats. You won't get dudded, either. They are scrupulously honest on currency conversions. And despite being a Moslem state, their attitude to the consumption of alcohol, at least by infidels, is quite relaxed on the resort islands. They pray five times a day, and anything resembling urgency or anxiety is foreign to them.

Food is based, not surprisingly, on fish, and they have time-honored ways of preparing it which will change your mind forever about the frazzled offerings of those tarted-up fish-and-chip shops which call themselves seafood restaurants in Australia.

Much of the charm of the Maldives springs from the fact that there is really nothing very much to do. One island is much like another: gleaming beaches, palms and glassy water. The capital island of Male merits a quick look, with its golden-domed Mosque and fishing village seafront, but I'd suggest not hanging around long.

The climate is equable year-round. Although it's in a monsoon area, the monsoons are hundreds of kilometres from a major land mass and consequently not loaded with rain. When rain does fall, it's short and sharp and usually in the evenings. Temperatures average about 30 degrees, with March and April the hottest months. A warning note: the equatorial sun is more powerful than the local Australian version and must be treated with the greatest respect. Take a drum or two of blockout cream.

And another: they're very strict on drugs, so make sure that if you have to carry medication, you carry also a copy of the prescription entitling you to possess it.

For me, the best people to talk to about the Maldives are Sydney-based Penthouse Travel (no relation); their packages cost from about $1300 including airfares. Contact them on (02) 231 1455, or ask your travel agent. — *Fred Baker*

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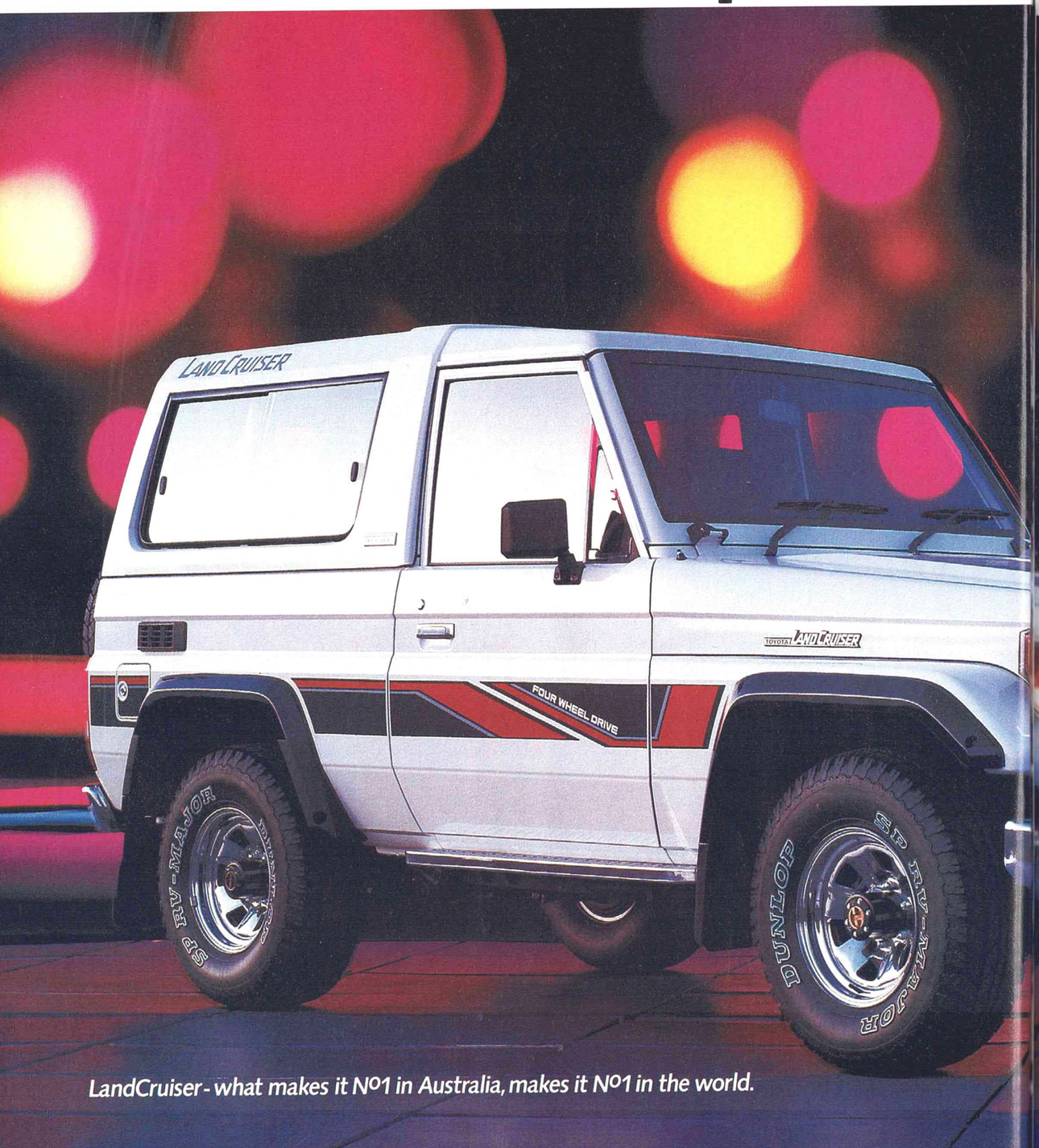

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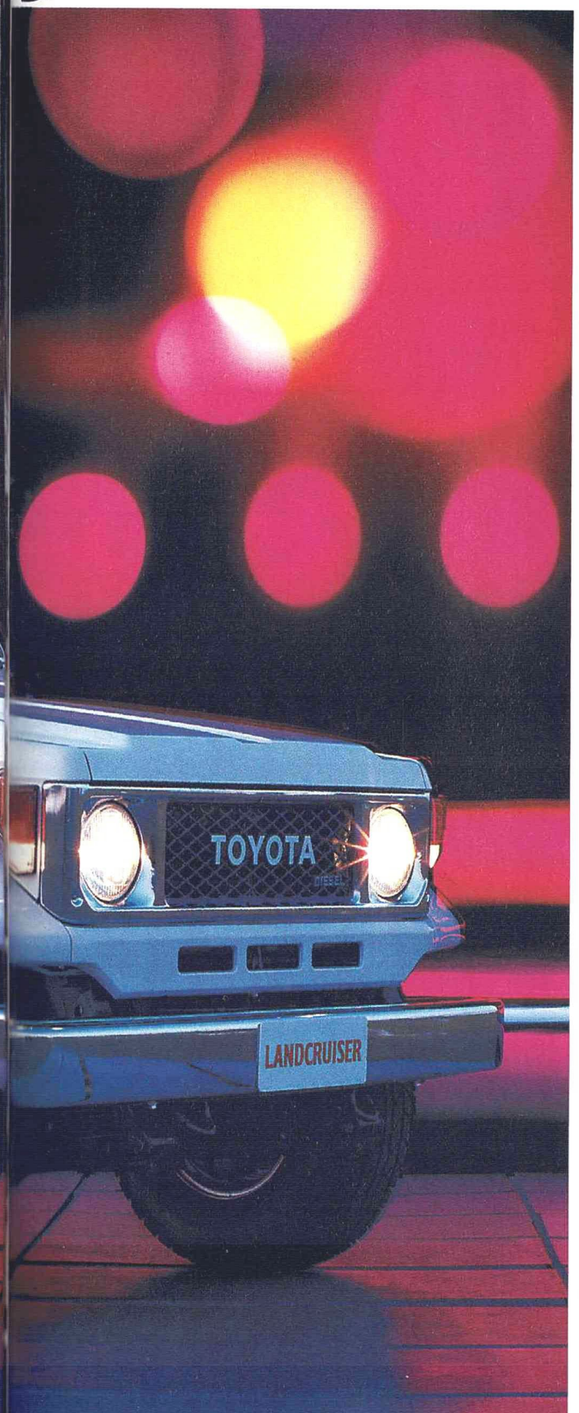

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BY GREG HUNTER

THE MARTYRDOM OF JANE HILL

Is our novel sex discrimination legislation already over the hill? Neville Wran says it's time for a rethink.

There are, it is said, two sides to every story. Due to a very curious set of circumstances, one side of the Jane Hill story was never told to the NSW Equal Opportunity Tribunal. It is a version at least as bizarre as the allegations of sexual harassment levelled by Jane Hill against the male staff of the Commercial Branch of the NSW Water Resources Commission. Those allegations, along with the decision last May by the Equal Opportunity Tribunal to award damages of almost $35,000 to Hill, have become a *cause celebre* for feminists throughout Australia; the case has been hailed far and wide as a landmark in the pursuit of equal rights for women in the workplace. There are hundreds of cases of sexual harassment going on in this country right now; the supreme irony — if you accept the men's version of the Jane Hill story — is that this celebrated case isn't one of them.

The Water Resources men's story was presented to *Penthouse* in the form of statutory declarations sworn by two of the alleged harassers: Graeme Brokman, aged 30, and Clive Emerson, aged 27. Neither of these men, nor any of the other alleged harassers, was represented before the Tribunal. Statutory declarations were also

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANE McGOWAN

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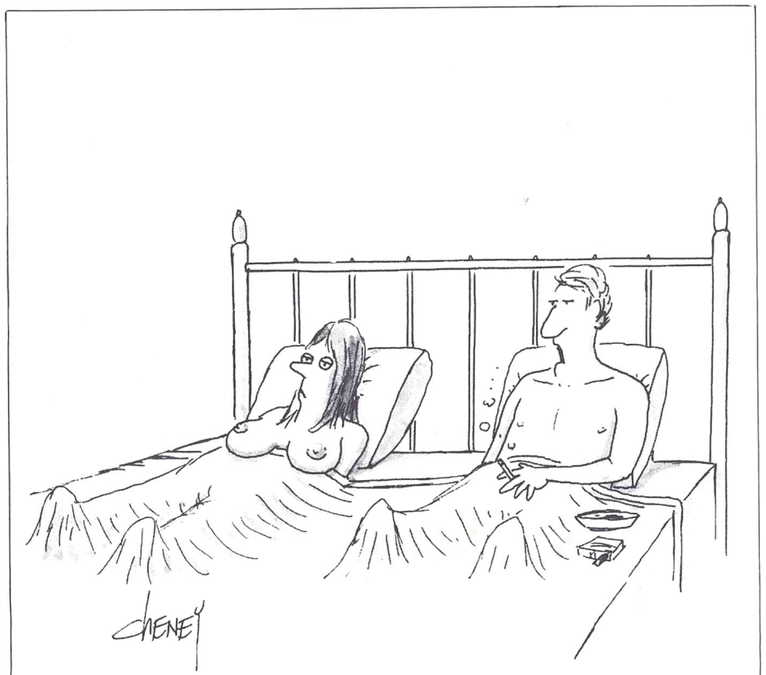
sworn by other male employees of the Commission. The gist of their claims is that Hill's allegations, which painted an outrageous picture of malicious kindergarten-like behavior directed against her by her male colleagues, were either false or taken entirely out of context, and that the allegations were made only after Hill had been publicly embarrassed by a union dispute. They go so far as to say that she fabricated her complaints as a means of getting back at the men of the Commercial Branch; that prior to the union dispute, which caused the relationship between Hill and her workmates to "turn sour", she had been an enthusiastic participant in the light-hearted sex games which she later claimed to be "offensive"; and that Hill's psychological breakdown (which was a major factor in the massive damages award) was caused not by any supposed "harassment" but by her own need to "lie through her teeth" over a long period in order to maintain her credibility. They also allege that covert intervention in the case by the former NSW Minister for Water Resources, the late Paul Landa, and overt intervention by NSW Premier Neville Wran prevented the legal processes from running their normal course.

The result of all this, according to the men, has been the public vilification of themselves and the Water Resources Commission in general. Shock, anger, frustration and disbelief are the prevailing reactions among those who know the "real" story — that is, the majority of Commission employees. The alleged harassers, whose names have appeared in various publications, say their promotion chances have been curtailed and they've become social outcasts; Commission employees not remotely connected with the case have complained of being accused and abused by outsiders at social functions; country reps have been bailed up in pubs around the state and castigated by all and sundry. Inside the garish orange office tower in North Sydney, headquarters of the NSW Water Resources Commission, morale has reached rock bottom.

Even disregarding the merits of the Hill case, its wider implications have sent an icy chill up the spines of both employers and employees around the country; seminars have been hastily convened to instruct businessmen on how to sidestep through the minefield created by the Hill decision. The Tribunal upheld, for the first time, the principle that the employer is "vicariously liable" for discriminatory behavior, including sexual harassment, on the part of employees. (That principle is enshrined in the NSW Anti-Discrimination Act 1977; similar legislation exists in Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia, while the whole country is governed by the controversial Sex Discrimination Act 1984.) In other words, if you're an employer you could be forced to shell out large sums to a complainant unless you can show that you intervened to ensure that the harassment did not continue; according to a conciliation officer of the NSW Anti-Discrimination Board, no action or inadequate action is likely to be regarded as "authorisation" of harassment. Not only that, the Tribunal in the Hill case left unresolved the question of whether the employees (as the actual harassers) should also be punished. After the decision was announced, the NSW Opposition started calling for the blood of the alleged harassers, claiming they should be sacked or demoted and made to pay the $35,000 out of their own pockets. And as well as that, according to the conciliation officer, the Hill case effectively extended the definition of "sexual" harassment to include "sexist" harassment. The implications for business are quite staggering; they place in stark relief the extreme difficulty of trying to bring about social change by legislation. If you add to all this the fact that the men held responsible for the alleged harassment which produced this landmark decision were not represented at and did not give evidence before the Tribunal, it seems clear that the current system of dealing with claims of sexual discrimination could cause as many social problems as it hopes to solve.

On July 22 this year NSW Premier Wran, referring to both the Hill case and the Tribunal's subsequent decision to award almost $32,000 to Ms Marie Anstee on sex discrimination grounds (Ms Anstee was forced to retire at 60 while an equivalent male employee would not have had to retire until 65), announced that he would be reconsidering the role of the Tribunal and its power to impose penalties, especially fines, on employers on the grounds of discrimination. It might be considered amazing that the amounts awarded in these two cases far exceed the maximum $20,000 compensation payable to rape victims or victims of grievous criminal injury. "It may be," Mr Wran said, "that we should now have a bit of a breather, take stock of the situation, and start to work out where we are going."



"I especially enjoyed it when you woke up."

As a result of extensive media coverage focussing on Jane Hill's struggle for survival against the alleged swinish chauvinism of the Water Resources men, public sympathy appears to be overwhelmingly on her side. For feminists she has become the most visible martyr to the cause; for women in general she has become the embodiment of all the indignities and injustices they have suffered at the hands of arrogant male colleagues. The claims presented by Brokman and Emerson will no doubt be interpreted by many as a malicious attempt by the sexual harassers to strike back at their accuser.

In summary, Jane Hill told the Equal Opportunity Tribunal that from the time she joined the Commercial Branch in September 1981 she was subjected to repeated acts of gender-based harassment by the predominantly male staff. She claimed that despite her many complaints to branch and upper management, either no action or no effective action was taken by the men in authority. As a result she was constantly exposed, over a period of 18 months, to a hostile and offensive work environment, causing her to suffer great personal distress. The outcome was a stress-caused psychological disability requiring medical and counselling treatment that would have to continue for some time. The Tribunal held that the employer's failure to take action amounted to a condonation of the harassment by its employees. A thread running through Hill's claims was the belief that the men in the Commercial Branch harbored a deep hostility toward her because of her up-front role in the Commission's Equal Employment Opportunity (EEO) Program and her activities as a Spokeswoman for women employed by the Commission.

The very nature of Hill's specific claims — which have attained the status of legend in the brief history of anti-discrimination law — has no doubt been a factor in the public's fascination with the Jane Hill case. There was the notorious "toilet rolls affair", the "Rigid Tool calendar girl", the scandalous "fish incident", the pitiful "hot cross buns incident", the cataclysmic "toilets dispute" and the ominous "concrete boots affair", among many others. Public service bashers could gain enough ammunition from Hill's description of life in the mind-numbing atmosphere of the Water Resources Commission to launch a devastating offensive. All of these allegations are dealt with in the 23 pages of tape transcript which make up Brokman and Emerson's statutory declarations. However, if we look at just a few of the claims, the thrust of the men's argument will become clear.

Hill told the tribunal that she was continually subjected to a barrage of "offensive" stunts. Often, for instance, she'd pick up her phone to hear a recorded message from the VD Clinic. At other times, an anonymous caller would simply sigh and hang up the phone. Hill testified that she'd reported the nuisance calls to the then Deputy Secretary of the Commission, Nick Whelan, who told her it was impossible to know where they were coming from.

Mailed envelopes containing pornographic cartoons and other "offensive" material began to appear on Hill's desk; ads for porno videos were found in her desk drawer. Whelan allegedly dismissed Hill's complaints by saying: "We all get this sort of stuff." He'd also chuckled when she showed him an advertisement for a brothel ("Tudor Court — No Ordinary Experience") which one of the men had pinned on the noticeboard near her desk. Then there was the bikini-clad calendar girl appearing on behalf of an outfit named Rigid Tools; alongside that was a magazine photo of a naked woman with a boa constrictor wrapped around her. Across it someone had slapped one of Hill's "Girls Can Do Anything" stickers.

"I told my workmates," Hill testified, "that I didn't particularly want to sit at my desk and look at (these things) all day, that what they did in their own homes was okay but I didn't really want to be sitting there looking at pictures of what was supposed to be the perfect woman. I tried to explain to them why I felt it was offensive . . ."

To understand the men's defence against these allegations, we need to get an idea of what they reckon Jane Hill was all about. According to both Brokman and Emerson, Hill was known throughout the labyrinthine Water Resources Commission, where she'd started work in 1973, as a knockabout sort of girl who liked to have fun. She'd go down to the pub with the boys and drink schooners with them late into the night. "Quite a number of people in the Commercial Branch knew Jane, and we were all great friends; there was never any hostile attitude," Brokman says. That close friendship, he claims, extended right throughout the period when the majority of the alleged incidents of harassment took place — up until mid-1982, when the union dispute turned the working environment sour. Hill's outgoing nature — her desire to be "one of the boys" — also manifested itself, according to the men, in an extremely uninhibited approach to sexual matters — a view confirmed by other Commission employees who had no connection with the Commercial Branch.

> "Pornographic stuff never used to worry Jane because she'd bring it in herself. The stuff she'd bring in would turn your hair up."

This may sound like the old "She was asking for it" defence so often trotted out by rapists caught with their pants down. Does that *necessarily* make it unacceptable? What if Hill was actively involved in the very behavior she later claimed to be offensive? Of the recorded VD Clinic messages, Brokman maintains: "I know it used to happen, but Jane herself thought it was a great joke. She'd pull similar pranks herself and would say: "I've just sent the Gayline (or whatever) to some bloke upstairs." And of the alleged anonymous calls, Brokman responds: "I doubt it. A lot of the time I shared a dual phone with Jane, and I believe it's a normal reaction that if someone is receiving all these calls, whether they like them or dislike them, they'll say to the person next to them: 'Listen, I'm getting all these calls . . .' I never received such calls when I answered the phone, and Jane never said anything about them to me . . . and we were very good friends and drinking partners at the time."

What of the pornographic cartoons and other "offensive" material tendered in evidence? "That's a funny story too," says Brokman. "Jane . . . used to bring around pornographic literature herself; she was known to bring in gay porno mags, opened at the centrefold, and say to the guys: 'This is what men are all about.' She thought it was great — the big black boys in the centre pages . . . No pornographic stuff to my knowledge was sent to her on an *anonymous* basis." One of the Commission supervisors, Neville Thompson — a man who was never involved in the harassment charges — told *Penthouse:* "Pornographic stuff never used to worry her because she'd bring it in herself; the stuff she'd bring in would turn your hair up."

The men swear that during the period when all these incidents of "offensive" behavior were occurring, Jane Hill never uttered a single word of complaint to them. Brokman ventures: "If she reckons we did all these bad things, why did she continue to go drinking with us, continue to invite us back to her place for more drinks after the pub?" Emerson agrees: "Sitting in the pub, you'd think she could have at least said: 'That calendar's a bit rude' or whatever . . . but she never said anything . . . As far as I'm concerned, she just wasn't harassed."

There is nothing flimsy about this sort of defence, however it might be viewed by hard-line feminists. According to a conciliation officer of the NSW Anti-Discrimination Board, "Our advice to complainants it that they *must* make it clear to the alleged harassers that they don't like it . . . It really is very important that they are not doing anything to lead the person to believe that they like it."

Towards the end of 1981, an incident occurred which seems to symbolise both the bizarre nature of the allegations and the fundamental conflict between the two versions of the Jane Hill story. This was the notorious "fish incident." Hill told the Tribunal that at the office Christmas Party, Clive Emerson said that before leaving the office he'd fed her two pet goldfish to a large perch in the office aquarium. "The Complainant became very upset and left in tears," the Tribunal said in its Reasons for the Decision. "It was not until she arrived at work on Monday morning that she found her fish were alive and the whole thing had been a cruel hoax." The Tribunal went on to describe the fish incident as "a

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significant factor in the development of the stress-based psychological condition which forms an important element in her claim.'' This finding was based on evidence given by Hill: ''I realised [then] that it wasn't just a backlash on the EO [Equal Opportunity] thing in the organisation, it was against me . . . When these sorts of things started to happen, it started to break me . . . I said to [Nick Whelan] that I thought it was a form of mental cruelty.''

Emerson and Brokman's versions of this sad little tale, given separately, are practically identical. They make Hill's account look fishy indeed. Here is Emerson's recollection: ''It was the week before Christmas. I came back from lunch three parts pissed; she [Hill] had been to the pub too. She got an ice-cream container and used it to change the water in the goldfish bowl, but she had too much water in the container, and she thought: 'What am I going to do with this?' So she turned around and threw it all over me. She just went bang, all over my files, my desk and me. I was in my good clobber, but I sort of went: 'Oh well, who cares? No great drama, a bit of a joke.' ''

Emerson continues: ''That evening everyone at the Branch went out to dinner. By 10.30, we were all fully tanked. At that point Jane began telling the boss about how she'd soaked me. She was having a great old joke at my expense. Anyway, everyone was pissing themselves laughing when someone said: 'That was a real good feed tonight' and I said: 'Yeah, and I know someone else who's had a real good feed tonight.' Jane said: 'Who?' and I said: 'The big perch. I gave him a Christmas present — I gave him your goldfish.' She's jumped up and gone berserk; everyone was killing themselves laughing, but she just couldn't see the humor in it. There's no way it was harassment of her — she'd had a joke at my expense and I was having one back at hers . . . yet the judge has said I've perpetrated a 'cruel hoax.' It's just not on. It's bullshit. If she'd stopped to think about it, she'd have realised that I'd left the office before her.''

In any case, Peter the Perch (for that was his name) was to become the most famous fish in all the land when the *Willesee* team filed their report on the Jane Hill story. The cameraman wrapped up the coverage with a sequence of Peter gliding hungrily through his watery domain. That recollection still drives Brokman to the point of hysterics.

According to the men, it was the union squabble — ''the toilets dispute'' — which ultimately brought the wrath of Jane Hill down upon her colleagues. Up until that time, they maintain, the working environment in the Commercial Branch remained ''very harmonious.''

The toilets dispute, which began in April 1982, is a complex story — and again, Hill's version of it differs significantly from the men's. Essentially the argument was about the allocation of male and female toilets throughout the building. The issue quickly escalated into an industrial dispute. The Water Resources subdivision sought through the Public Service Association (PSA) to have the dispute heard before the Industrial Commission; Hill was their delegate to that PSA meeting and she voted with the majority not to support her own subdivision's motion for the Industrial Commission hearing. According to Brokman, Hill had said prior to the meeting: ''That motion will never get through because I've got the numbers to make sure it won't.'' Naturally, the PSA members felt that any recommendation from the subdivision to the PSA should be supported by the delegate, regardless of personal feelings. ''And that was when the shit hit the fan,'' says Brokman. ''Every PSA member in the Commission took that view — it wasn't just the Commercial Branch, but the whole membership.'' So a petition calling for a vote of no confidence in Hill was circulated — according to Brokman it was signed by men and woman alike — and at a subsequent union branch meeting Hill was dismissed from her union position on the Water Resources subdivision.

> Brokman alleges that a call was made by Paul Landa to the Commission. Landa had allegedly issued an instruction: ''Those guys have to be got.''

The day after the no confidence vote, on July 28, 1982, the PSA's monthly industrial report was issued; both Brokman and Neville Thompson, who was then the Chairman of the Water Resources subdivision of the PSA, allege that Hill doctored the document to make it look like the full report rather than merely an extract. The piece was headed: ''Members Persecute Women's Rights Activists.'' Says Brokman: ''It was the most one-sided crap you've ever heard; it was full of inaccuracies; it attacked everyone personally; and obviously it emanated from Jane. When everyone saw it, they were incensed.''

An argument ensued between Hill and some of the men; she claimed the men were ''Yelling and abusing me and saying they didn't know what I was talking about.'' According to Brokman's version of that confrontation, ''She gave as much as she got; there were no threats.'' The incident led to action by the Commission, which instigated an internal disciplinary tribunal in which six men from the Commercial Branch, including Brokman, were charged with harassment of Hill and disruption of work.

Prior to the disciplinary tribunal, Brokman says Hill had become increasingly associated with the Commission's Equal Opportunity Co-ordinator, Rowan Squirchuck — a woman he claims is ''very influential'' in anti-discrimination circles. Brokman alleges that as a result of Squirchuck reporting the incident to the NSW Anti-Discrimination Board, a call was made by Paul Landa, the then Minister for Water Resources, to the Commission — ''either the Chief Commissioner or the Deputy Commissioner, I don't know which.'' Landa had allegedly issued an instruction: ''Those guys have to be got.'' How did Brokman claim to know this? Because, he says, after the disciplinary tribunal's decision was announced, Neville Thompson had been to see Tom Dillon, the then Secretary of the Commission and one of the three people who'd sat on that tribunal. And Dillon had told Thompson that Landa had personally issued the instruction to the Chief Commissioner, and it was then passed on to him. When *Penthouse* rang Thompson to confirm the allegation, he said: ''I can assure you that's what Tom Dillon said. The words I was told Landa used were: 'Hold the inquiry and get them.' Rowan Squirchuk later told me she wanted it known that it wasn't her who called the Anti-Discrimination Board . . . '' Thompson added that a conciliation officer from the Anti-Discrimination Board had confirmed the Landa intervention in a private talk with him, and expressed the wish that it could have been handled some other way.

According to Brokman, ''We were guilty before we went into the disciplinary tribunal. It was a bloody charade.'' The men were duly found guilty of harassment and subjected to various quite serious punishments. The evidence, according to Thompson, was so thin that when he read the finding he said to Dillon, ''God, Tom, how could you come to such a decision?'' Dillon had allegedly replied: ''If I'd put in a minority decision, Nick Whelan [then Deputy Secretary and prosecutor on behalf of the Commission] would have been in my chair tomorrow. What did you want me to do?''

Brokman and two other men subsequently appealed to the Government and Related Employees' Appeals Tribunal (GREAT), which exonerated all the men on the harassment verdict, found that Hill, as well as the men, should be reprimanded for disruption of work, and described the whole thing as ''trifling.''

As the men see it, Jane Hill had already been publicly humiliated by the no confi-

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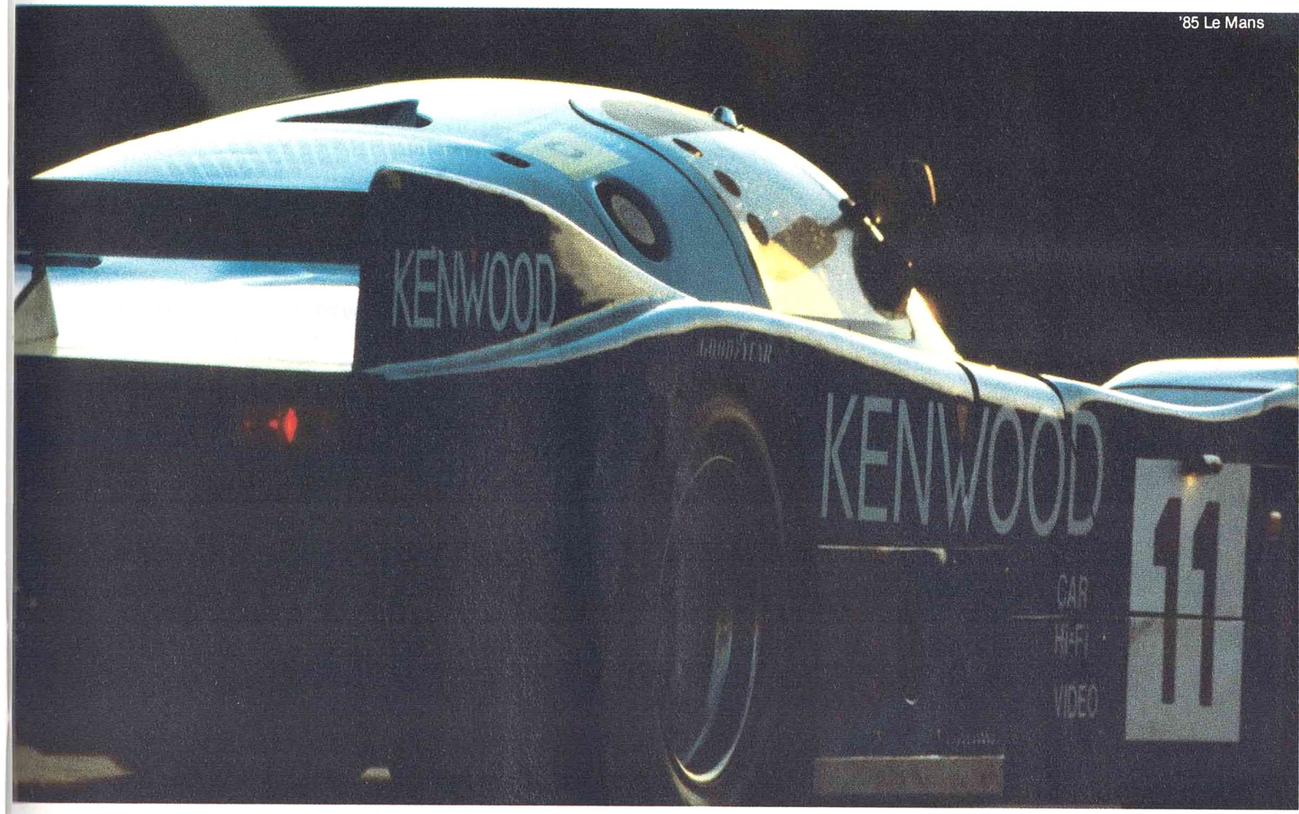

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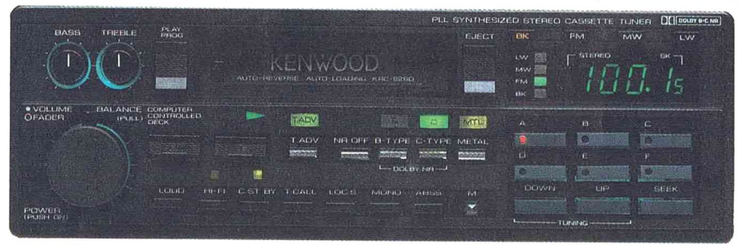

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dence motion, her social life (which had revolved around her union activities) had disintegrated as a result, her popularity within the Commercial Branch and the Commission as a whole was shattered, and she had now suffered the further embarrassment of the GREAT decision, which in effect had found that she'd grossly exaggerated her claims. "And only then," says Brokman, "did she bring up all these other charges. The first I heard about them was when she lodged her sexual harassment complaint to the Anti-Discrimination Board."

Jane Hill had begun to receive psychiatric treatment after the GREAT decision. Little wonder, according to Brokman. She'd been well liked throughout the Commission until she'd brought charges against her workmates. Now people were treating her with disdain — because, says Brokman, "95 to 98 percent of people knew the situation — that she had fabricated her story. Everyone in the Commission knew our jobs were on the line . . . they realised the seriousness of it." Brokman reckons Hill had without a doubt developed paranoid tendencies by this stage. "Her psychological problems came about because she'd jumped on this cart, going downhill, being pushed by the anti-discrimination mob, the EEO people, the women's lobby . . . and the pressure was obviously too great because she was lying through her teeth, she knew it, and everyone else [at the Commission] knew it. If you're on a cart that's going too fast and you jump off you'll get bruises all over your body . . . so you stay on."

The "concrete boots affair" — one of the most serious allegations presented to the Equal Opportunity Tribunal — was in Brokman's view a result of that paranoia. The Tribunal's finding was that at the 1983 Annual Conference of the PSA, "Graeme Brokman told some other delegates about his dislike of Ms Hill and said, 'We're going to get her . . .' When told that this was just stupid talk he persisted, saying: 'No, no, we're going to put her in concrete boots.' . . . The witness who gave this evidence was transparently honest."

Brokman's version: "I was pissed. I was saying that if Jane Hill had been a member of the Painters and Dockers or any other heavy union and she'd charged a fellow official within that union of harassment or any other criminal activity, she'd find herself at the bottom of the harbor in concrete boots." The following week, Brokman says he got a call from a detective-sergeant of the North Sydney Police. "He said he'd got a complaint from Jane Hill and wanted to speak to me." Down at the station, the officer read out Hill's complaint, which went along these lines: "I, Jane Hill . . . have been told by a friend of mine . . . that he overheard Graeme Brokman saying he was going to fit me up in concrete boots and put me at the bottom of the harbor."

Brokman looked at the officer for a moment and then broke up laughing. He then explained the context of the concrete boots affair. The detective-sergeant responded: "What sort of bird is this?" Brokman replied: "She's crackers." The officer apparently agreed she was. No further action was taken, apart from a parting comment from the officer: "Before you go, Mr Brokman . . . If we find someone at the bottom of the harbor, we'll know who to contact." From that day on, Brokman's nickname at the Commission has been "The Monier Footwear Agent."

When the Equal Opportunity Tribunal finally began to hear submissions in August 1983, six months after Hill had lodged her complaint, it was the management who had to face the charges; it was their task to show that they'd done everything in their power to comply with the provisions of the Anti-Discrimination Act so as to prevent the harassment of Jane Hill. There was no mileage for the bosses, according to Brokman, in challenging the actual allegations against the employees. Their tactic, he says, was to cover their own arses. Nick Whelan, who had to face the bulk of the claims of managerial indifference, was also the Commission's Director of Affirmative Action. In Brokman's view, "Nick could see, right from the start when Paul Landa jumped in, that if you could be on that side — a winning side — you could end up at the top. He was never supportive of the staff; he was always looking after himself."

> There was no mileage for the bosses, according to Brokman, in challenging the allegations against the employees. Their tactic was to cover their own arses.

The alleged harassers didn't get a look in. They saw the barrister acting on behalf of the Commission management, Paul Menzies, and "answered all his questions about the allegations made in the formal complaint by Jane." But Menzies never called them to give evidence. Presumably he made that decision in consultation with his client, which was the Commission, not its employees. In the GREAT inquiry it had been found that the conduct of the employees referred to GREAT did not amount to harassment; yet before the Tribunal Mr Menzies tendered transcripts of the Commission's own disciplinary proceedings and of the appeal to GREAT. The Tribunal's judgement states: "Mr Menzies made it clear . . . that he was not suggesting that the evidence of Ms Hill was not truthful and he disclaimed any reliance on the evidence given by the officers [ie the employees] in those proceedings." Notwithstanding that the men were not heard before the Tribunal, it found itself able to say: "We would add for ourselves that we are perfectly satisfied that the conduct of the men on this occasion did justify the description of "harassment" and on that matter we are not prepared to adopt the finding of GREAT."

Penthouse is informed that the same Mr Menzies appeared as the barrister for the Water Resources Commission management before the GREAT inquiry, when it was found, as mentioned above, that the men's actions did not constitute harassment. It seems, from the Tribunal's judgement, that Menzies did not argue that position strongly, if at all.

According to Brokman it was obvious to the men, after their interviews with Menzies, that they weren't going to be called and that Hill was going to lay all sorts of accusations which would not be strenuously refuted. They wondered what they could do about it. Brokman says they sought legal advice and were told that if they were to join the case as a third party and damages were ultimately awarded to Hill, they might have to shell out themselves. Brokman claims he was told that since it was a test case, no-one knew for sure what might happen. If there were any penalties or disciplinary action taken against *them*, they could subsequently appeal. At the same time, the Commission had received advice, according to Brokman, that they were going to lose this one because of the nature of the Tribunal and its functions, but would win at the NSW Court of Appeal *on points of law*. But that wasn't going to allow the alleged harassers to clear their names, since they might still be unable to challenge any facts found by the Tribunal. In other words, says Brokman, "We were snookered the way the Commission was playing it. We felt we were ratshit from the start." Quite simply, it seemed to the men that if the appeal were upheld, both they and Hill would be the losers.

The difficult question is this: whose fault was it that the employees never came to put their case? Was it a fault in the system, or a mere aberration in this case? The Tribunal could only make its decision on the basis of the evidence received. Perhaps the alleged harassers got poor legal advice; probably, with the benefit of hindsight, if they believed the Tribunal would have made a different decision had it heard their evidence they should have bitten the bullet and joined as a third party. Whichever way you look at it, they screwed up.

In any case, after the Tribunal had found that the management was responsible for the sexual harassment of Hill and the damages award was given, the Commission announced it would lodge an appeal — as would be expected in a test case. That was when the government became embroiled. Premier Neville Wran stepped in and announced that he simply wouldn't allow the Commission to appeal. "I thought," he reportedly said, "that the evidence was overwhelming and supported the Tribunal's decision. And I don't think it reflects well on either the Water Resources Commission or the government to appeal against that decision." Wran, a QC, reportedly claimed to have made a serious investigation of the case: "I didn't wake up one morning and think I would say to the Water Resources Commission, 'Don't appeal.' "

That's virtually what Brokman reckons Wran *did* do: "The night before Wran made the announcement, he went to a dinner organised by the women's lobby. At the dinner were Carmel Niland [President of the Anti-Discrimination Board], Alison Ziller [Director of Equal Opportunity in Public Employment] and 150 to 200 other women." According to Brokman, "The guest speaker at that dinner was Jane Hill. The pressure was on Wran, because at that stage the Commission had lodged its appeal." Brokman asserts that Wran made the last speech of the evening, stating: "I will do everything in my power to ensure the Commission does not appeal against the decision."

You might think Brokman, a humble clerk at the NSW Water Resources Commission, is biting off more than he can chew here. But his allegations don't stop there. He adds: "You have to realise the power of Rowan Squirchuk, who had a close association with Niland and Ziller — and Jane was a part of that group. They just wield so much power in women's affairs." Brokman continues: "Wran *knew* that legal submissions from the Commission's barrister would be very supportive of the appeal. And if they'd lost this appeal, the Anti-Discrimination Act wouldn't have been worth as much as a bit of shithouse paper."

Now that Brokman has ventured into an area where he had no personal involvement, he's standing on shaky ground. According to a spokesman for the Premier's Department, the dinner which Wran attended was not addressed by Jane Hill; she was present, but Wran himself was the only speaker. The spokesman added: "Mr Wran had agreed months beforehand to address this dinner, and in the course of his speech he did state that he would look at every available avenue to block the appeal in the Hill case, but stressed that this would be done purely as a matter of government policy. The government had determined that its own departments or authorities should not appeal against decisions duly handed down by a Tribunal which was set up by the government."

The spokesman went on to explain the context of Wran's statement. The Premier had only become aware that morning, through a newspaper article, that the commission was lodging an appeal — and that was why he'd made the announcement at the dinner. After reading the Tribunal's judgement and consulting with legal advisers Wran had concluded, according to the spokesman, that there was no basis for an appeal. As to Brokman's inference that Wran had bowed to pressure from the Anti-Discrimination Board, the spokesman stated: "The idea that the Premier's announcement was the result of some sort of conspiracy is absolute rubbish. No influence was brought to bear on him and he was prompted by nothing and no-one when he made his remarks about the Hill case."

Wran's decision raised a furore in the press — Acting Opposition Leader Rosemary Foot described it as "outrageous, high-handed, against the spirit of the legislation and beyond the due process of law" — but the Premier stuck to his guns. A meeting was convened by the executive of the three unions represented at the Commission; the attendance of around 250 Commission employees was unprecedented.

> It appears that only a public inquiry could clear the air. It also appears that such an inquiry is, for the men, a forlorn hope.

That meeting resolved that there had been no harassment of Jane Hill, and that this must be publicly stated. Funds were hastily raised among Commission employees to finance an "open letter to the Government and people of NSW from concerned staff of the Water Resources Commission", which was published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* on July 22 this year. It stated, in part: "We understand that the Water Resources Commission received legal advice that it would win an appeal . . . We believe, therefore, that justice was not done in the Jane Hill sexual harassment case. A mass meeting of men and women of the Water Resources Commission's Head Office Staff . . . • Categorically denied having been involved in or having knowledge of any incident that could be construed as a harassment of Ms Hill. • Expressed dismay and disbelief that persons named in Ms Hill's claims of incidents of harassment were not called to give evidence (which they were, and still are, willing to do) which would have refuted the allegations." It continued: "We call upon the Government of NSW to initiate an urgent and public judicial inquiry to see that *all the evidence is gathered, ventilated and properly considered* — so that democratic justice can be properly served."

The media jumped on the statement, but Premier Wran was not moved. Referring to the open letter, the Premier's Department spokesman said: "The decision not to call the men accused of harassment was made by Counsel representing the Commission *and those men*. It's a matter for conjecture why he didn't call them — he must have had a reason for that. Their proposition that they were prevented from getting a fair hearing is just nonsense."

Brokman asserts that Counsel representing the Commission, Mr Menzies, did not represent him or any of the men. The Equal Opportunity Tribunal record clearly shows the men were not represented by Counsel and no evidence was taken from them by the Tribunal. In its judgement the Tribunal found: "None of the employees whose conduct was in question was called to give evidence and in the end it was accepted that the conduct complained of had in fact happened. Except as to a few minor matters the correctness of the evidence called in the Complainant's case was not challenged."

Quite clearly, both the Premier and his spokesman have not appreciated that the interests of the Water Resources Commission and those of its employees were not identical, and Wran has abandoned the employees by prohibiting an appeal which his own legislation provides for.

The upshot of the Jane Hill case is that none of the parties has actually come out in front. In a recent magazine article Hill said she was suffering from all sorts of stress-related physical ailments. "You add to that staying sane," she reportedly said, "and it becomes a long drawn-out battle. I've been seeing a counsellor for nearly two and a half years and I wouldn't have made it without her. I've been taking tranquilisers for three years and I go through a prescription a week."

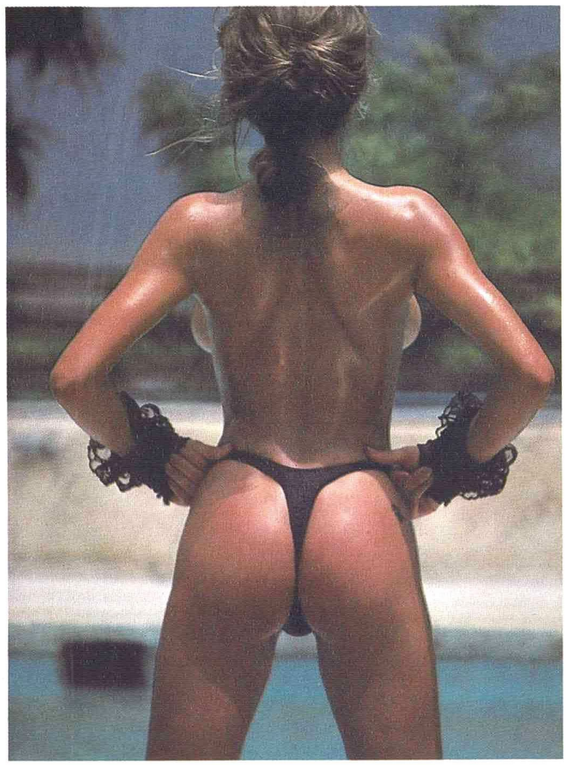
When *Penthouse* contacted Nick Whelan, he explained that the Commission had decided to make no further public comment on the issue. Jane Hill also declined to be interviewed by *Penthouse*. There has been an attempt here to canvass some of the more significant allegations made by Hill to the Tribunal, and the possible defences put forward by the men accused of harassing her. Since the Wran Government, as a matter of policy, has prevented resort to the NSW Court of Appeal, it appears that only a public inquiry could clear the air. It also appears that such an inquiry is, for the men, a forlorn hope.

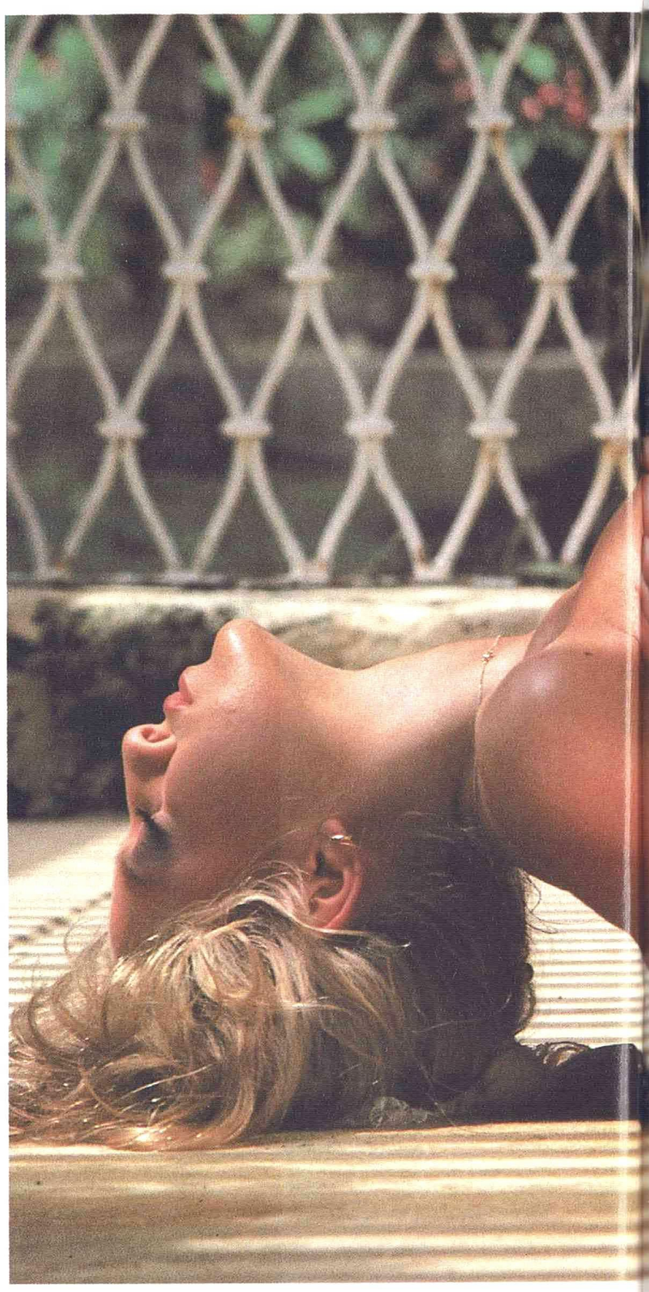
SWEPT AWAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

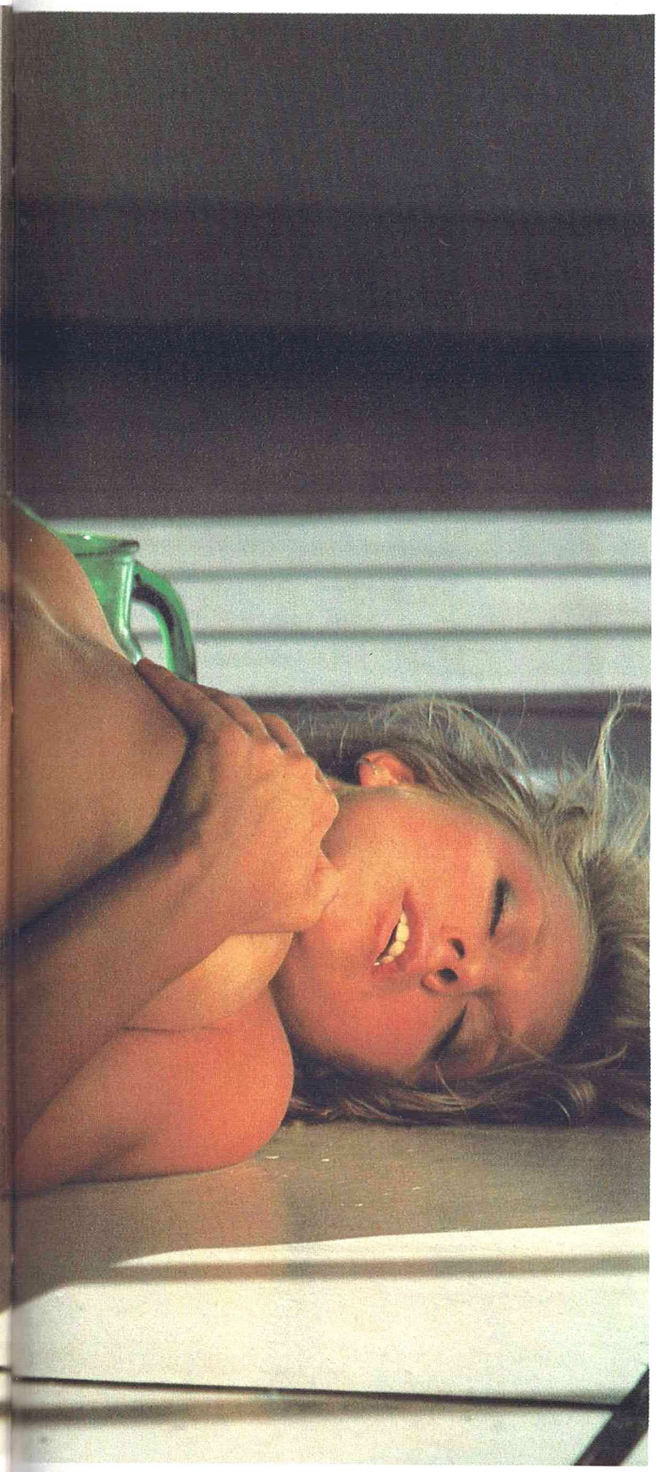
Don't be surprised to hear of the droves of men who have lost their heads over the cute frame and vivacious personality of 21-year-old Carina Ragnarsson. But permit yourself a raised eyebrow or two when she begins to whisper a list of dates, places and situations when she herself has fallen under the spell of certain men in her life. Because she'll finally give up and tell you that she's been swept off her feet more times than she cares to remember . . .

"It's not being fickle or flighty," she explains. "I think I'm just in love with the idea of falling in love. I am obsessed with the excitement of feeling that I have to drop everything to get a special man.





"I enjoy playing the game of love, but I insist on one thing — that my teammates know the rules. That's why rule number one is *no secrets*, and that's why I'm still friends with all the men I've ever met."



"If you can't be friends with people you've fallen in and out of love with then someone like me is missing out on a good percentage of special people in my life. And it's people who are most important to me."

Hawaiian Chris Lundy contemplates his last moment of sound health. He surfaced from this imminent axeing to find his knee joint held together only by an artery and a few shreds of skin.

THE FEAR FACTOR

Hawaii's Banzai Pipeline offers the ultimate surfing experience

BY NICK CARROLL

Every sport has its one special arena: that holy place where at an appointed time the best and bravest gather to do battle. For tennis players it's Wimbledon, for motor racing maniacs it's Indianapolis or Monte Carlo, for footballers it's Cardiff Arms Park, Wembley or the MCG. That special arena, shrouded in words and deeds of legend, is where it all comes down to the wire, where a single move can result in superb victory or crushing defeat — where an error might mean disappointment or death. And more than anything else, it provides the ground for an athlete to face his greatest personal challenge.

For the surfboard rider, that arena comes

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER SIMONS AND PETER CRAWFORD

FEAR

in the shape of a short stretch of beach on Oahu, main island of the Hawaiian chain — a place called the Banzai Pipeline.

Each year in December, the world professional surfing circuit makes a stop on Oahu for surfing's ultimate competitive event, the Pipeline Masters. It offers a mere $US15,000 cash, compared with the purses of $50,000-plus on offer in the smaller, sloppier surf of California and Australia. And as far as Grand Prix world title points go, it's nowhere — a Masters win scores a big zero on the ratings computer, thanks to its low prizemoney.

But what the Masters does carry is prestige. To many of the world's best surfers, a win at Pipeline means almost as much as a world title — in some cases even more. Four-times world pro champion Mark Richards summed it up after his one magical Pipeline win in 1980: "I wasn't going to rest until I won a Masters," he said.

So what makes Pipeline such a big deal? For a start it's the most dangerous surfing location on Earth. When there's a big swell running on to Oahu's north shore, Banzai Beach is host to waves up to five metres high, and so powerful they make Superman's proverbial locomotive look sick. The name "Pipeline" originated from the fact that, seen from side-on, a Banzai wave resembles an enormous tube or pipe as it breaks. When the wave's curl makes impact, only a metre of water separates that curl from a razor-sharp lava reef; as the curl strikes, the entire beach shakes.

The idea is to somehow ride inside that tubular part of the wave and emerge unscathed, and it ain't easy. First of all, you have to catch the wave: a gut-wrenching experience in itself. It's something like skiing a World Cup downhill race, or driving at three hundred kilometres an hour — a very heavy commitment, and more than one surfer has felt his commitment dry up in a hurry at the summit of a Banzai boomer. Former world surfing champ and one of Australia's most respected Pipeline aficionados, Wayne "Rabbit" Bartholomew, once described riding Banzai as "Formula One-*plus* — there's nothing to save you from that wave or that reef."

The situation is complicated by the fact that at Pipeline the waves move at a speed guaranteed to catch even the most careful surfer off guard. Swells approach Oahu unhindered by the continental shallows of larger land masses. By the time they're crunching into the Pipeline reef, the breaking waves are travelling almost twice as fast as the average Australian crest. This means two things: one, the wave has more hitting power than anyone can believe, and two, if you're a surfer you have to think and act real smart or be ground into the lava.

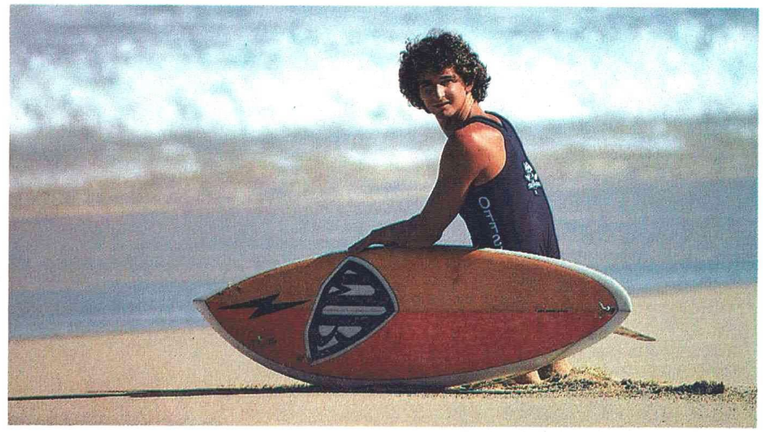
Even during regular surfing time, the surfers at Pipeline are in plenty of danger. It's under competitive conditions, though, that things start getting truly horrendous. Driven by the desire for success in the world's most phenomenal surfing arena, surfers in the Masters often take risks way beyond the acceptable or even remotely sensible. They'll try to ride the biggest and most awesome wave they can find, and to hell with the consequences.

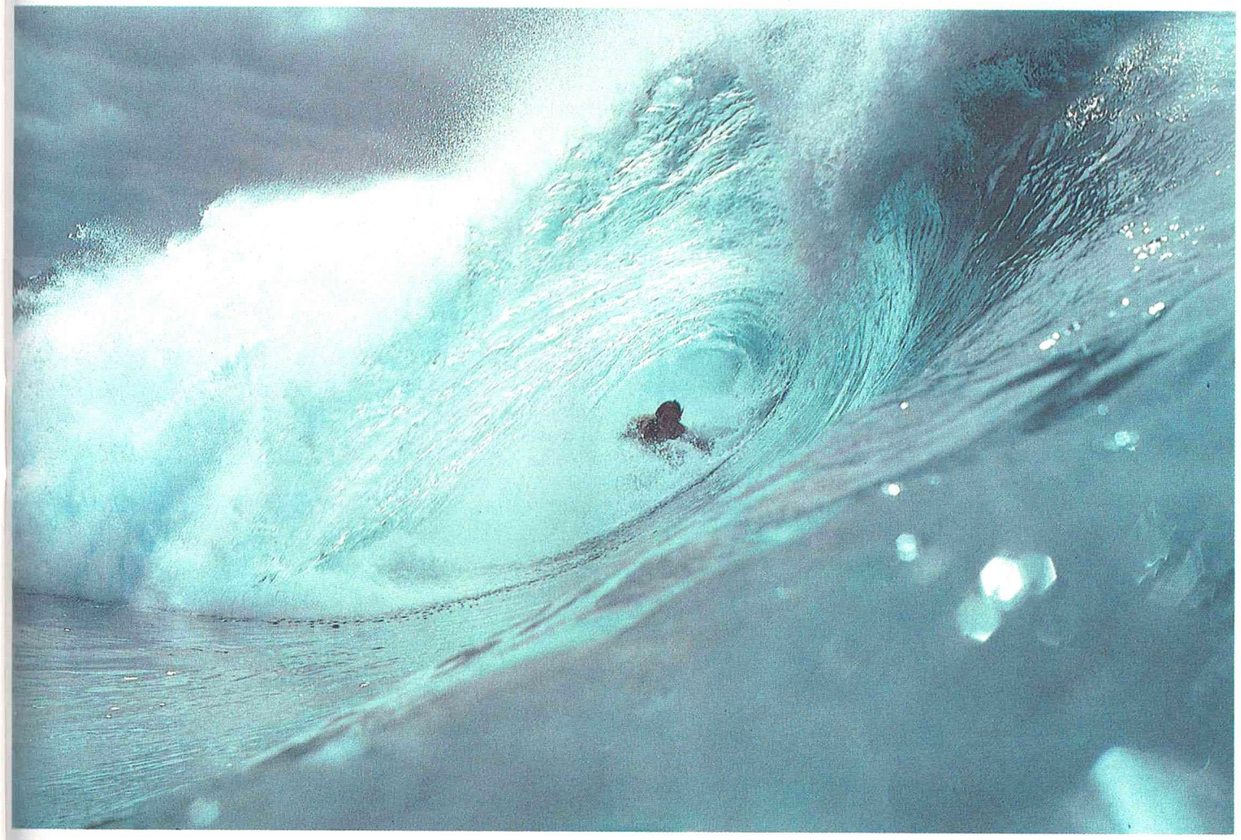
Occasionally the results are horrible. In 1983, for instance, 20 violent minutes in the middle of the contest saw two ghastly injuries. One surfer, a well-known local big surf expert named Chris Lundy, took a savage pounding from the curl as he rode his board at the very base of the wave. His right leg was smashed so badly at the knee joint that only an artery and a few shreds of skin held it together. The second accident involved a young Florida surfer, Steve Massefeller; Massefeller was slammed head first into the reef and surfaced face down, to be dragged ashore by the water safety patrol (a unique feature of Hawaiian surfing contests). The left side of his head was mostly pulp — he lost an eye and suffered brain damage, and counted himself lucky to be alive.

There are some great successes, though. During the 1980 event, the surf grew huge, wild and unpredictable even by Pipeline standards. The swells kept building until by midday the ocean was a churning, deadly mess. Even the best surfers like Mark Richards and Tom Carroll didn't want to go out. They petitioned tournament director Fred Hemmings, asking him to call it off for the day. Hemmings told them he'd consider it, and kept sending them out. There was a real undercurrent of fear on the beach as the semi-finalists prepared for what seemed a crazy attempt at surfing unrideable waves. Among the surfers was a young Aussie by the name of Dougall Walker. Walker was not a renowned professional — in fact, 1980 was his first Hawaiian season, and he'd never placed highly in any other major league event. But at Pipeline he seemed possessed. He paddled out, took a series of terrible dumping rides and finished his day with the biggest wave of the tournament. Other competitors backed off as Walker turned his surfboard straight into the monster tube as if he were blind. The wave landed squarely on top of him; by some miracle he survived with mere concussion. Needless to say, he qualified.

Another hero was born at Pipeline in 1982 in the form of short, slim Hawaiian surfer Michael Ho. Ho had ridden brilliantly in early rounds of the Masters, and seemed a good bet to win the event, but during a four-day layover between the qualifying rounds and finals, he tripped over a bar stool and broke his right wrist. That seemed the end of his great run; but he had a waterproof fibreglass cast set on the offending limb and on the day of the finals, using his free arm to paddle his board into waves, he took on the Pipeline with manic determination. Water cameramen working close to the wave had a field day as Ho rode tube after tube in complete control; one of them said later that the risks Michael had taken were as if he had a death wish. He won. Such tales abound. Each year at the Masters, new myths are forged, and as with any great sporting arena, the myths become a part of the Pipeline legend. Single combat against the ocean! It's all pretty macho stuff, inflaming the imaginations of young surfers world-wide. And it's backed up by some superb tales concerning the early days at Banzai, when pioneering surfers on since-antiquated equipment first conquered it.

Though plenty watched, no-one dared to surf the killer wave until 1963, when young Californian Phil Edwards — the quintessential West Coast beach bum, with his blond hair, blue eyes and super-cool demeanor — rode Banzai on a Malibu-style surfboard. He'd broken the ice, and by the time Phil came into the beach there were already other surfers paddling out to try their hands. Edwards became Pipeline's first legendary figure, and others were to follow — John Peck, who would reach down and grab his surfboard with both hands in mid-flight to steady himself as





Top: Four-times world champion, Australia's Mark Richards, wasn't going to rest until he'd won the Masters. His 1980 win allows him the luxury. Right: A surfer battles to hold his line within the tube, or else. Below: Current world champ Tom Carroll, in sequence, shows powerful style.

FEAR

Pipeline's famous "kick" provided a sudden wild burst of acceleration; Greg "The Bull" Noll, who took on the biggest surf ever ridden at Banzai and rode one amazing seven-metre monster for nearly half a mile before being blasted from his board; and Butch van Artsdalen.

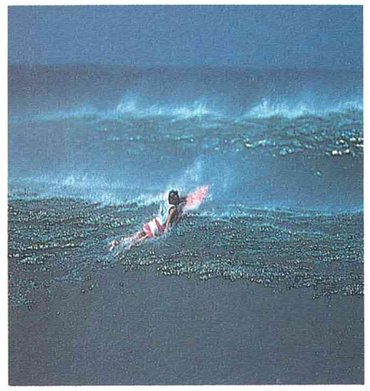
Van Artsdalen was a short, powerfully built character from La Jolla Shores in Southern California who'd ridden and conquered the biggest, meanest waves his home state had to offer. Some people thought he was crazy — he seemed to have no regard for any consequences and managed to be either superb or abysmal as a result. He led the notorious La Jolla surfing team, chronicled by American journalist Tom Wolfe in his book *The Pump House Gang*, whose incredible activities often culminated in giant parties lasting for days and ending only when the host residence burnt to the ground. Van Artsdalen heard about Pipeline, bought a one way ticket to Hawaii and by the end of the Sixties had earned himself the title of Mr Pipeline to surfers the world over.

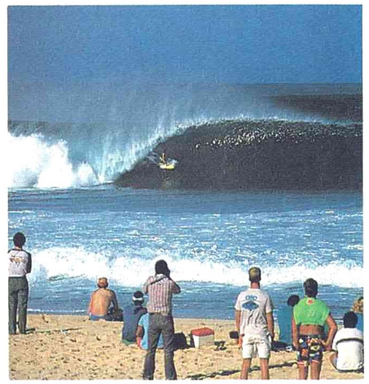
But the ultimate in Pipeline surf heroes was yet to appear. Gerry Lopez, a short, slim, precisely elegant young Japanese-Hawaiian with enigmatic hooded eyes, began riding Banzai about the same time Van Artsdalen headed back to California. (Butch, bewildered by the demands of fame within the surfing cult, drank himself to death a few years later.) Lopez fitted in perfectly with the great Pipeline tradition; calm and composed, he rode the tube further and deeper than anyone had before, and backed it up on land with the kind of cryptic remarks expected of cultish sporting heroes. For instance, he was once asked in a surfing movie what it was really like to ride the Pipeline. A slight grin creasing his face, Lopez said: "It's a cakewalk — if you know how." Perfect!

Lopez, however, is first to admit that he and his contemporaries were unwilling to take the kind of risks undergone by today's Masters competitor. "There's no way we'd do what some of those guys try nowadays," he said in a recent interview. Armed with high-performance modern surfboards and driven by the dream of following in the footsteps of Lopez — who, along with the hero-worship, earned a handsome fortune out of an internationally successful clothing company — the younger surfers come closer to the limit every year. Not surprisingly, the rate of serious accidents has risen during the Eighties. Apart from Lundy and Massefeller, there've been some very close calls. In 1981, Aussie Jim Banks tried to ride a wave behind another surfer and failed, copping a surfboard in the head and 150 stitches. The same year, Hawaiian Louis Ferreira smashed a kneecap on the reef. Two Masters later, Lopez himself was struck from behind by the fin of his board; part of the fin broke off inside him and wedged itself in the intestine, requiring emergency surgery and months of recovery.

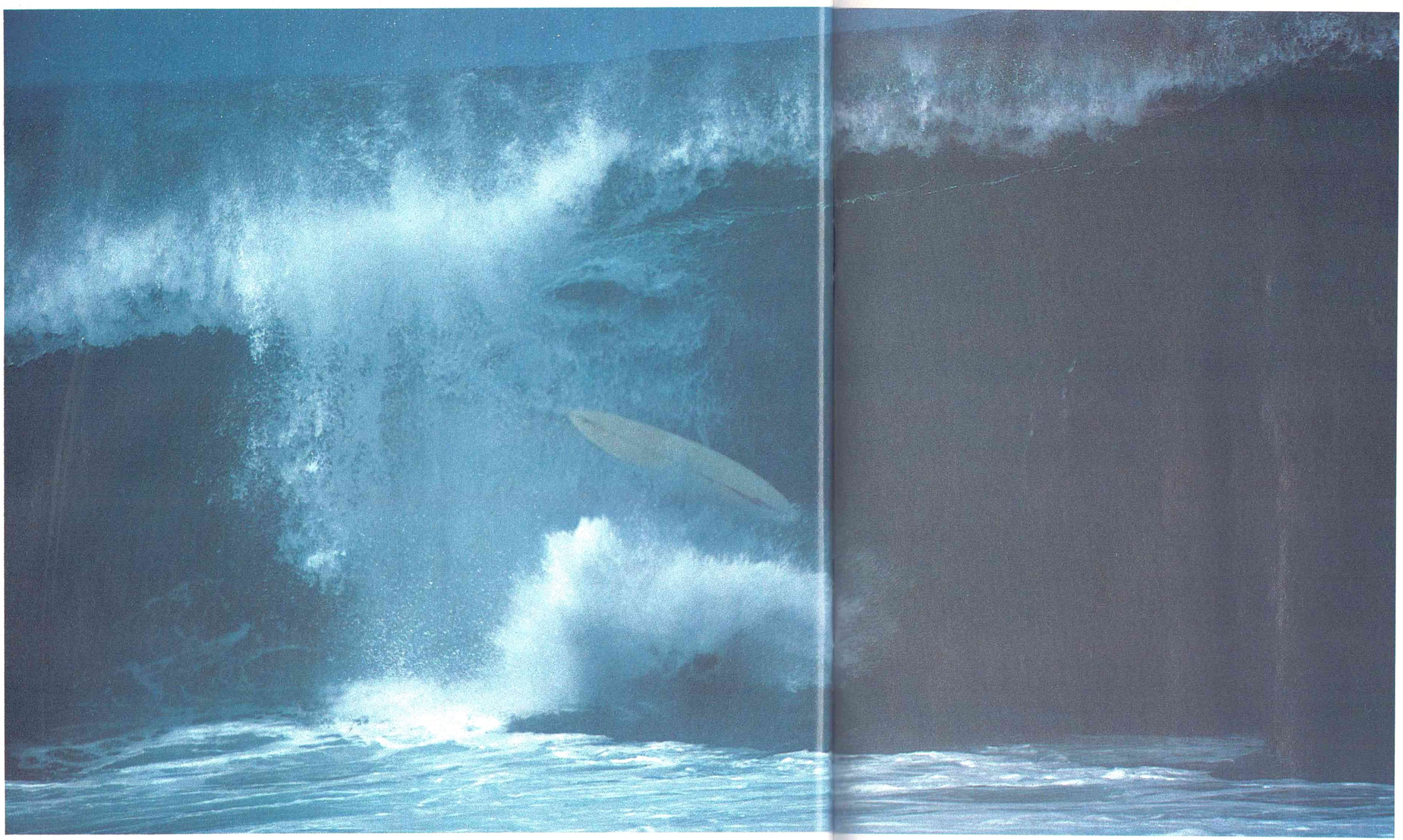
A less fit person might have died. And that's the question a lot of surfers are asking themselves: when will someone take the Big Dive during the contest? When will the limits be pushed just that little bit too far? It has happened already — surfers have died after accidents at Pipeline outside competition time, usually through inexperience, and more than one tourist has been picked off the foreshore by a particularly violent surge. What would result if a champion went down at the Masters, right in front of all his peers, all the spectators — and all those TV cameras?

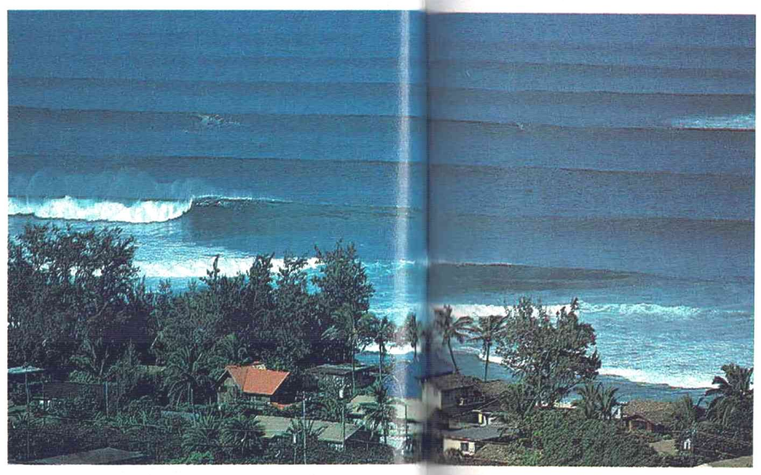
It's some question. But within the elite circle of Banzai surfers, it simply isn't done to discuss all the horrible possibilities inherent in riding the Pipeline. It just goes against the grain. Part of this unofficial code of silence stems from the old superstitions about mentioning tragedy which lead people to knock on wood and shout "Break a leg!" at one another before undertaking a risky enterprise. Much of it, though, arises from the kind of tightly-knit camaraderie found among the elite at all great sporting arenas, from football grand finals to the Olympic Games. For the members of the Banzai elite, there is a real awareness of the special nature of their wave-hunting ground. They're mastering surfing's Holy





Above: The awesome power and beauty of the Banzai Pipeline. Right: The dangers — as if the wave and reef aren't enough to deal with.





FEAR

of Holies, and talk of life and death is left to those lay types outside the circle.

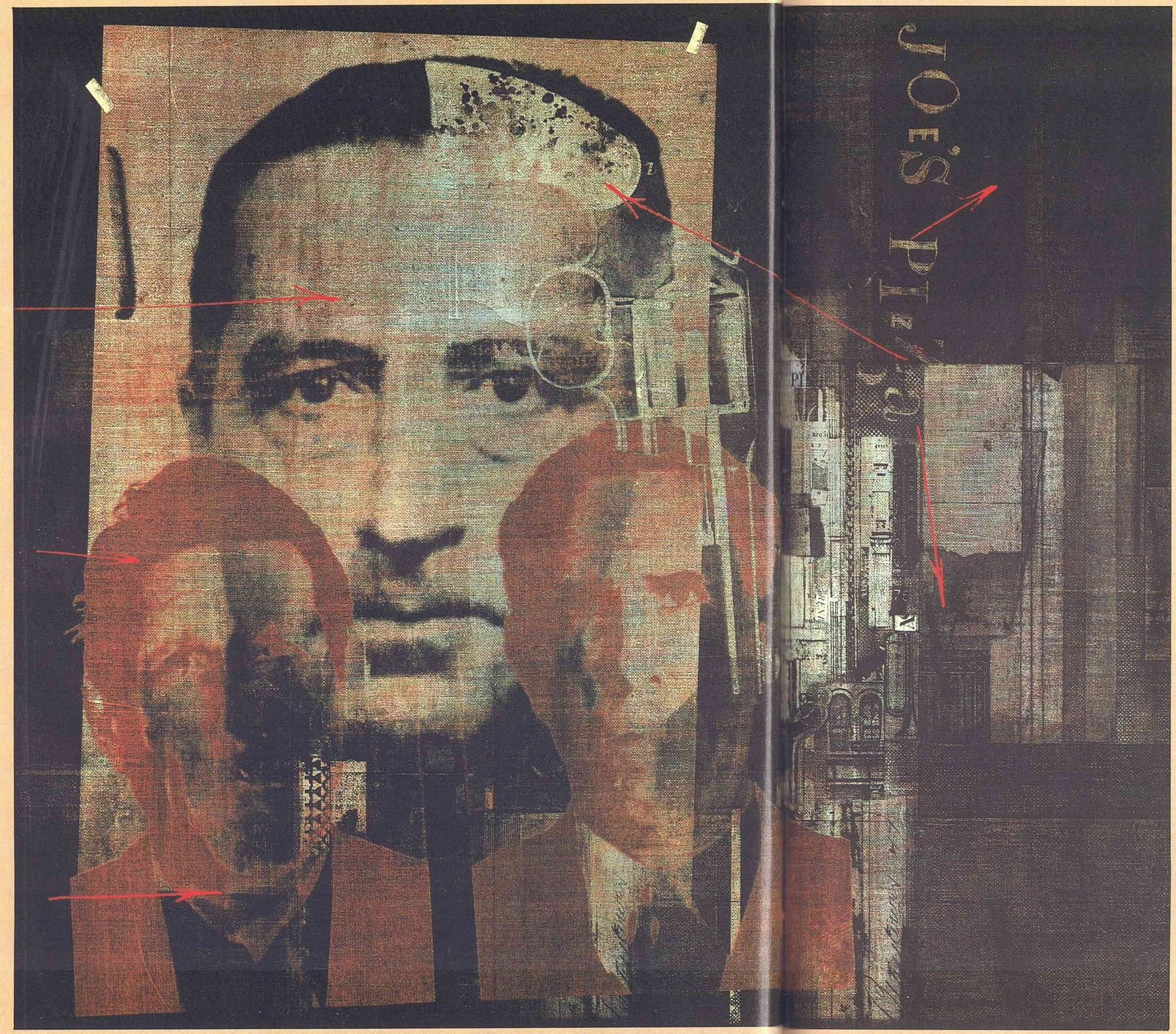
An instance: the world women's surfing champion, Californian Kim Mearig, was quoted about a year ago in an American magazine as saying she thought "all those guys who surf the Pipeline when it's big are crazy!" One of the Banzai circle, local Bruce Hansel, replied with an elegantly worded putdown which said in part: "I surf the Pipeline for my own pleasure in the total knowledge of my situation. I am not crazy. Kim is a beautiful representative of women's surfing, but she should stick to commenting on subjects in which she has experience." Nice and polite, but you can read between the lines: *What's this chick about? It's a cakewalk — if you know how!*

More than anything else, you need plenty of time up your sleeve. This fact was amply demonstrated by American surfer Joey Buran, winner of the 1984 Masters, who overcame severe influenza and five of the world's best Pipeline riders, including current world champion Tom Carroll, to take the coveted trophy. Twenty four-year-old Joey began surfing 12 years ago after seeing a picture of a giant Pipeline wave on a friend's wall. Whenever he went surfing, almost all he could think of was riding the Pipeline and winning the Masters. He made it to Hawaii at the age of 16 and, totally out of the blue, placed fifth in his favorite event. Pipeline was all he'd dreamed it to be. From then on he surfed in the Masters every year, only to be dogged by continual bad luck; at the last minute he'd break his board, or catch the wrong wave and cop a terrible thrashing, or just miss out by a hair. But he never gave up, and finally came home the winner with a brilliant show of tube-riding in last year's event. There was never a happier surfer than Joey as he stood on the victory dais, yelling: "Dreams do come true!"

Stuff like this makes the Masters the classic sporting event it is. But for how much longer? Unfortunate as it seems to many, it may be that the Pipeline Masters is on the way out, to be ignored by much of the surfing world as the top professionals chase small surf, big money and Grand Prix points elsewhere.

But it's safe to say the best surfers will continue to tackle the Pipeline, even if it means a holiday from the circuit. As Tom Carroll says: "I'd feel terrible if I had to miss a Hawaiian big wave season. You need the annual dose of Pipeline power." It's a sentiment shared by many of the stars of the sport. The Pipeline Masters might suffer a wipeout, but one thing's certain — getting off that cakewalk is just about impossible . . . once you know *how*.

Top: A rider inspects the reef floor. Left to right: Studies in skydiving; majesty; trepidation.



THE NEW MAFIA

Today's Sicilian godfathers make the traditional *don* look like Bambi

BY WILLIAM SHERMAN

On the street they call him "Twenny"- short for 20/20. He has great eyes. Twenny can spot a cop a block away, maybe two. Similarly, he can "make" a junkie with a closer look and a few words of conversation.

This arcane talent is the source of Twenny's income: 500 a day, cash. For Twenny, still a teenager, is the "stickman", a combination of lookout and middleman/agent for one of New York's more prosperous street-level heroin operations. His office is on a corner in Manhattan's Lower East side, although it moves from time to time. "Three-D" is what Twenny calls his spot in this disintegrating area, which today bears a striking resemblance to ravaged Beirut.

The beauty of Twenny's job is that he is never directly exposed to the law. He never

NEW MAFIA

holds the dope, but rather steers customers to nearby dealers or, with hand signals, warns his partners to close down because the "blues" — the cops — are coming.

Twenny, at the street level, is the penultimate marketing man-packager in his field. He directs better-known customers with stolen merchandise to a reliable fence connected with his gang. After all, many of Twenny's clients steal to support their nasty habits, and Twenny has a list in his head of the best buildings to "tap", or burgle, as well. He is also current on the least-patrolled streets to cruise for those whose specialty is mugging, and he knows the relative merits of dope sold by other groups around New York.

He calls himself a "businessman" and his dealing gang "The Corporation." Their 12-hour workday begins with a noon rush of clients. Surprisingly, only a few have that junk-sick look: hollow-eyed, sweaty and jumpy, for want of a fix.

The average customer spends about $30 a visit, and from that flow, Twenny's gang grosses about $3000 a day, half of which is net profit. That adds up to about $900,000 a year — $450,000 for Twenny's Corporation, and the same for his wholesale supplier. And Twenny's group is just one of more than a hundred in New York City.

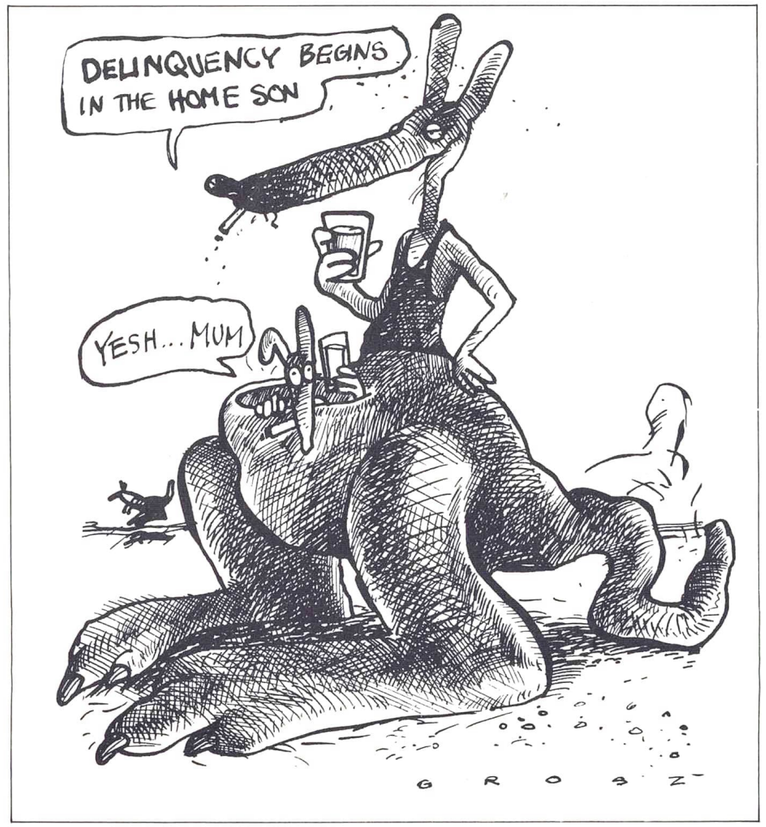
The total annual take from heroin sold in the United States is tremendous — well into the billions, according to the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). And until recently, the big question for police at all levels was: who at the top is controlling the main flow of heroin into the US for groups like Twenny's to eventually sell?

The answer was not found in New York or Chicago or any part of the United States. According to several teams of investigators working for US Customs, the FBI, and the DEA, the key to the puzzle lay more than 6000 kms away from Manhattan in a series of communities on the other side of the Atlantic.

It is a quiet Sunday morning in Bagheria, Sicily, a small town outside of Palermo. Horse-drawn carts festooned with flowers rattle down narrow, cobblestoned streets. Old women in black and men in brown suits and caps trek from out of the gnarled stone buildings toward the church in the village square. Behind them are the children, laughing, playing, and dancing around their mothers.

But this is no picture-postcard village: Bagheria is the apex of the Triangle of Death.

That's what this village is called by the local press and the cops. For it is part of the main killing ground in a series of Mafia battles that have claimed the lives of more than 200 mob soldiers in one recent two-year period. The figure does not include countless others wounded, tortured, or kidnapped. What makes this especially significant is that these battles are part of a war for control of the wholesale heroin trade throughout the West.



As it happens, many of the world's most powerful Mafia leaders were born in this area and maintain permanent homes and businesses here along with their family lieutenants and soldiers. No matter how far they wander in diversifying their interests, Sicily is their base.

The bloodbath, which began here in the late Seventies, is specifically over the cash flow from those bags of junk sold by gangs like Twenny's. The principal adversaries in the war are the ruling Mafia families from Palermo against the forces from Corleone, a large town nestled up in the mountains about two hours' drive from Palermo. Ironically, Corleone was the setting for the novel and film classic *The Godfather*.

Luciano Leggio and Michele Greco, the Corleonesi who led the war against Palermo mob chieftans Gaetano Badalamenti and Stefano Bontade, are hardly household names. But they are the real-life Godfathers, the kings of the heroin trade. And their war started simply enough. The Palermo faction had controlled the refining and export of much of the heroin that went to Europe, the United States, and Canada since the break-up in the early Sixties of the French Connection, which was run out of France and Corsica. The Corleonesi wanted a piece of the business and the fighting began.

Until last year, nobody was really aware of the ramifications of the war or of the role played in international drug dealing by the principal players. But it turned out that tonnes of heroin each year and hundreds of soldiers on both sides in several countries were involved.

Conventional FBI and DEA intelligence held that it was the old-line American Mafia families — the Gambino, Genovese, and Bonnano groups and their ilk — who ran the heroin importation and distribution networks in the United States.

"We learned differently," says Oliver "Buck" Revell, assistant director of the FBI's criminal investigative division. "There is another Mafia. Call it the Sicilian Connection, the Pizza Connection... whatever you want. It's a New Mafia and it is run from Sicily." As if to prove his point, when the heads of New York's five Mafia families were arrested on a variety of charges several months ago, not one of them was charged with dealing or importing dope.

The Americans got out of drug importing because the sons and grandsons of the American Mafia grandees are simply not interested or are not fit for the vocation. Big-time dope dealing is a young man's gig, filled with violence and the risk of a double-decade spell in prison, or of death. So a vacuum in the American dope-dealing leadership and labor pool was created. So the Sicilians, who were willing to process the raw opium into heroin, transport it across the Atlantic, and wholesale it in America, filled that vacuum and took over the dope trade. With the dope came money and power and a New Mafia.

In the last year, major prosecutorial efforts in both Italy and the United States, combined with the opera-length arias sung by Mafia turncoat Tommaso Buscetta, have revealed the infrastructure of this New Mafia.

The names of the men who run the New Mafia did not ring bells — even with many of the investigators in half a dozen nations who were charged with sorting out their financial empire. As they learned more, these investigators were shocked to discover the extent of the New Mafia's financial empire.

A few examples: more than a hundred companies in Venezuela, interests in four major hotels in Milan, real estate on the Costa Brava in Spain, construction and demolition concerns in New York, tile companies, cheese factories, produce companies, textile firms, farms in Brazil, home units in Montreal and the prestigious old Hotel Majestic in Rome.

How does Mafia dope get from the source — the Asian poppy fields — down to streets in the United States and into packets stamped Star Wars, Wac Attack, and 007? American and Italian investigators provided this basic outline: Mafia buyers, over the last 15 years, have been travelling to Pakistan and other Asian opium-growing countries, where they deal directly with growers and their brokers. Opium, often partially refined, is transported by freighter to Sicily, where it is flown into US airports in the guise of "tile" or "furniture" shipments, for example.

Those shipments go to a Sicilian mobster operating a front business, such as a tile company, a pizza parlor, or a bakery in a US city. There the load is broken up and distributed to lieutenants, who drive their consignments to other cities or sell it in amounts from several pounds on up to local dealers. They, in turn, "cut" or dilute the heroin with milk, sugar or laxatives, package it, and stamp the packets so the buyer knows what "brand" he or she is getting. Finally, those packets are sold to the street dealer, who generally resells it to retail outlets like Twenny's Corporation.

Each link in the long chain is insulated from the next. Only one or two people deal with those at the level above, which is why law enforcement, even with the most sophisticated undercover operations, has so much difficulty breaking an entire chain.

But it is always a certainty that the money flows up the chain, back to the drug lords in Sicily. And that is what the fighting in and around Bagheria and Palermo is all about: control of that money and the power that goes with it.

Because the stakes are so high, when the "friends", or *amici* (as the *mafiosi* are known in Italy) start blowing people away, they don't draw any fine lines. The old dictum, the honored Sicilian-American rule that one does not whack out children, or women, or uninvolved relatives, or politicians and agents of the law — unless they have betrayed you — has now been discarded. The Mafia of American romance, Marlon Brando's caring, careful and just *don* who eschewed the drug trade and only ordered violence when *detente* was impossible, is long gone.

People in Sicily say the last *capo*, or chief, to resemble Brando's Godfather was Don Calogero Vizzini. He ruled a drug-free operation with harmony for three decades, until he died in 1954. Two years later, his legacy was forgotten. At a Mafia summit held at Palermo's gracious Hotel de la Palme, Vizzini's successors decided to take their first tentative steps into the narcotics marketplace. Among those present and acting as advisers were Joe Bonnano, the late Charles "Lucky" Luciano, and Carmine Galante, later to become drug boss of North America.

> "To stop you, the *mafiosi* kill a friend or a relative who has nothing to do with what you are doing. It's a strong hint to get out of the way."

That meeting at the Hotel de la Palme marked the end of the *Godfather* era. Neither Calogero Vizzini nor Vito Corleone engaged in the wholesale slaughter and brutality that has become the trademark of the New Mafia. In fact, even Brando's cinema son, Al Pacino's Michael Corleone, the prototype of the modern *don*, did not order the assassination of the congressional committee leaders investigating his activities. The real-life *mafiosi* of Sicily have no such qualms.

Beginning in 1979, the Sicilian *mafiosi* began a campaign of terror against Italian public officials unheard of elsewhere. Those in power who opposed Mafia rule, who wanted to close down the heroin processing labs, or pass anti-money-laundering laws, or break up the Mafia's hold on the real estate and construction business, were executed.

The list of victims so far includes: Boris Giuliano, Palermo police chief; Cesare Terranova, investigating magistrate; Pier Santi Mattarella, president of Sicily and long a power in the Christian Democratic Party; prosecutor Pietro Scaglione; Pio La Torre, a legislator who proposed a law providing for forfeiture of investments made with laundered money; and in 1982, General Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, who directed the successful crackdown against the Red Brigade Terrorists and who had just been assigned to head a major Mafia probe.

Dalla Chiesa was driving home from dinner in Palermo with his young wife when the attack came. It was no old-fashioned Mafia rubout in which the target was set up and isolated from his family and then given one blast in the head from a *lupara*, or sawn-off shotgun. Rather, Dalla Chiesa's assailants came as a team, apparently in two cars and two motor-cycles. The shooters, the men on the back of the cycles and in the passenger seats of the cars, all used submachine guns. First they took out Dalla Chiesa's bodyguard, who was driving in another car. Then they turned on the general and his wife. Police found that more than 100 rounds had been fired.

"It was meant as a warning to all of us," said Felice Paolo Isnardi, a Milanese prosecutor and investigator who travels in a military armored personnel carrier.

In Palermo, where a team of seven top magistrates is running an ongoing Mafia probe, security is even tighter. Some of the magistrates live in nearby army barracks; all of them come to work with escorts of at least three police cars.

"This is because of the new notion of transversal revenge," Magistrate Paolo Borsellino explains. "To stop you, they kill a friend or a relative. It's a strong hint to get out of the way."

Although no US prosecutors have yet been killed or kidnapped for their investigations into the New Mafia, the word went out last winter that US Attorney Rudolph Giuliani was scheduled for execution. Giuliani's office has indicted and is prosecuting 35 members of the Sicilian Mafia, many of whom were arrested in the United States. On the day the FBI got the news from a Sicilian prosecutor who was monitoring certain telephone conversations, security at Giuliani's office in New York was tripled. Nobody was allowed in without a thorough examination by hand and metal detector, bodyguards appeared, and Giuliani's movements became top secret.

All this — the executions of prosecutors, politicians, and their wives, and the constant betrayal of colleagues — is anathema to the men of the traditional Mafia. Tomasso Buscetta, a Palermo *mafioso* who turned informer in jail in Italy after two of his sons, a brother-in-law, a cousin, and scores of his soldiers were killed, said he was so disgusted with the new order that he was violating the most sacred of Mafia codes: *omerta* — the code of silence. In his "confession", summarised by the

Continued on page 66

THE SPORTY SHORTY

At last the legend goes sporty.

DFS/TT532/L

DFS/TT532/R

Sporty Bundera gives you the best of both worlds.

If you've been waiting for a real 4WD with a true sporty feel, welcome to the Bundera era. Bundera is a LandCruiser. Which means it's everything you expect of Australia's favourite 4WD. But it's also a lighter, more luxurious LandCruiser, the first with coil spring suspension. So you don't have to sacrifice highway comfort for off road practicality.

STEP INTO LUXURY

Bundera Deluxe Hard Top has luxury built in. The body contoured, fabric covered front seats have a suspension system you adjust to your weight, for extra comfort. You'll find power assisted steering, power windows and a power sunroof. There's plenty of leg and head room too, so you can stretch out in carpeted comfort.

Power windows are standard in Deluxe Hard Top.

YOU'RE IN COMMAND

When you're in the driver's seat, you're in charge. Adjust the tilt steering and check the superb visibility. Start her up and listen to that gutsy 2.4 litre motor. Now check the controls.

There's a full set of instruments. A tacho is standard. So are a clock, AM/FM stereo radio and stereo cassette.

In the Deluxe Hard Top there's even a special clinometer and altimeter.

Dial in your weight for seating comfort (Deluxe Hard Top only).

HANDLE THE ROAD

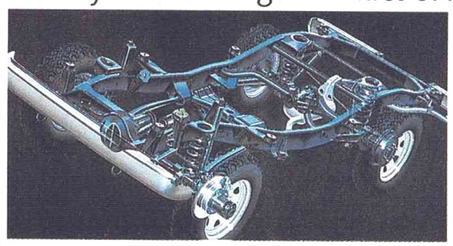
Now take off. Bundera's short wheelbase, light steering and power-to-weight ratio make it fun to drive in the city. There's a 5 speed box and free wheeling hubs for relaxed highway cruising. And when you hit the dirt, Bundera Deluxe lets you shift into high range 4WD at the touch of a button when the free-wheeling front hubs are engaged.

Tilt steering and ergonomically designed dashboard make driving a breeze. (Deluxe Hard Top.)

Shift into high range 4WD at the touch of a button (Deluxe Hard Top)

HANDLE THE ROUGH STUFF

When you take Bundera off road you'll discover just how tough a sophisticated suspension can be. The same coil springs which give you sporty highway handling now work with the bias mounted shocks at the rear to tackle the toughest track.



Sophisticated coil spring suspension has been tuned for Australian conditions.

BUILT TO LAST

Bundera has been built to keep handling the rough stuff for a long, long time. That's the LandCruiser heritage. All body panels are 1mm Excelite steel. The inner layer has a high zinc content to resist corrosion and the outer layer has a high iron content for better paint bonding.

Overdrive 5th gear gives quieter, more economical cruising.

HARD TOP? SOFT TOP?

The welded box frame chassis is more torsionally rigid than a conventional rivetted frame.

Bundera gives you only one decision. The Hard Top has a lot more luxury. But the Soft Top has the sun, the moon and the stars. Whether you choose Hard Top Deluxe, Hard Top Standard or Soft Top you get 2.4 litres of hard charging power and a 90 litre fuel tank to make sure you can get away from it all and back again. The best way to make your decision is to take a test drive. See your Toyota dealer soon. And get into the Bundera era.

LandCruiser - what makes it No1 in Australia, makes it No1 in the world.

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

DFS/TT532/L

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NEW MAFIA

Continued from page 61

investigating magistrates of Palermo, Buscetta asserts: "The Mafia is dead." He goes on to describe himself and others of "the old type" as "Men of Honor."

"One becomes a Man of Honor only after having taken oath," a translation of the confession continues. "Only then can one begin to know how things go within the organisation; one is bound by rigid secrecy and certain facts are known only after having reached a certain rank. Furthermore, a Man of Honor must never ask for explanations but must limit himself to obeying orders. There also exists a rigid obligation to tell the truth among fellow Men of Honor; if the contrary should occur, death may be the penalty."

According to Buscetta, those rules, and countless others, were broken by the men now in charge, mostly men from Corleone. He surprised his interrogators by explaining that prior to the heroin wars, the ten men who ruled the Mafia from posts on the *Cupola*, or Commission, were actually elected democratically by various families.

Over the years, since the end of the last century, the Commission had peacefully divided western Sicily into territories, each run by a particular family or group. The head of each family, or *capo*, was sovereign ruler over his district. No member could operate a racket or, more importantly, kill someone outside his territory without the appropriate district leader's permission.

With the beginning of the heroin wars — the Corleonesi assault on the Palermo Mafia families — those border laws were violated. Ambitious mobsters killed and intimidated their way to Commission posts. Buscetta's *capo*, Gaetano Badalamenti, a respected Man of Honor, was forced to flee Palermo for Spain and lost his seat on the Commission. All regard for age-old alliances was forgotten. The struggle begot betrayal and paranoia.

In one example, which Buscetta calls "particularly barbarous", a group of Corleonesi grabbed the 16-year-old son of a Palermo enemy. The kidnappers thought that the boy might want to kill one of their friends. So they "sawed off the boy's arm", held it in front of him, and said, "You will not be able to kill Toto Riina with this arm." Then they killed the boy.

Sicilian prosecutors added to Buscetta's 650-page account, saying that the Corleonesi maintained a full-time torture chamber in a secret compound they owned in Palermo. On a raid last year, local cops discovered the chamber, complete with manacles, electric prods, chains, a sort of makeshift rack, and other devices. The chamber was presided over by a man who masturbated while watching the proceedings, according to the prosecutors.

The mayhem of the New Mafia was not restricted to Sicily. It spread to New York, where the first major casualty was Carmine Galante, one of the early architects of the Sicilian connection. In the 20 years since he had attended that seminal meeting at the Hotel de la Palme in Palermo as a protege of Joe Bonno, Galante had risen to the very top of the Bonnano family in America. His principal interest was heroin, and he controlled its flow from Montreal to Florida.

But while he had been a good soldier, he was not a popular leader. While dining at a New York restaurant one summer afternoon, Galante was killed by a team of Sicilian hit men.

Who planned the murder? According to a recent indictment, the strategist was Salvatore Catalano, a Palermo stalwart. Who pulled the trigger? Among others, Caesare "Tall Guy" Bonventre, a Sicilian *mafioso* who had emigrated to the United States while in his early twenties. Bonventre, who drove a red Ferrari and frequently voiced total contempt for the old ways of the Mafia, wanted to become the youngest *capo* in modern times.

> Bonventre did move up, up and out: shot to death, sawn in half, covered with lime, stuffed in a steel drum and dumped in a New Jersey marsh

He did move up, up and out: shot to death, sawn in half, covered with lime, stuffed in a steel drum, and dumped in a New Jersey marsh. Two years ago, at the age of 30, Bonventre became the youngest dead *capo* of his era.

By the end of 1982, the Corleonesi had essentially won the war, and together with their allies in Naples, Rome and Milan, took over a major part of the heroin trade, including the extraordinarily profitable operations in the United States. According to the FBI and Customs, who eventually cracked the US end of the Sicilian pipeline, that scam was set up this way:

Beginning in the mid-Sixties, young Sicilians with no criminal records, like Caesare Bonventre, but with blood and family ties to the Palermo *mafiosi*, emigrated to the United States. Their purpose was to set up heroin distribution and money-laundering networks. But in addition to settling in traditional mob strongholds like New York, where they opened a variety of "front" businesses, several of them moved out to small Midwest towns far from intense FBI scrutiny. There they set up pizza parlors and settled neatly and inconspicuously into their new communities.

Once in place, "like secret agents of a foreign government", as US Attorney Rudolph Giuliani describes them, the pizza makers started to move the dope into the United States. But instead of shipping it into New York's Kennedy Airport, where Customs and the FBI keep an eye out for "tile" and "furniture" shipments from Palermo, they sent it through the less obvious international airports such as Detroit and Chicago.

The operational headquarters were allegedly the Midwest pizza parlors like the one run by Pietro Alfano, who moved from Sicily to Oregon, Illinois, in 1966. Alfano, known as a "nice, easygoing guy" by residents of Oregon, population 3800, allegedly moved several tonnes of heroin into and around the United States without arousing any suspicions until his arrest last year.

Another alleged heroin trafficker is Giuseppe Vitale, who operated Joe's Pizza on the highway that runs through Paris, Illinois, population 9835.

Prosecutors charged that these men and a few other pizza parlor owners together sold, at the very least, more than $1.5 billion worth of heroin in the United States over a ten-year period. For a while, they used couriers carrying suitcases to move all the cash profits back to Italy. But as business doubled, and doubled again, that method proved cumbersome. Soon they were using banks and Wall Street brokerage houses.

One alleged launderer, Franco Della Toree, for months lugged gym bags and suitcases filled with cash down to Merrill Lynch and then E.F. Hutton for investment in commodities-trading accounts. The accounts originated in Switzerland, and, acting on instructions, Merrill Lynch and E.F. Hutton dutifully wired the money to Zurich. The total that was moved through the brokerage firms, according to indictments later filed, exceeded $20 million in one five-month period. The Mafia, as it turned out, was gambling on gold and silver futures and the brokerage houses were earning the commissions.

Well, it couldn't continue like that forever. After all, 15 years is a long life for a drug ring. Starting three years ago, Customs and the FBI, working with Italian law enforcement, began to pick up some clues. There had been pizza flour found in some cash seized at the Palermo Airport. That was the first hint. Then there were wiretaps, surveillance, and undercover buys.

Finally, last year, the indictments came down. In the United States and in Italy, 35 men were arrested, and in Italy, where prosecutors were working on more than a dozen New Mafia cases simultaneously,

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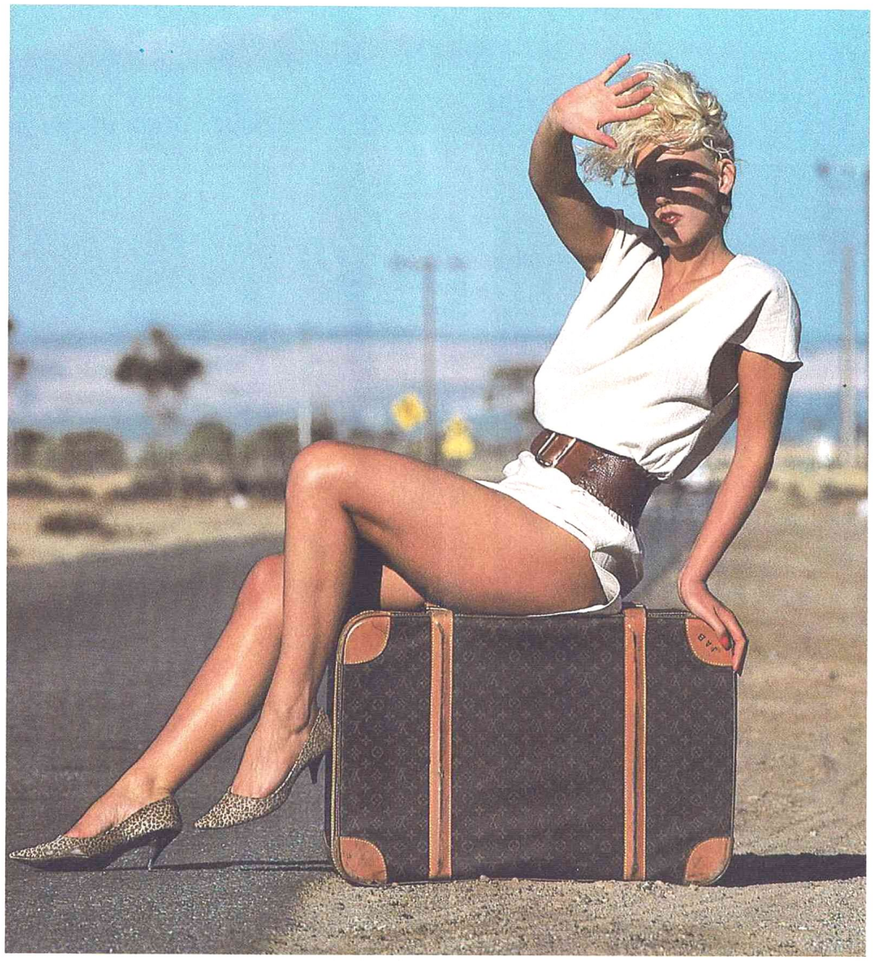
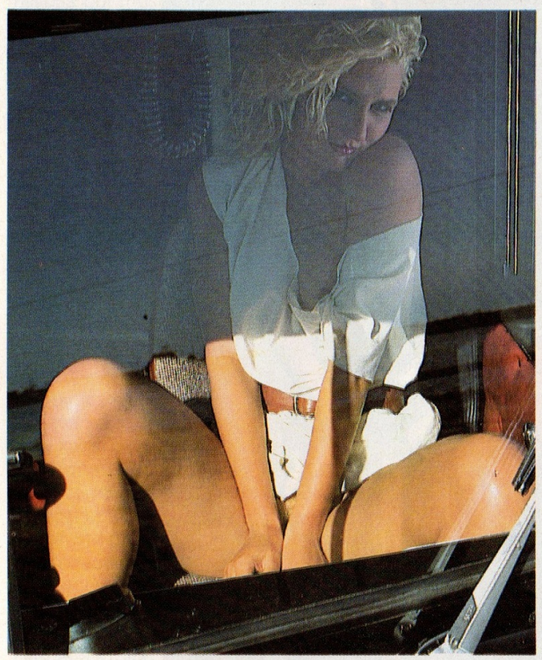


ULRIKE

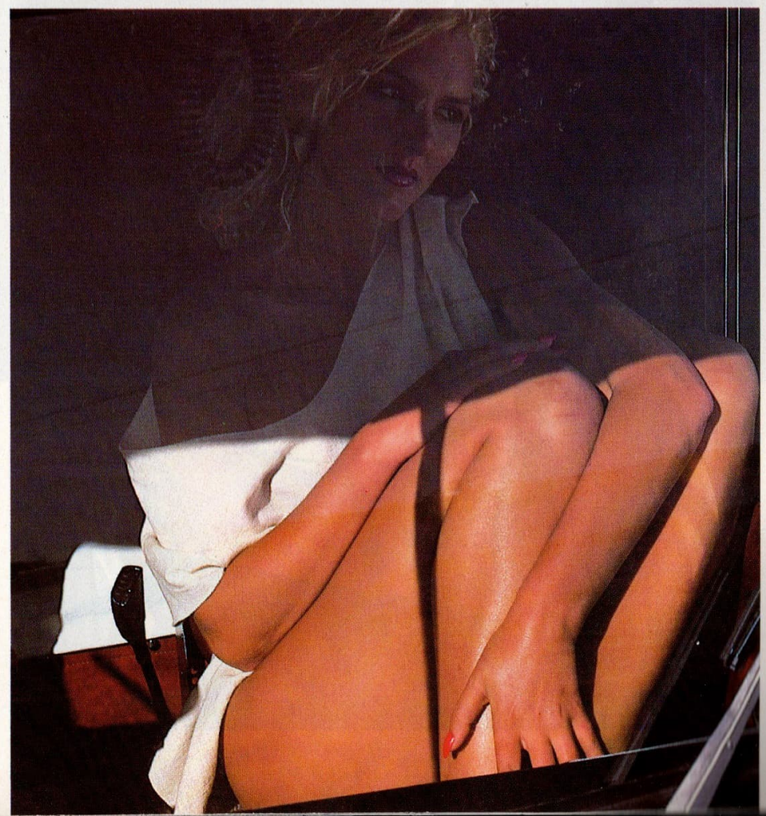


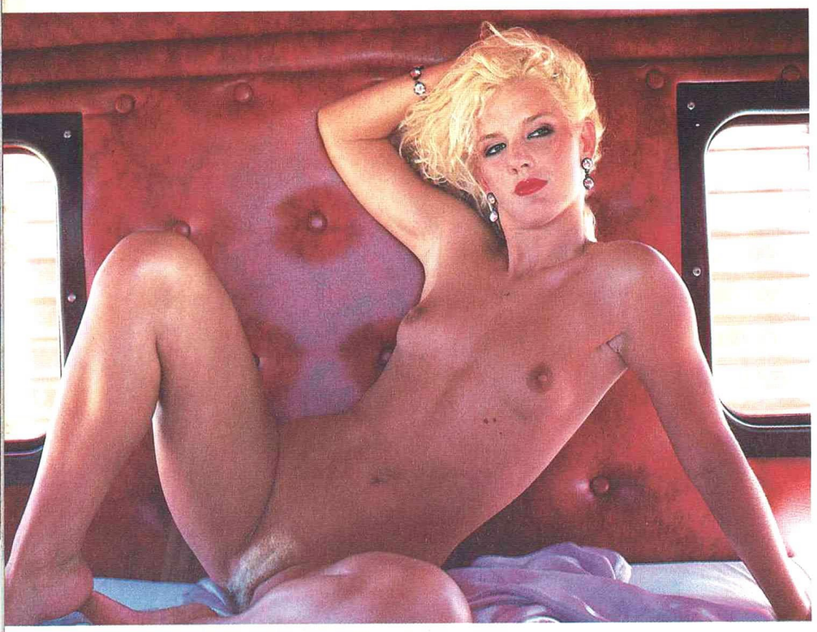
It's happened — again. She's taken just about as much shit as she can stand. Time to tell that boss of hers to shove it; time to break the heart of the Volvo driver with promises of dishwashers and tennis courts. She's gotta hightail it out of there, throw her world into her suitcase and find the refuge of the road. As she hears the engine's roar and grinding of gears, a familiar tune begins to play inside her head, and she can smile and relax: "Six days on the road, and I'm gonna make it home tonight . . ."

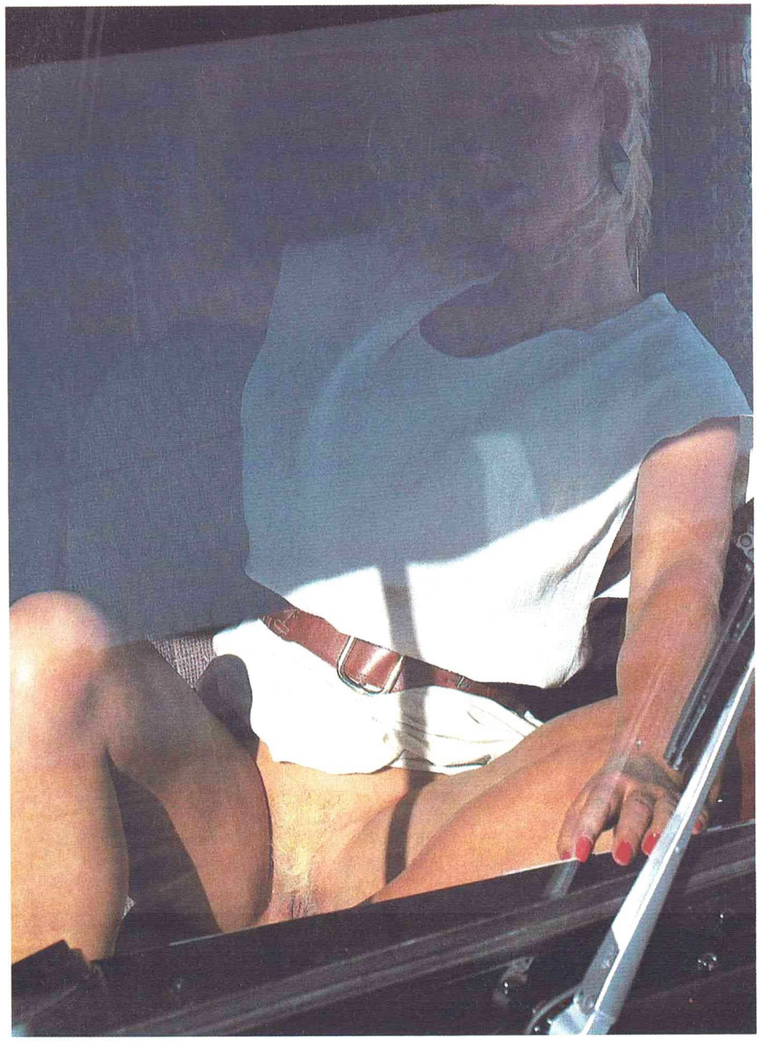
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

WANDERLUST

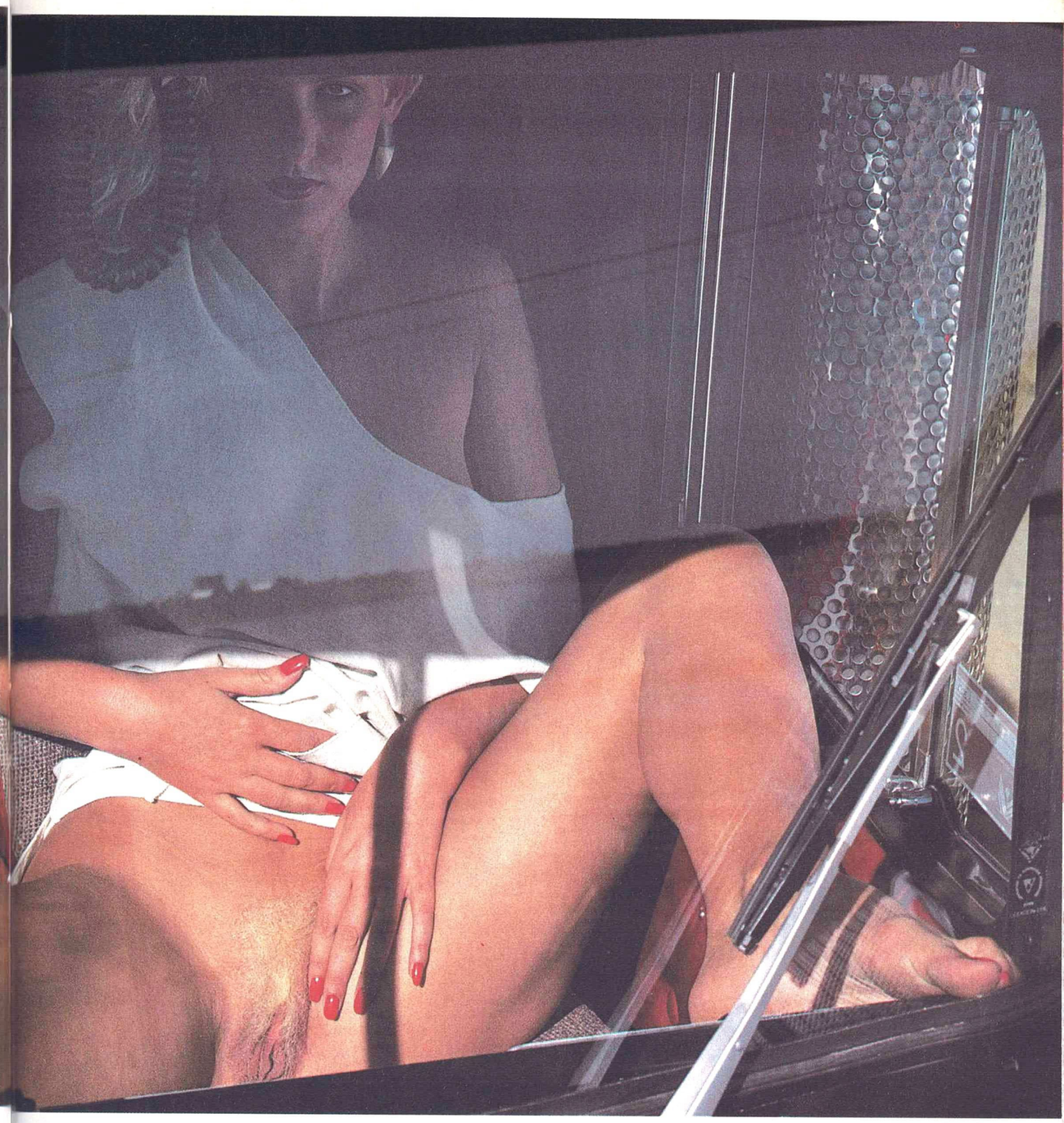
Most *Penthouse* Pets don't mind divulging their favorite fantasy. But it's only a few, like 23-year-old Adelaide honey Ulrike Giscard, who have the spunk to live them out for the camera. For Ulrike, it's that wanderlust pumping through her veins that arouses her passions, and when she's high she likes to kick back, switch to auto-pilot — and change gear . . .



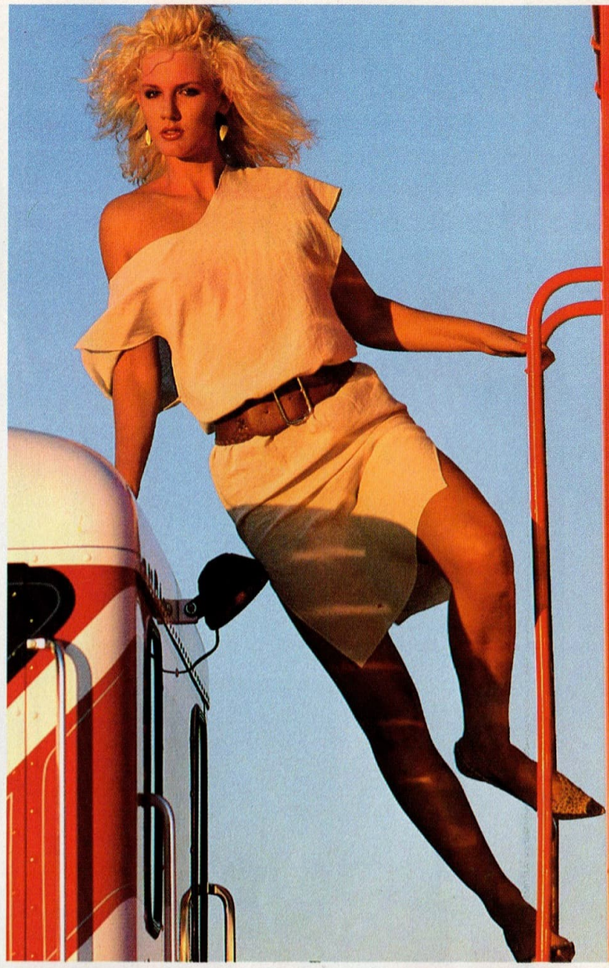




"You know where you stand with a truckin' man," she confides. "They're all the same. They like to party; they'll buy you breakfast when you've got no money. They're the backbone of the nation. It's only their rigs that are different."

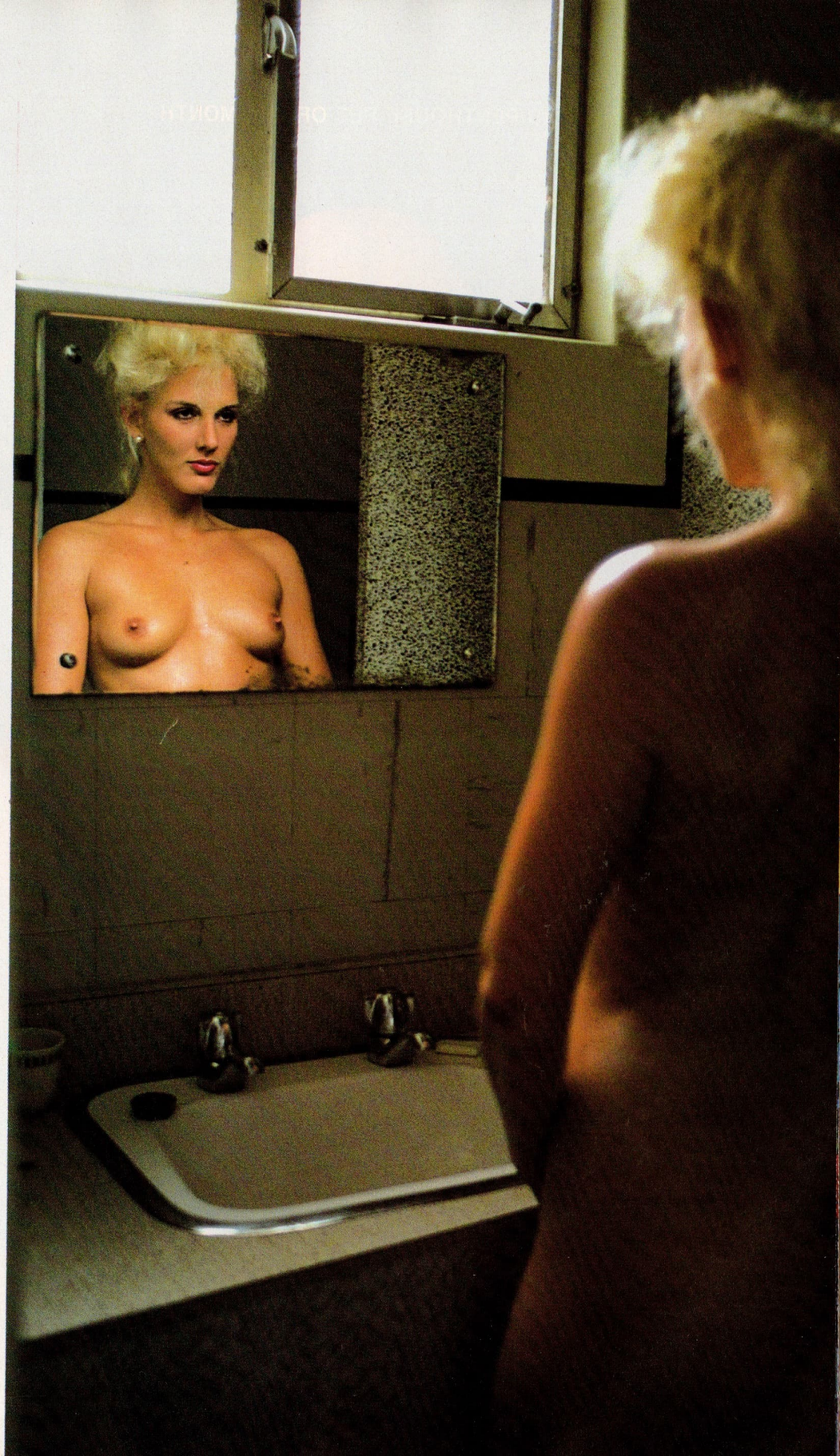


For there is a part of Ulrike's anatomy that is, well, very special. "I can get so frustrated and bored, but all I have to do is satisfy that one particular craving of my body and all my problems are left behind." No prizes for guessing that it's those itchy feet that she likes scratched.



"You see, I understand truckies. You've got to know when to shut up or when to tell a joke. (What's the last thing that enters a grasshopper's mind as it is splattered on the windshield of a rig? — Its arsehole.) And if you have a breakdown in the middle of the night, you've gotta be prepared to get dirty."

Will she ever settle down? Someday . . . maybe. "But don't think I'll be the lonely wife waiting for my man to cross half the country for us to spend a night together. *I'll* be the one driving and *he* can stay at home," she laughs.



MISS ULRIKE GISCARD/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Exporting no-hopers is
New Zealand's only growth industry

THE KIWI CONNECTION

HUMOR BY P.D. JACK

I was pretty trusting in those days, but it didn't take me long to discover my new neighbours were a bit off: we had just moved in and on our return from lunch at the local noticed that a lot of the stuff we'd left in the backyard was gone. A couple of days later I espied some of our towels hanging from the neighbour's Hills' Hoist.

I brought the matter to their attention, was roundly abused for my trouble, and the husband/boyfriend from then on never looked at me but spat on the ground. Nice, friendly types.

From time to time we found their kids in our backyard, and from time to time anything we left outside was stolen.

I banned the kids from the backyard but, being essen-

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

tially a coward, didn't further discuss the matter with the parents. Now and again the kids would come around to borrow a packet of smokes or "a couple of dollars for mum until her cheque comes through." I treated it as blackmail and paid up.

It wasn't long before the police called around. The kids apparently had signed up for a paper run and had absconded with the takings. I couldn't help the cops but they did help me out with one little thing that had been worrying me.

"No, sorry mate, I don't know their names. But, ah, they wouldn't be New Zealanders by any chance?" I asked. The constable nodded, and we looked at each other in that special time-weary way.

Of course they were New Zealanders. Didn't they always have guests after midnight? Wasn't she on the supporting mother's benefit and he in some racket which meant he had a "new" car every week?

One doesn't like to entertain prejudices — and certainly not to admit them. Which is why the cop and I exchanged wary looks: we were being caught out holding prejudices, and, what is worse, those prejudices were being confirmed by fact.

Here was a family of thieving, violent slobs, and from that evidence alone I concluded that they were Kiwis.

Okay. Not every Kiwi is a thug or a dole-bludger. Some of the world's most talented people have hailed from the Land of the Long White Cloud, including Sir Edmund Hillary, Peter Snell and Sir Ernest Rutherford (who helped discover the atom). And there's Sir Johannes Bjelke-Petersen, who's really more Pakeha than he is Dane. (Oh well, so much for that argument.)

But there is something about Australia that attracts to its shores much of the scum that rises from across the Tasman. It almost seems that, with the stagnation of the New Zealand economy, exporting no-hopers is the country's only growth industry.

"Don't kid yourself, digger," explains Dave Kincaid, a Kiwi of the better sort. He hasn't been on the dole for years.

"It's not that Australia is the best country in the world, or even the place where the streets are paved with gold," he says. "There are countries with more opportunities for work and wealth than Australia, it's just that it costs more than a week's wages to get to them."

But did Dave go on the dole when he arrived in Australia?

"Yes . . . for a while. And why not?"

And get involved with drugs?

"Sure. Who didn't when they were young, single and looking for new worlds?"

And what about thieving and brawling?

"Look digger," Dave responds, snarling over the word "digger." "Do I go around picking fights with you?"

I conjure up a scene outside a Bondi pub just after closing and the All Blacks have just beaten Australia yet again. I'm with half a dozen mates and we're not prepared to admit that the All Blacks won, let alone deserved to win. How far away is violence in those circumstances?

I decide it's time to terminate the interview . . .

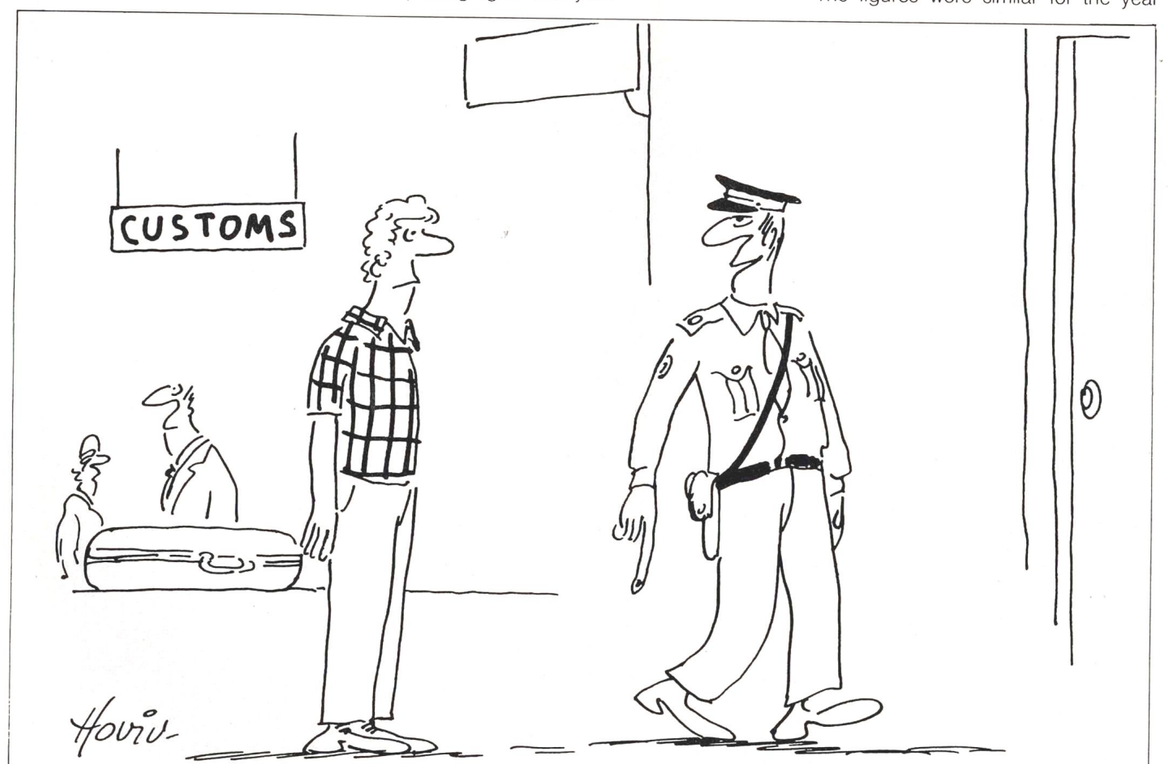
Joke: What do you call a New Zealander in a suit? *Answer:* The defendant.

Fact: Of the 3973 people convicted of serious crimes by the NSW Criminal Court in 1982, 108 were born in New Zealand. Most of them had been in Australia for less than five years.

That works out to be 2.7 percent of total convictions, or one in 40; that's more than twice the rate you would expect if our trans-Tasman visitors were busted with no more frequency than they appear as a proportion of the population as a whole.

The same sort of disproportion arises when you examine the Australian Institute of Criminology's census of prisons. The Prisons Census of June 1983 established that there were then 10,196 persons enjoying the custodial supervision of Australian jailers and 271 of these were New Zealand born. That's 2.65 percent, again more than twice the proportion of Kiwis within Australia's total population.

The figures were similar for the year



"Will you follow me for a body search?"

Learning fast.

Out on the race track you can never know everything. Men and machines are being pushed so hard that you've always got to be ready to try something new.
For us that means constant development of new lubricants to keep the 05 Commodore driving a little faster all the time. So no matter where Brock finishes, every race is a gain for us. And for you. Because each time we race, we learn a little more to help us develop the products that will give you the edge in the future.

Your Mobil team.

KIWI

before, and worse if only NSW is taken into account. The Institute has calculated, in fact, that a New Zealander living in NSW is almost two and a half times as likely to go to jail as any other member of the population.

Australia-wide, New Zealanders still display a remarkable propensity to be more than twice as likely to end up in the can as those born in Australia. In 1983 they just missed the honor of being the *most* likely: for every 100,000 Enzedders in Australia, 154 of them were doing time compared to a rate of 158 per 100,000 for those born in the Middle East. So come on, Kiwis. You aren't going to let a few Turks and Lebanese take the prize, are you?

Joke: How can you tell when you've been burgled by a New Zealander?
Answer: Your cat's been raped and your thongs are missing.

Fact: According to the statistics of the Higher Criminal Courts of NSW, Kiwis are *not* sex offenders. Only one of 260 defendants charged with serious sex crimes in 1982 was New Zealand-born. They do go in for drug crimes, however. And fraud. Indeed, of 308 fraudsters charged in NSW, 13 — 4.2 percent — were Kiwis.

New Zealanders have been famous conmen ever since the Fifties, when the great Murray Beresford Roberts sold the Sydney Harbor Bridge and performed other amazing feats of conmanship in Australia and elsewhere. These days the conmen have either gone into business — where the criminal nature of their activity is harder to prove — or have gone well down market into such unimaginative scams as running three or four dole forms. In March a federal policeman was quoted as saying at least one of the four big interstate fraud teams milking the Department of Social Security was made up of New Zealanders.

The "other crimes" category in the statistics relating to Higher Courts offences includes drug offences, and it's in this category that New Zealanders again feature strongly. Indeed, four percent of those charged with "other crimes" were, according to the court records, Kiwis. Somewhere hidden in those bland figures are Mr Asia chappies . . .

In recent times it has seemed as though the Land of the Long White Cloud was also the Land of the Dope Supplier. There was a time, back in the mid-Sixties, when New Zealanders came to Australia, got a bit of work, bought some dope and a few packets of nylon stockings, and maybe a few records, flew back to Auckland, sold the stuff and made a profit on their holiday. In those days Australians supplied.

By the mid-Seventies the Kiwis were supplying. Take for example the *Brigadoon* Syndicate.

Early in 1975 a young Auckland rag trader named Chris Johnstone had been making a few dollars flogging dope brought into the Shaky Isles by seamen. With profits from these deals Johnstone and another dealer, George Papaconstantinou, bought for $17,000 the vessel *Reliance*. Unfortunately, this soon burned down following the realisation that she wouldn't be any good on a long voyage.

> Not every Kiwi immigrant is a dope-dealing cut-throat. Many are quite content to sit out the required six months and then get on the dole

With the insurance money and a bit more Johnstone and a few others paid $50,000 for the good ship *Brigadoon*. Johnstone, a Peter Miller, the two Lampshire brothers — Mike and Kevin — and we still don't know who else, took the *Brigadoon* to Bangkok in about August 1975.

They loaded the ketch with something like 468,000 Buddha sticks — marijuana — and set sail for home. But the trip turned into a debacle. In Indonesian waters the Lampshire brothers came down with malaria, and the boat languished in a steamy tropical port until they recovered.

At about the same time the *Brigadoon's* motor seized. Luckily, in the port of Ujung Pandang, Johnstone found a sympathetic character, John Chadderton, a 28-year-old Australian who had salvaged an old Taiwanese trawler, the *Konpira*, out of the post-Cyclone Tracy Darwin harbor.

Chadderton agreed to escort, and if necessary tow, the *Brigadoon* back home. So off they steamed. The two ships were sighted off Gove in the Northern Territory in early February 1976. The *Konpira* in fact called into Gove for repairs to an oil pump, and while there — the *Brigadoon* stood out to sea — one of the *Brigadoon's* crew who had gone ashore for a bit of R & R was busted in possession of Buddha sticks, a small sample of the *Brigadoon's* cargo. He was fined $150 and that was that. It was no big deal, although maybe it should have been.

At the same time the New Zealand National Drug Intelligence Bureau had an all-points bulletin out asking all stations throughout the South West Pacific to watch out for the ketch *Brigadoon*, believed loaded to the gunwales with drugs. Of course, the ketch sailed unmolested out of Australian waters and back home to Doubtless Bay in the North Island, where she landed in early March 1976.

The dope was landed, and then disposed of. One backer who took a lot of it, but wasn't there in person to handle sales — because by this stage he had set himself up in Sydney — was a fellow by the name of Terrence Clark.

Clark later developed a much more efficient drug ring, using Johnstone as his Singapore agent and Maher as general henchman. It has been estimated that following the *Brigadoon* scam Clark imported some $85 million worth of heroin into Australia.

Two other dealers involved in selling the *Brigadoon's* booty were Greg Ollard and Doug Wilson. The Greek, Constantinou, who had helped finance the voyage also had a magazine at the time called *City Girl*, and working on for the magazine was a young Englishman named Harry Lewis.

In case you hadn't realised it, most of the aforementioned are now dead. Lewis was found, his hands chopped off, in bushland near Port Macquarie (NSW) in March 1979, two years after his murder. Ollard, a former student of Auckland Grammar and financial adviser to the rock group Dragon, was shot in the head in September 1977, although his body wasn't found in Kuringgai Chase, north of Sydney, until August 1982. His girlfriend, Julie Thielman, was shot about the same time; her body was later recovered near Mt Victoria in the Blue Mountains.

Doug Wilson, another Auckland Grammar product, had been a main distributor of the dope from the *Brigadoon*, but was also a heroin user, and after some adventures said certain things to the Queensland Police Force about his former partners — things which got back to those mentioned. As a result of his chat with the Queenslanders Wilson and his wife were killed during Easter in 1979.

Chris Johnstone himself, who, on the proceeds of the *Brigadoon* caper, set himself up in Singapore as a big time dealer, was murdered in October 1979, by which time he was well known as "Mr Asia." The bloke who actually did the job was fellow *Brigadoon* syndicate member Andrew Maher, on the orders of Terry Clark.

Not every Kiwi immigrant is a dope dealing cut-throat. Many are quite content to sit out the required six months and then get the dole. In Federal Parliament earlier this year the Opposition brought up the fact that there were some 11 to 12,000 Kiwis on the dole in Australia, and noted with alarm the May announcement by New Zealand's Minister for Employment of a 20,000 drop in the number of unemployed there. The Australians feared that this meant an equal increase in the number of Australia's unemployed, having made the assumption that the 20,000 who hadn't found jobs in NZ had tripped off across the Tasman instead.

The export of undesirables is not a new phenomenon. Australia itself was founded on just such a policy. New Zealand, in contrast, never imported convicts, but was founded by free settlers. So it could be that Kiwis with a criminal bent feel more at home in a country that was founded by crims and is, if we can believe what we hear, run by crims.

Another reason that criminal types head for Australia also applies for musicians: the pickings are better. Why should Mi-Sex be content with a total possible audience of barely three and a half million when they can reach more than that in Victoria alone? The same rule applies for any pickpocket or conman.

Besides, Australia is a much richer country. The average wage in Australia is about $20,000 a year; in New Zealand it's about $15,000. Australia's economy is much stronger, more diverse, and opportunities for even legitimate work are greater.

The currency difference also encourages Kiwis to come to Australia on "working holidays", for on their return home they automatically boost the value of their Australian earnings by around 20 percent. It was this disparity in the currencies that led to what has to date been the most serious attempt to limit the free flow of people between the two countries. One of the results of the widecomb shearing dispute was the cry from senior officers of the Australian Workers Union that New Zealand migrants should be treated just like migrants from other countries, and be allowed in only according to rules such as family reunions or to fill jobs with skills Australians don't have.

> In the back alleys where the transvestites ply their trade the Maori features of many of the "girls" are clearly discernible. "Kiwi fruit" they call them

The AWU was particularly upset by the way New Zealand shearing gangs were being used by the graziers to break the strength of the AWU. The union was unable to mount an effective strike campaign against the introduction of wide comb shears because there were just too many Kiwis to scab on them.

Other occupations are also subject to the Kiwi invasion. The New Zealand Consulate recently pointed out that a higher proportion of New Zealanders coming into Australia were professional men and women than was the case with any other national group of migrants to Australia.

Journalism is one profession all but taken over by Kiwis. Vice is another one. Many of the bouncers outside Kings Cross clubs are Kiwis, and in the back alleys where the transvestites ply their dubious trade the Maori features of many of the "girls" are clearly discernible — "Kiwi fruit" they call them. Many of the girls in the bigger brothels are also Enzedders.

Graffiti on seawall at Bondi: AUSTRALIA SUX
To which has been added: AUCKLAND NIL

Whether Australia should do anything about the Kiwi invasion is another question. For starters, immigration statistics for the past couple of years have revealed that for all the Kiwis coming into Australia, more have been going home.

Secondly, notwithstanding the previous few thousand words, Kiwis aren't ogres — they just talk funny. And to worry about 10,000 or so "dole bludgers" is simply looking for scapegoats and ignoring the much bigger problem of Australia's 600,000 unemployed, mostly locally born and bred.

Still they are a troublesome lot — especially *en masse*. The individual Kiwi is usually someone you can invite home, but by some weird process New Zealanders in conclave become diabolical.

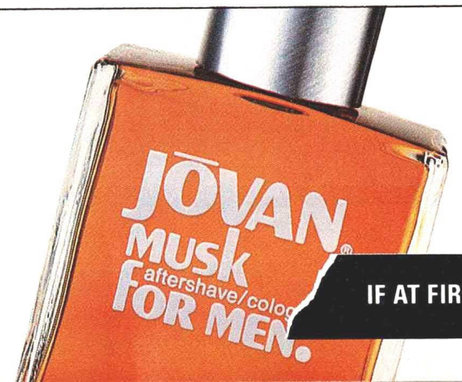
The files of the Mr Asia gang show this. So too do the remarkable performances of Rugby League footballer Olsen Filipiana. Trundling around in reserve grade with one of Sydney's not-so-successful clubs, Filipiana seems the typical older player: fat, slow and well over the hill. But put him in an all-New Zealand side and match him against Australia's best — that is to say the world's best — and he plays brilliantly. So brilliantly did he play in the first two Tests of 1985 that both times he was judged the best player on the field.

Australians must take the good with the bad: it's the price of freedom. If we have to put up with Kiwis as one of the costs of pretending to be a free nation then we can. Little brothers can be a pest some times, but usually we can control them — and they are always good fun to tease.

If only they'd let us win the footy more often!

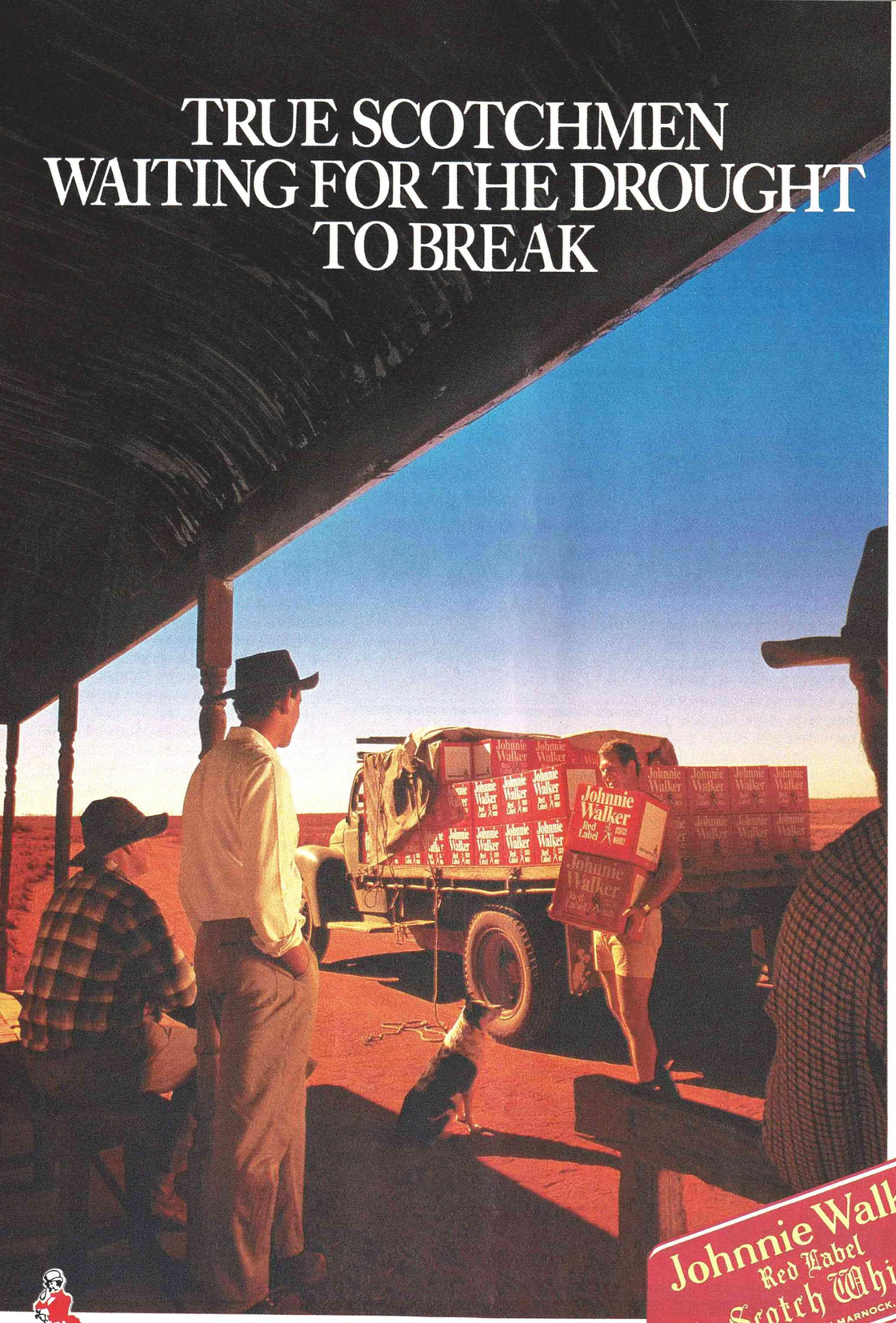
What to splash on if splashing out on dinner, French champagne and a dozen roses hasn't even whet her appetite.

MDA/JOV 1



IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED.

TRUE SCOTCHMEN WAITING FOR THE DROUGHT TO BREAK



THE FIRST CHOICE OF TRUE SCOTCHMEN AROUND THE WORLD.
BORN 1820–STILL GOING STRONG.

Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Old Scotch Whisky
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

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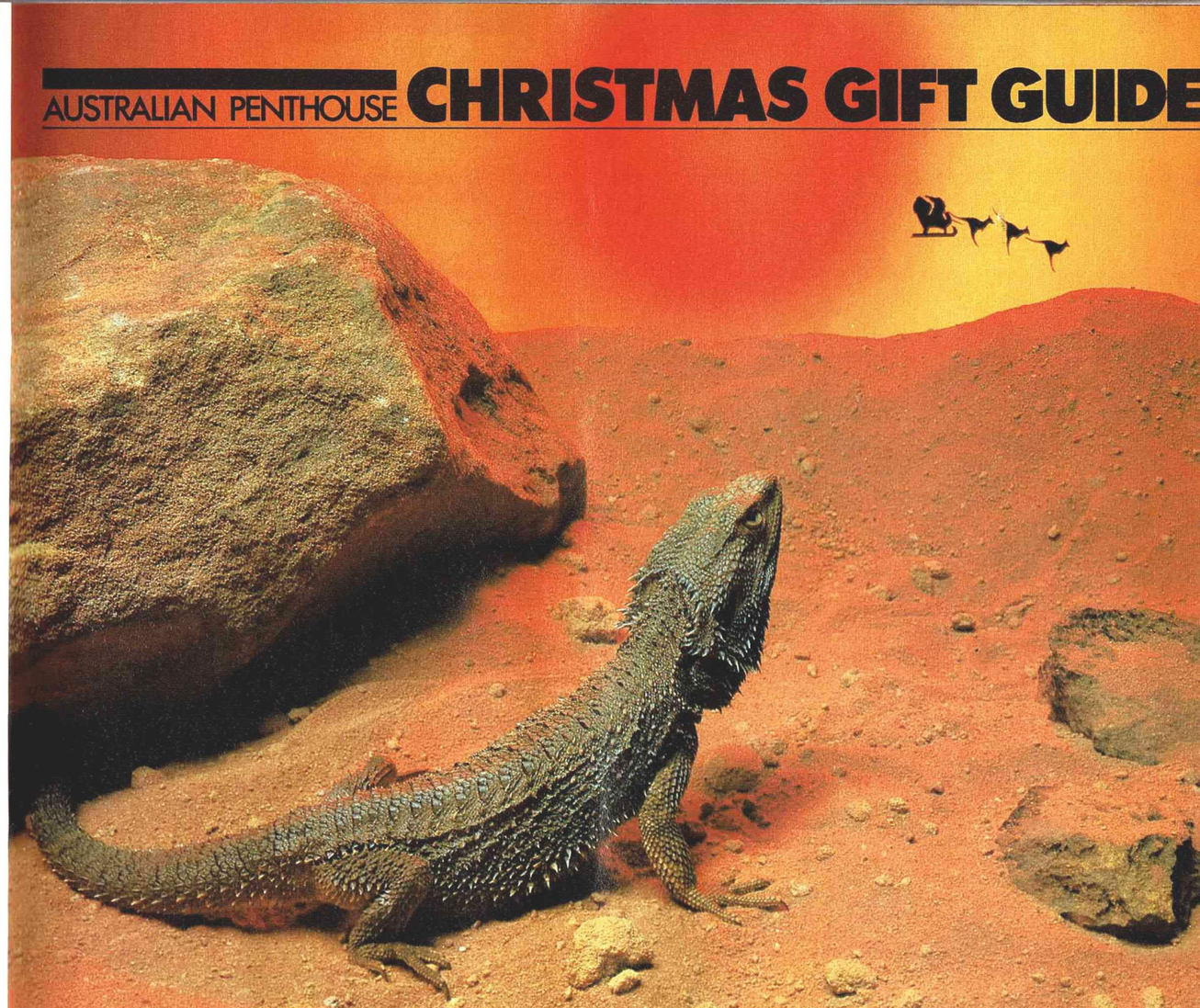
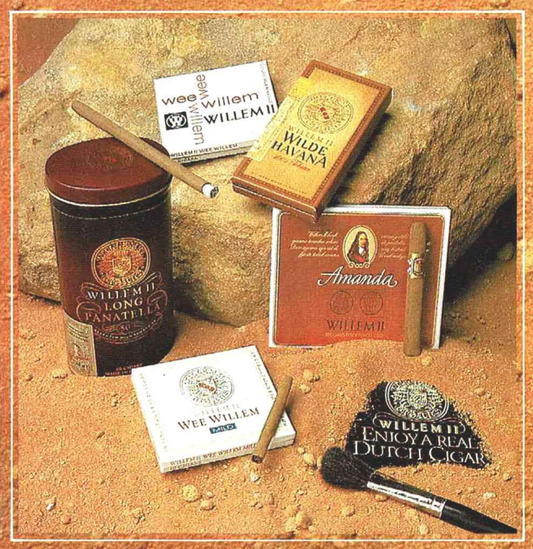
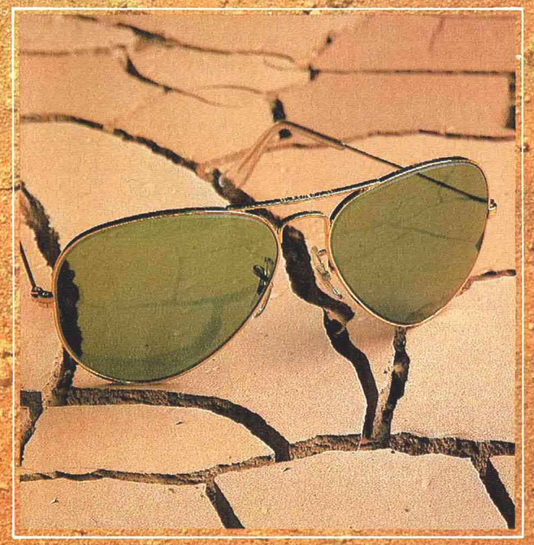
AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE **CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE**



Willem II are Australia's most popular cigars, being made in the finest tradition of Dutch cigar craftsmanship. The wide range of sizes and packagings makes them an ideal gift for any man.



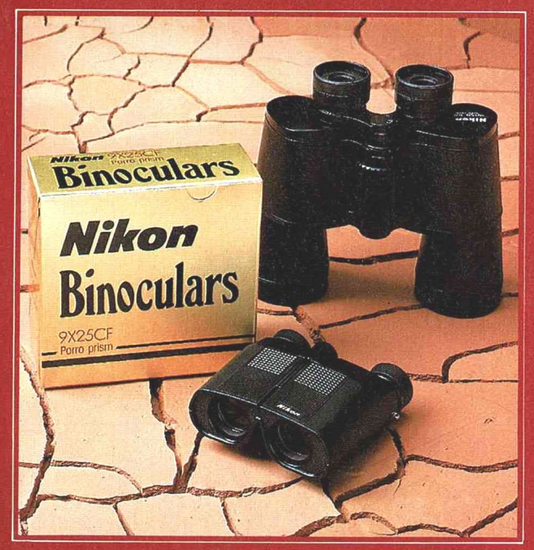


Ray-Ban gold plated metal framed sunglasses feature optically correct glass lenses for excellent protection from bright sunlight. At a recommended price of $69.95 these Ray-Ban sunglasses are available from OPSM and leading sunglasses outlets.

Grand Marnier, unchanged since 1827: the noblest of Cognacs blended with the wild oranges of Jamaica — served as a liqueur or as a frappe (over crushed ice). A Christmas gift to savor.

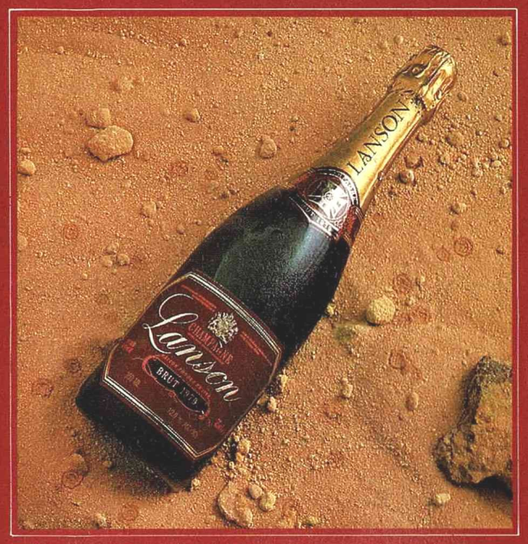
Men's plastic and metal frames from OPSM. Metal models feature interchangeable lenses — change your look with a simple switcheroo. Men's folding metal sunglasses are also available. All glasses come with Alfa Romeo carrying case.

When only the best will do. Your Inter Flora florist can send baskets, too. And don't forget that a dozen red roses always works wonders when the going gets a little rough.

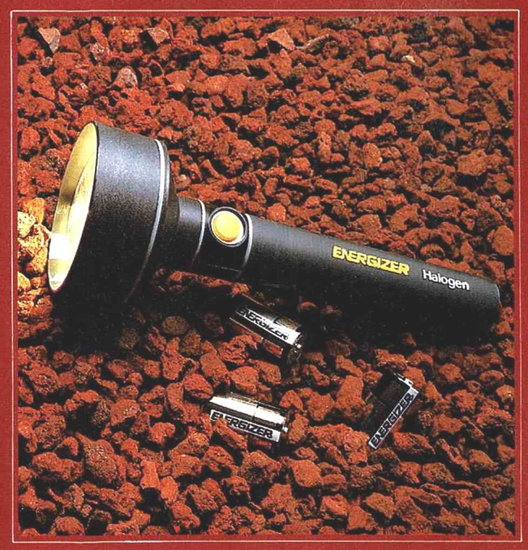


A lasting gift, beautifully engineered for clear, crisp images. Pick up a pair of Nikon binoculars from your camera store at $159 (9 × 25CF) Companion, or $198 (10 × 50CF) Action.

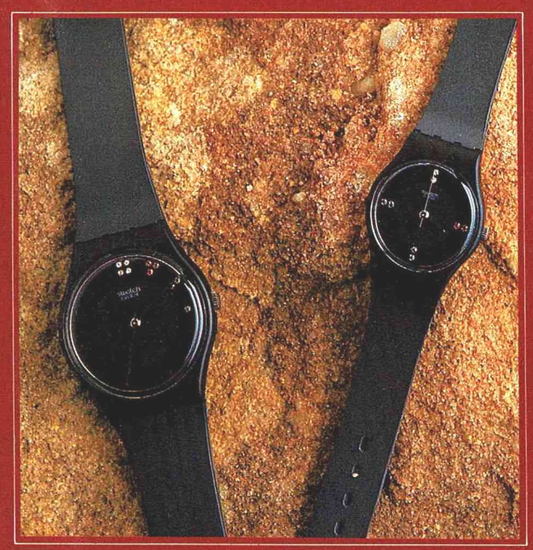
The House Of Lanson, established in 1760, produces vintage champagne only in those years when nature grants perfect conditions. The 1976 vintage is light, dry, elegant and stylish. Excellent summer celebrating.



The new Energizer Halogen Searchlight (#2352) is an amazing performer. It's equipped with halogen bulbs providing a piercing beam 300 percent brighter than conventional torches. Team it with new, more powerful Energizer Batteries.



Parker presents style and comfort in writing. For men, the 45 Series ballpen with gold trim is specially reduced to $14.95. For women, the Classic Series ballpen with gold trim is specially reduced to $19.95.

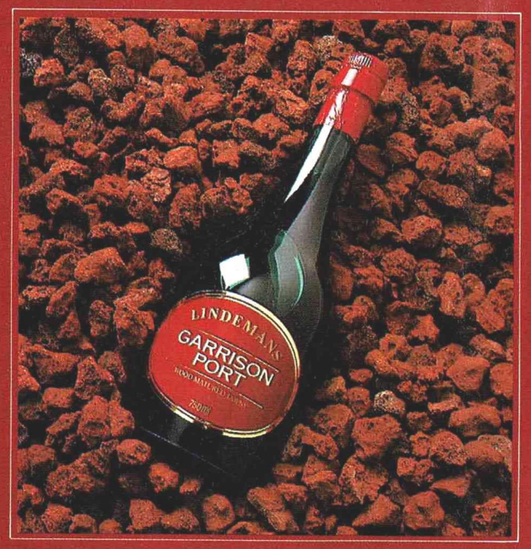


Swatch introduces the new limited series "Limelight Collection." Two unique timepieces, highlighted by genuine Wesselton diamonds. Naturally they're water and shock resistant, and the "Limelight Collection" carries a one-year international guarantee.

The Bose Roommate is a compact, high-quality sound system for the office or bedroom. It comprises a pair of high-quality speakers with built-in stereo amplifier, and retails for a recommended $399.

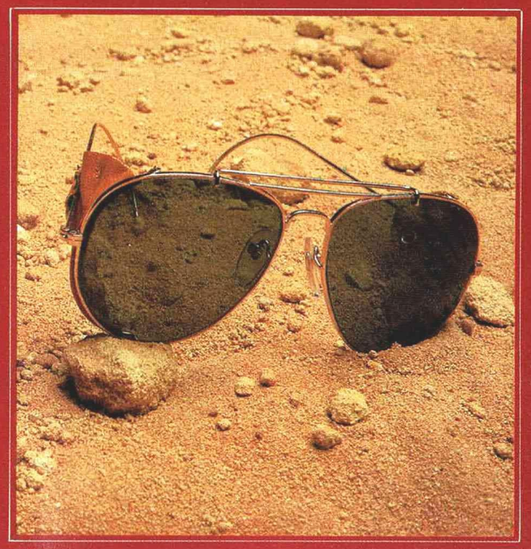
The Konica MG features autoload, autofocus, autoexposure, rewind and built-in flash — a stack of features in a 35mm compact camera that's so convenient and easy to use. Available in black, crimson or with dateback.

Garrison Port — released just in time for Christmas — is an elegantly presented wood matured tawny that any discerning port drinker would be delighted to receive and proud to serve.



Make it a Speedo kind of Summer. Regular Racer styles, Supa Briefs or Bikinis in nylon or supersheen Lycra with nylon will make you look slim, sleek and sexy.

Bausch and Lomb compact fogproof and waterproof binoculars offer lightweight convenience with heavyweight performance. This model provides the same power and clarity as standard-sized models. $350 at leading photographic and optical shops.



OPSM Polarising sunglasses are available in ladies' and men's metal frame styles, incorporating CR39 polarising lenses. Men's metal frame styles feature leather side shields. $35 at all OPSM stores.

Castlemaine Gold Lager is a rich, full-bodied premium beer brewed in the traditional European style from only the purest natural ingredients. A very rewarding gift.

Meet the amazing Sure Shot — Canon's completely automatic 35mm compact camera. It focuses, sets the exposure, advances, rewinds and loads the film — all automatically. No fuss photography that makes a great gift.

TRIPTYCH

Euan thought he was his own worst enemy — until Natalie became set on revenge

FICTION BY BRIAN MANNING

I stepped on to the Escalator of Fame one Wednesday in 1965. It was in the week following the Australia Day long weekend, and it was a ride for which I had always been prepared. The short article tucked away under "Art" in the back pages of the *Herald* was like a pat on the head from a favorite uncle. "In Euan Patrick," it read, "the public has a new figurative painter it can respect. With his awareness of the 20th Century idiom, he mingles intelligence and sheer nervous energy to produce exceptionally rich, unexpectedly original images. These are brooding, darting pictures, a blending of the explosive with lyric."

I took my unshaven poverty to the local newsagent, whom I relieved of 100 copies of the newspaper. I remember hiring the paper boy's little barrow to take them home, and how the newsprint smeared my

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGINA STROUD

TRIPTYCH

clothes and hands. I then cut appropriately sized chunks of the page containing the review and hung them symbolically on a piece of string next to the roll holder in the grimy, outside toilet with the dripping cistern. From then on I knew who my friends were, because every time the toilet was used I would creep in and count the number of sheets left. As it happened, they didn't last too long, but then I'm my own worst enemy.

Nathalie left me the next day, Thursday. There was a note: "All you care about are your bloody canvases. I'm no better than the jam jars you stick your brushes in at the end of the day. Burn what I've left behind."

Nathalie always wrote a good letter. But then the pen is mightier than the rolling pin.

I burned what few things she had discarded ceremoniously on the blackened backyard barbecue. The resulting pile of ashes hardly did justice to our relationship, but then neither had I. I had kindled the fire in her with all the detachment of a set of leather bellows, and now I was poking the embers and watching the thin smoke wisp up into the steamy February sky. All that remained was the charred and twisted wire of an old brassiere. It had cupped her breasts as intimately as I had, and for much longer.

I welded it abstractly on a tiny model tightrope mounted on a plinth, and called it "Remnant of Love on a High Wire." It stood on my sideboard like a game hunter's trophy until I went to France later that year. That was 20 years ago, but I still have it somewhere . . . I think.

In those days, Paris had been clinging for nearly 30 years to the glory of its pre-war art — but I made my pilgrimage anyway. Its cosmopolitan squalor was everything my yearning for the gutter had dreamed it would be, and I took a room near *Les Halles*, the infamous fish and vegetable market. There, amid the prostitutes who crowded the ironically named *Square des Innocents*, I nursed my palette and fractured French.

It was a world of crumbling streets, corrugated *deux cheveux* and dented *Dauphines*, of diesel and Gauloise fumes. It was like living in some foul but necessary organ. And I loved every moment.

My landlady delivered the letter on the last hot morning that October, a pavement cafe day to end my Indian summer. I scratched my stomach and watched her sniff the air with the nose of a police dog seeking out Algerians, her lips glistening as she caught the memory of the night before. She heard everything through those thin walls, especially my insults as I closed the door on her. The letter was from Nathalie.

"Well, it seems I am better than your jam jars. You are now the father of a perfect work of art — far beyond anything you can ever create on your puny bits of paper. Both mother and child are happy, and without your interference will remain so. You may send money to the enclosed bank account number, but don't try to find us. And don't to my parents, I haven't told them." She signed it "N." Only "N." I warranted no more of either her or her name.

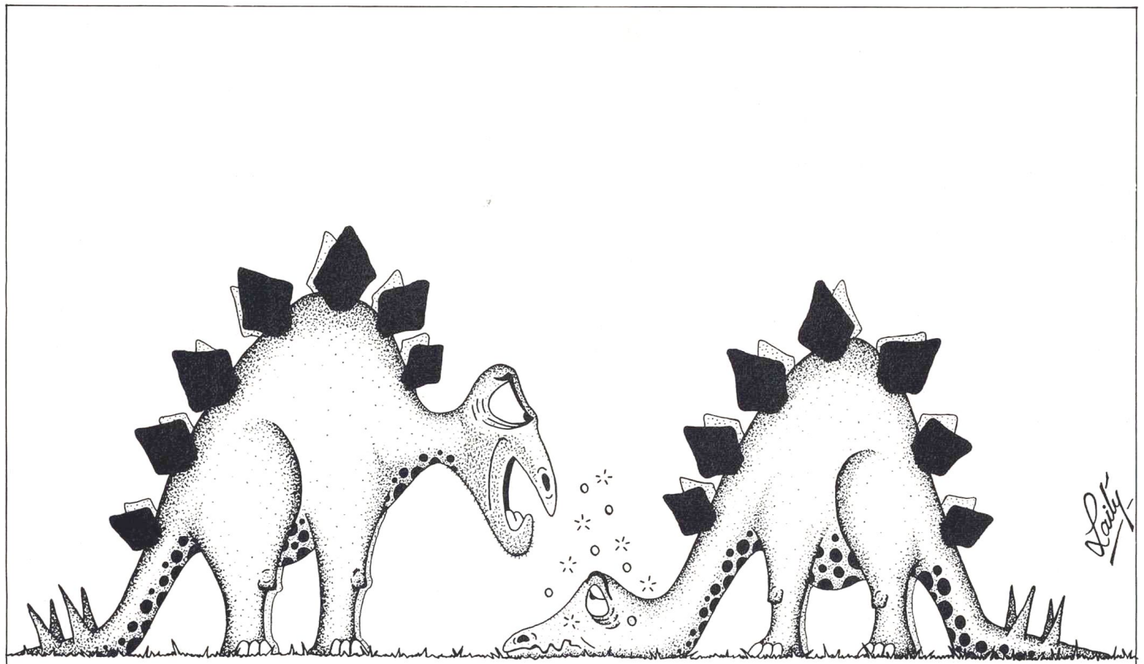
I looked at the front of the envelope. Postmark: "Sydney." The bank account would probably be in an assumed name. I stared at the letter again and a thousand questions leaped from the page. Was the child a boy or a girl? Like her or like me? What was I going to do? The rustle of sheets from the far side of the room interrupted my thoughts.

"News from home?" asked my companion. She must have seen the air mail sticker. I looked to where she lay — a large Senegalese girl, round with the bounty of Africa, and long legs that locked me to her loins till I thought my spine must snap.

The ramshackle roofs were beginning to shimmer in the haze. "A birth in the family," I replied.

She laughed with the velvet purr that both I and the night knew so well. "*Eh bien, la recherche de la paternite est interdite.*" ("Investigations into paternity are forbidden" — *Code Napoleon.*)

I shrugged and wondered how she could know. Was it that old black magic?



"I'm warning you, Myrtle! If you don't lose that headache we'll become extinct!"

I gestured at the coffee and croissants I had been in the middle of preparing. "Hungry?"

She stretched languidly over the bed before nodding. Her eyes never left me as I poured the coffee and carried over the croissants, butter and jam. I bent to put them down on the orange box that doubled as a bedside table.

"No," she said, taking them off the plate and placing them on the ebony swell of her stomach. The butter looked like cream against the black smoothness. Tiny flakes of pastry fell there. "Eat off me," she whispered.

Ten years later: a decade of galleries, dealers, and patrons. My escalator had become the rollercoaster that is success and disappointment, but my grip was tenacious.

I'd been lucky, riding on the crest of the English art invasion like some faithful Anzac of old, except this campaign was relatively bloodless. The only casualties here, credibility and reputation. I managed to catch the mood of the times: pouting permissiveness, student revolt, the mire of Vietnam, the East/West see-saw. Some called it "a formidable array of work." I called it "too much too soon", chained to an over-exigent contract with a zealous young Chelsea gallery.

But I took their money anyway, before moving to the calmer waters that lapped around the back street shores of Piccadilly. Art had become show business, a world of promotion, publicity and continual change. I left my agents to dive for the coins, and they in turn had the insight and understanding to stand by me in my slower evolution. I remember being described as "laconic and sober, incapable of pretence or pretentiousness", while at the same time being "astonished by the luxury of being self-employed." The only thing that really astonished me, as it still does, was the ability of critics to write such drivel.

I escaped to the Greek Islands, clutching my agent's advance like a prayer book.

Paros sits in my memory as a dazzle of blue and white set in a background of olive. "Like Sydney, but with fewer Greeks," I said once. It was here I sought to hone my rough-hewn awkwardness into the fluency that had eluded me for so long.

It hadn't eluded Irene though. What a joy it was to look up from my work as she approached carrying the freshly squeezed orange juice and ripe green figs I was accustomed to at that mid-morning hour. How I loved the simple calico shifts she wore, a sandy relief from the stark light that etched its inspiration in the deepening lines around my eyes. Never a day passed without me wanting to do to her what men have always wanted to do to such women.

She would put down her tray, but never speak until I put my brushes in the old chamber pot she'd scavenged for me from the Paros flea market. I had a sudden vision of jam jars. "I once knew a woman who thought she was no better than that pot," I said, my mind 12,000 miles away.

Irene handed me my orange juice and began peeling the figs. "She must've loved you very much," she replied. "Enough to hate you." She placed a fig on my lips, I wondered if it would be like this when I was old and incapable. "The photos are going well," she continued, unaware of my first pang of age. "I'm using the super zoom so I can catch you at work without you knowing."

I'd never had an East European before. She'd just arrived at the villa one day and said she was compiling a book on artists who'd made a significant comment on the tyranny of communism. She'd been a filmmaker, active in the "Prague Spring", but had never returned home after being stranded in Italy when the tanks splashed blood across the 1968 calendar. I'd tried

"They were naked, still coupled from making love. It reminded me of some old myth — me a satyr watching the nymph and the fisherman."

to capture the tragedy in a bleak painting I called simply "Prague." Some people had likened its impact to Picasso's "Guernica", but that hadn't helped the Czechs any more than its predecessor had helped the Spanish. I'd followed that with "Expulsion", a salute to Solzhenitsyn after his deportation from the USSR in 1974. Both paintings were to be included in her book, together with pictures of me at work and a commentary.

"It is the artists who beat oppression, not theoreticians," she asserted. As I gazed at her in the small hours of the morning, I hoped she was right.

"What will you call this painting?" she asked, laying the peeled figs in the shade. I looked at the white rowing boat set in the deep blue of the Aegean. I liked the way I'd distilled the barrenness of the island vegetation into the whites and browns that spiked the foreground, almost like discolored frost on a window pane.

"Boat Waiting For Lovers," I said.

"Why?" she asked, noting the absence of figures.

I remembered the day. "It was on the north side of the island. I was looking for a secluded spot to swim." She smiled at that, knowing how modest I was about bathing naked. I grinned too, as I continued. "The empty boat was in the cove. No beach, no people, no sound — an almost magical atmosphere.

"I followed the shoreline to the left. Nothing but thick bush and rock. I went right, and there they were, lying on a tiny patch of sand that was impossible to get to unless by water. They must've swum round from the boat. They were naked, still coupled from making love. It reminded me of some old myth — me sitting in the bushes above, a satyr watching the nymph and the fisherman."

She laughed. "You dirty old voyeur."

"It may seem like that sitting here," I said, "but it wasn't there."

She nodded, but I felt I had to explain further — to acquit myself of a crime that hadn't existed. "My first impulse was to paint the scene as it was — the cove, the lovers. Then I decided on the boat. It would be the guardian of their secret. I would respect the privacy of their love."

She popped a fig into her mouth. "What a pretty story." Later, she quoted me in her book as saying, "Paintings today should be for question making, not story telling or recording . . . we become more wise by not knowing."

Although I agreed with the sentiments, I just wish I could have remembered saying them.

Shortly after Irene departed, I received another letter from Nathalie. It was only the second in all those years, and it was as if she had been waiting until I was feeling totally alone. For my part, I'd been remitting money regularly to the unnamed account over the years, and had even made some half-hearted attempts to find out her whereabouts, but to no avail.

"The child is ten now, and shows signs of your precociousness. I hope it goes no further. I write to tell you not to send money again. My father knows everything and is happy to pay for schooling etc. Don't try to approach him, he'll probably kill you. Goodbye."

This time, she did not even sign off with "N." I was no longer entitled to anything. I thought for a long time after that. I had a child whom I'd never seen, and whom I'd made no strenuous efforts to see. Surely, it was perfect; I was being let off the hook. Yet did I want to be? Good God, I still didn't know what sex it was. How she must have hated me!

The calm of the island was fine for reflection, but no good for decision-making. That came the following week with a letter from her father. I remembered him as a particularly pompous man who ran an art gallery in Melbourne. He'd had no time for me, just as he'd had no time for any artist who didn't paint life and Nature "as it really is." Subsequent events had proved him right, he said, wishing me ill and threatening to ruin my reputation at every opportunity. He

enclosed a photograph of one of my early works, which he must have obtained through his dealership. It had been slashed, the frame broken and bent.

"I wish this was you," he'd written on the back. I was glad it wasn't.

I decided to continue sending money — ostensibly to thwart the old man. But I suspect it was really some subconscious need to retain a tie — a sort of illogical financial umbilical cord with the child I might want to see later. It's difficult to explain, but I felt that I could activate the relationship whenever the occasion presented itself. How wrong I was.

My first remittance was returned: "Account closed." A subsequent letter to the bank asking them to forward it to any address they might have was returned: "Unable to comply."

Impulsively, I wrote to Nathalie's father without expecting or receiving a reply. Nor were the accompanying cheques presented. I supposed they were just thrown away. I wondered if Nathalie ever opened my Christmas cards. And what had she said to the child about its father? Was I a victim of war or disease? Had I run off with another woman, or had she simply told the truth? If so, how did the child accept the fact that I was banned from seeing him or her? I considered hiring a private detective, but my career began to move again and somehow I just never got round to it.

"Boat Waiting For Lovers" received good reviews. "Patrick has always had to fight hard to achieve any degree of fluency. His best quality to date has been a kind of sturdy, analytical stamina which conveys total sincerity. Now he has added eloquence to his repertoire." I suppose I should have been happy.

I returned to Australia in late 1984, to open a retrospective of my work at the Art Gallery of NSW. It was the first time I'd been back in 20 years. I was also to undertake a commission from BHP to depict what it meant to be a human being in the Eighties. Apparently I was considered to be "a quiet achiever." I thought it made me sound furtive and mouse-like.

The exhibition brochure described me in glowing terms: "Unfussed and direct, Euan Patrick is a real humanist in an inhuman world. Despite mixing fact and fantasy, conventional notions of place, personal identity and psychological coherence remain intact. To use Euan's own words (and for once they got them right): 'We live in a world of communication — special effect cinema, video clip nightmare and the multifarious imagery of the printed page. All I want to do is outrun all of this with the meaningful ambiguity of the painted image. I want to champion human awareness.' "

It was typical artistic bull, but the exhibition was bound to be a success after that.

At the time, I also thought it was a success for another reason. I found the model I needed for my commission. It was late in the afternoon, near the gallery's closing time, and I noticed she'd been sitting and staring at "Prague" for half an hour. She showed no surprise when I introduced myself.

"Were you there?" she asked, pointing at the picture.

I shook my head. "No."

"Then how do you know?" She looked at me intently.

"I didn't have to be there to know." It was the truth and she nodded. She accepted my invitation to a couple of *gelato* and *cappuccino*, and I explained about the modelling and asked her if she was interested.

"Why me?" was her predictable answer.

"Because you've got the spirit of the times that I'm looking for," I replied.

"And what's that?" she asked, but I refused to be drawn. "I'll think it over," she said finally, scraping at the remains of her ice cream. I gave her my card, and she stared at it for a long time before looking at me as if she wanted to say something.

"Yes?" I prompted.

She stood to go. "Nothing." She started to leave, then turned back. "I'll let you know." Then she was gone.

Briefly, I watched her hurry away, before ordering another coffee. I realised she hadn't smiled at me once the whole time. Nor had she told me her name.

She was outside my studio at nine o'clock sharp the next morning, wearing paint-splashed dungarees and a black T-shirt that showed she was no stranger to the world of the artist.

"How did you know I'd be here?" I began to ask, but she just shrugged and came in. I put on the kettle and began to show her an outline sketch of what I proposed. She rattled some brushes in a jar and then turned to me.

"Can we begin?"

I gestured towards the single bed and she walked slowly over to it, waiting to be told what to do. "The clothes," I said. "I have to take photographs." She removed her clothes quite sexlessly and lay on the bed. I told her what poses to strike and she did so. The whole thing was like a surgical procedure, serious and clinical, with only the click of the camera recording it all.

I was in the middle of a quick preliminary sketch when she suddenly stood up. "I have to go now," she said.

"But the session isn't finished yet," I remonstrated. "I have to finish this." I might have been talking to the proverbial brick wall.

She began dressing. "I'll be back tomorrow. At nine."

I put down the sketch and fumbled in my wallet. "Do you still have my card? Just in case. . ." But she cut me short.

"I'll be here at nine," she repeated, as she left.

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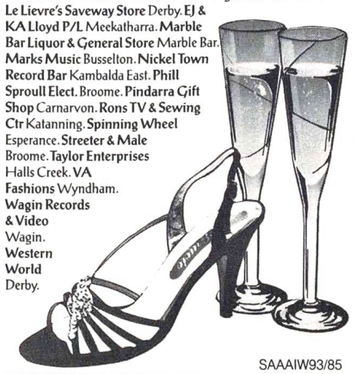

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SAA AIW 85/85

TRIPTYCH

I developed the photographs that afternoon and stared at them into the night. I realised that for the first time in my life I was exhausted from a preliminary modelling session — something I would have normally scarcely considered as work. But the prints showed that she was perfect for the painting, with her white marble skin and her unfashionable, geometrically cut, raven hair. And that face. For me, it was the spirit of the Eighties: a kind of emotional, androgynous fantasy — a cynical, clinical aloofness bred of affluence and the visual saturation of unfelt hardship and horror. A society in which even love had been reduced to nothing more than the contact of two skins.

And I was as guilty as all the rest. Here I was lusting after this cold, remote figure I had known for only two days. I knew that the more I couldn't have her, the more I would want her. On the canvas was not enough.

The sittings became an exercise in infiltration. I would make tea, buy flowers, try and present her with small gifts. But she would always refuse to take anything from the studio other than her fee for sitting. "You owe me nothing," she would say enigmatically. But I continued to try nevertheless.

I graduated to holding her clothes as she undressed. "If that's what you want," was all she said to this parody of courtly love. I was not allowed to call her or see her outside the studio. I still knew nothing of her or her life away from me. It was always she who brought our sessions to an end. "Later," she would say, without even the ghost of a smile, when I persisted in asking her name. To me she was simply "you": "How are *you*?", "Would *you* like a cup of tea? and so on. The mystery helped the painting immeasurably, but drove me inexorably to distraction.

One day I brought her a silk dressing gown for those moments between undressing and modelling. I caught her by surprise, wrapping it quickly round her shoulders after she had taken off her clothes. In my haste my hands brushed her nipples under the thin cloth, but although she didn't flinch, neither did she register any emotion. I had never been that close to her before, and I remember her hair smelled of apricots.

So it continued. I would go so close, then no closer. That is, until the very last sitting. I had champagne chilling in the studio fridge, and had deliberately left only a few small touches to finish off, so that she wouldn't call the session over before the bottle was opened. I turned the easel towards where she lay, before breaking out the champagne and carrying it across. "It's finished," I said.

She sipped her drink and looked at the portrait, then at me. "You want me, don't you?" It was a voice devoid of all pity.

I laid my hand gently on her stomach. "Yes," I said quietly.

She put down her glass. "Why?"

How could I tell her it was because she denied me? That there was more to the obsession than harnessing her physical beauty — that it's one thing to look at a mountain, but another thing to climb it?

"I just do," I said. And at that moment I could see in her eyes that I never would.

The picture was hung in the National Gallery in Canberra. The curator's speech was inspired: "Euan Patrick has explored his subject with limitless patience. Yet at no point has he imposed on the picture the idiosyncratic views of many of his earlier works.

"Clearly, he has avoided bringing into the open the manifold penetration, as searching as anything in sexual relations, of one human being by another. Passion is only present in the painting of the picture itself. Of the turmoil and emotions in the model we know nothing, only that they exist.

"She is a modern *Mona Lisa* without a smile. I wonder why?"

After the ceremony was over and the crowds had gone, I stood alone and stared at the painting. I had also wondered "Why?" many times. Why the isolation, the coldness, the lack of humor? I'd noticed she always wore black and white: the colors of life and death, with no grey areas in between. Perhaps that was the only clue.

"Are you finished now, sir?" It was an attendant. I realised I'd sat down and was looking into the distance, the past, the future. He shuffled uncomfortably.

It was getting late. "Yes, thanks," I said.

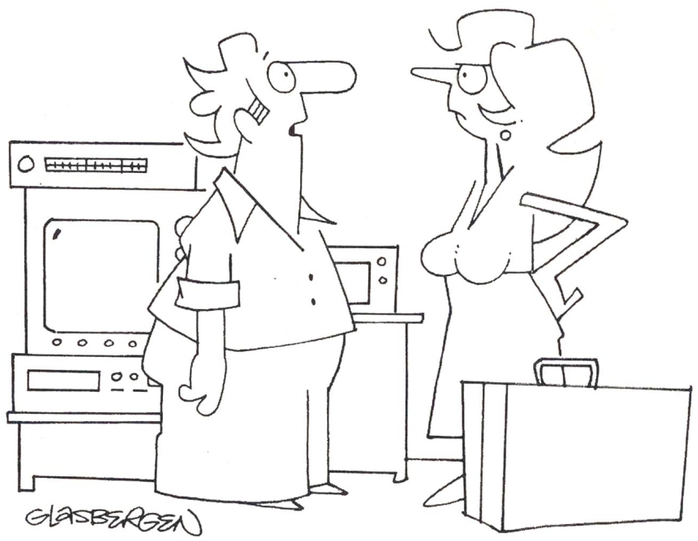
My shoes echoed noisily on the stone floor as I made my way out. Darkness chased me down the corridor as the attendant turned off the lights in series. A sombre Canberra night greeted me outside.

The envelope was waiting for me when I got back to Sydney, its size separating it from the brash junk mail. A "Do Not Bend" instruction protected a newspaper review of the painting and an 8x5 black and white print. It showed Nathalie and the model sitting on a wooden railing overlooking what must have been the Twelve Apostles. They had their arms around each other's shoulders and were laughing into the camera as the wind tugged at their hair. Laughing at me.

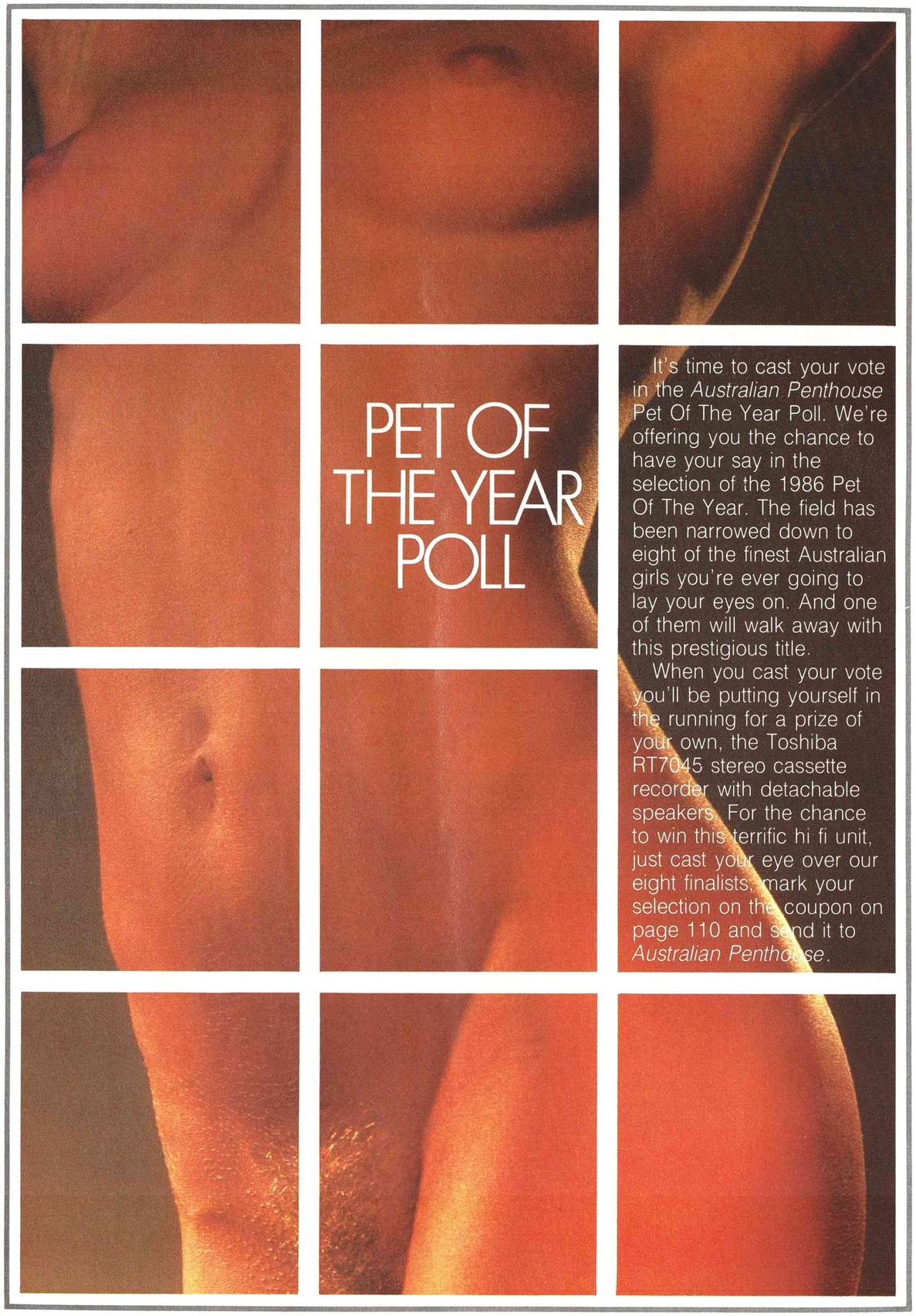
I turned over the photo. "Euan, now you know," was written at the top in Nathalie's precise hand. But at the bottom: ". . . or do you?"

I looked desperately for likenesses. Were the eyes Nathalie's? Was the smile mine, the jut of the jaw? But the instant I saw a similarity, it was gone, like the shadow thrown by a flickering candle.

I burned that, and all my other photographs and sketches, just after midnight. It was the only way to stop the madness. But the spectre of Canberra haunts my dreams. . .

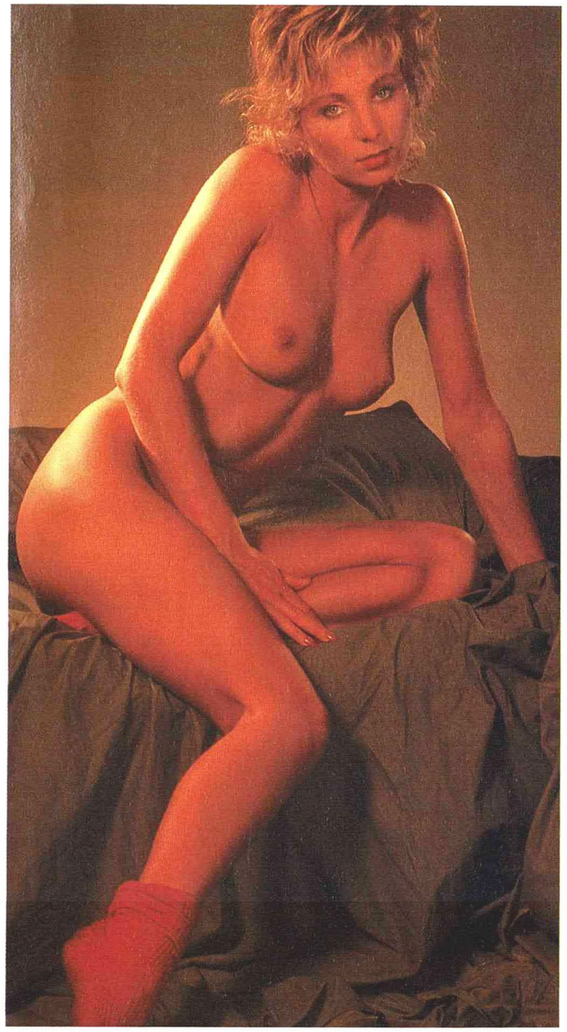


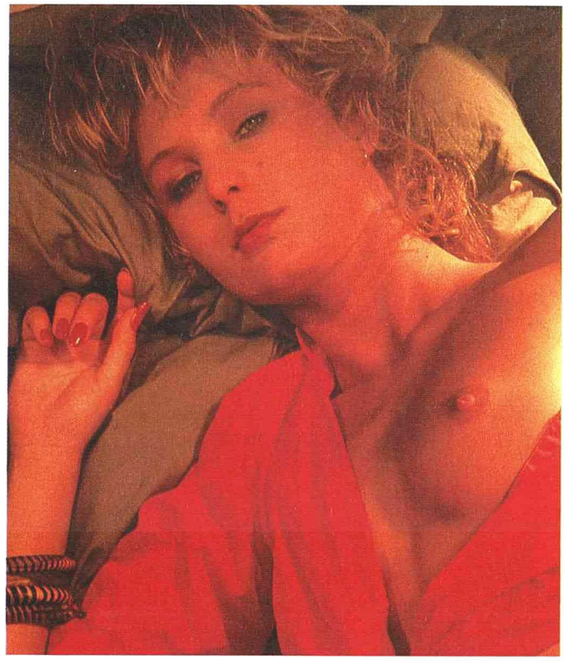
"You can't *leave me, Cynthia!*
You're an integral part of my complete home-entertainment system!"

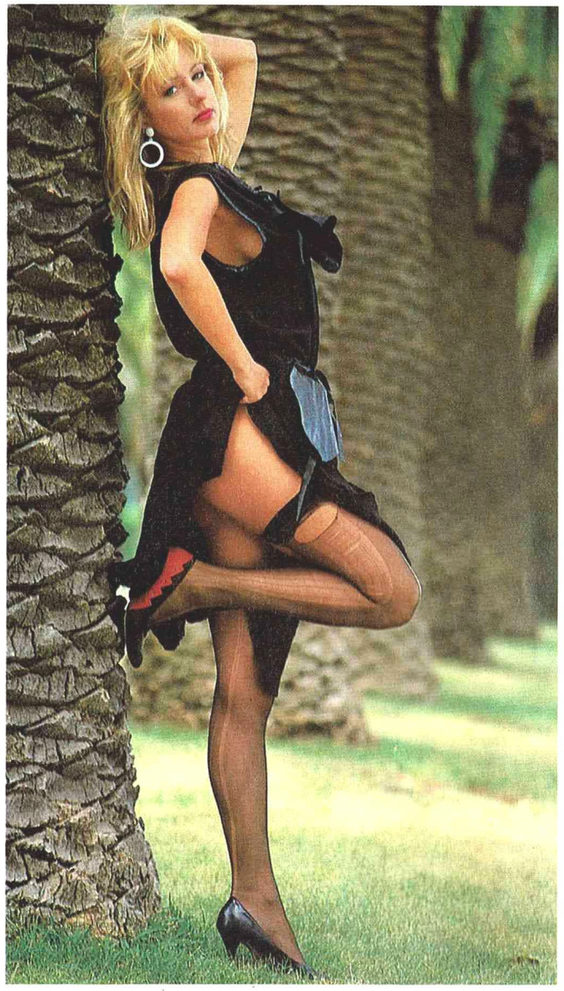

PET OF THE YEAR POLL
It's time to cast your vote in the *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year Poll. We're offering you the chance to have your say in the selection of the 1986 Pet Of The Year. The field has been narrowed down to eight of the finest Australian girls you're ever going to lay your eyes on. And one of them will walk away with this prestigious title.
When you cast your vote you'll be putting yourself in the running for a prize of your own, the Toshiba RT7045 stereo cassette recorder with detachable speakers. For the chance to win this terrific hi fi unit, just cast your eye over our eight finalists, mark your selection on the coupon on page 110 and send it to *Australian Penthouse*.

SOPHIE February 1985

Living the jet-set high-fashion life is the dream of any number of aspiring *Penthouse* Pets, but for Paris-born Sophie Jeanne that lifestyle was hers before her appearance. She finds herself regularly commuting between Sydney and Noumea where she has established a successful clothing design business. Sophie says it was her mobile lifestyle since her early years that prompted her passion for "forbidden fruits." Perhaps it was that recent jet-powered hopping that inspired her to bare all in February *Penthouse*.





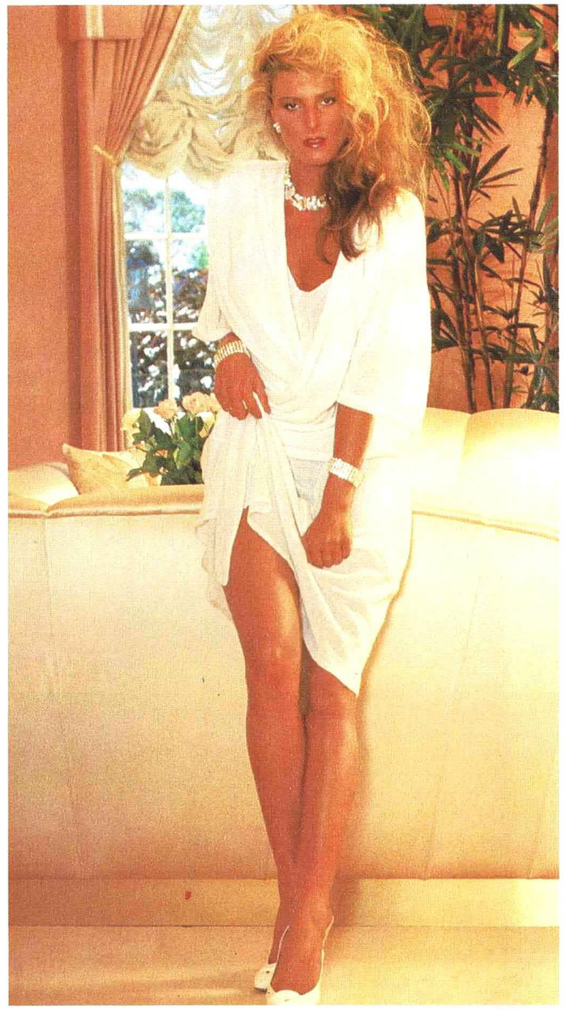


CAROL April 1985

"Anything goes" was the theme of peachy Carol Thompson's portfolio in April, and that's an adage that fully applies to her enjoyment of life on all levels. Her taste in entertainment, for instance, betraying her meek exterior at first glance, is "hot, heavy and horrible." She says anything that gets her blood pumping and eyes popping is in her line, even describing her fantasies as "bendo."

JULIE May 1985

When stunning Julie Lambert was photographed for the May edition, sharing with us one of her perfect days, *Penthouse* readers around the country eagerly nodded, agreeing that the idea of waking up beside this 24-year-old Adelaide beauty was a surefire recipe for a perfect fantasy. The flood of mail prompted by her appearance gave us the second opinion we didn't really need: that Julie is perfectly gorgeous.

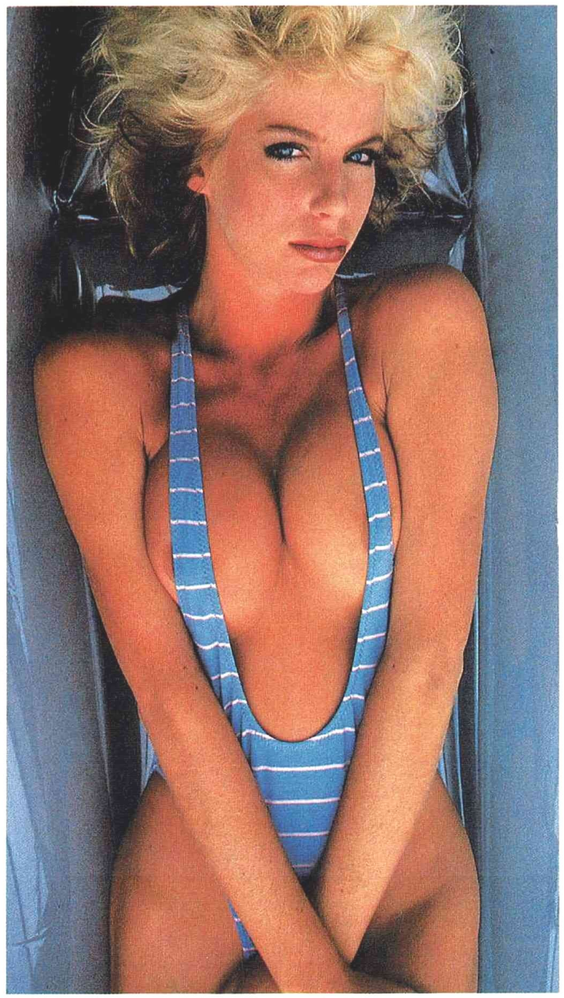


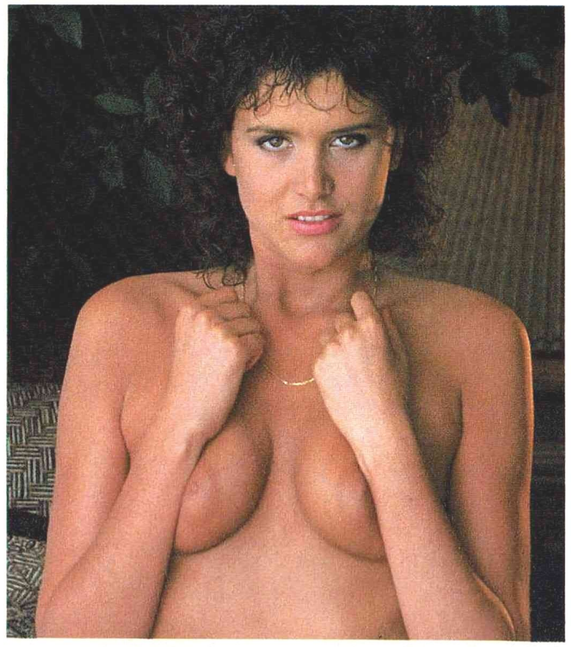
KATIE June 1985

The ideal man in Katie Ryan's life will have to be "honest, openminded, impulsive, athletic, proud of his dashing good looks and, of course, me." Sound like a tall order? Certainly not the last criteria. Twenty-year-old Katie, from Sydney, may have someone very special in mind, but that's only fair; after all, hers was a very special appearance in June *Penthouse*.

WENDY July 1985

Wendy Lee, the leggy Cairns-based July Pet, has as one of her goals to be a self-made millionaire by the time she's 30. That gives her just eight years to realise it, but knowing this determined lady she'll give it her all. At present Wendy is involved in a promotions business which incorporates a troupe of modern dancers and models presenting upbeat fashion shows — and she's the boss.



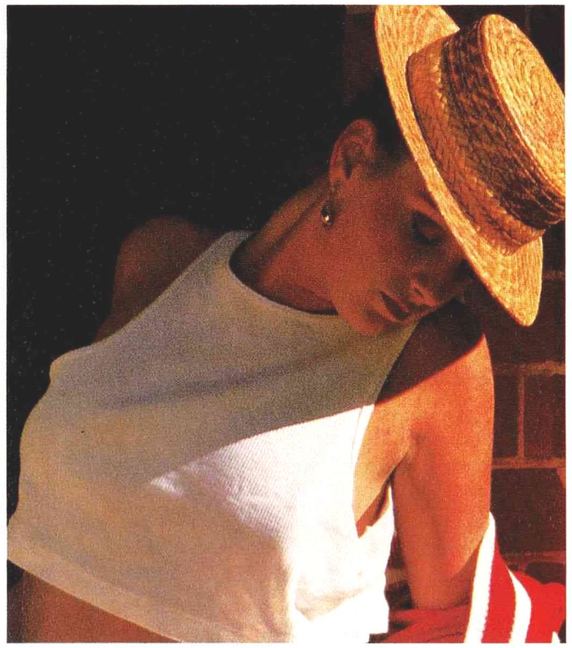


JILL August 1985

It's no secret that *Penthouse* doesn't exactly require tertiary qualifications of their Pets before they appear, but it's reassuring to know that gorgeous 26-year-old Jill Thomas has the credentials to fit virtually any bill. As a graduate from Monash University in politics and American and Florentine history — followed by a period working within the corridors of power in Victoria — she made the decision to leave the public service and pursue modelling: obviously she has the wits to acknowledge her credentials in this field.

JULIE September 1985

Julie Mulherin confessed her love of the quiet life to readers in the September edition, but anyone could be forgiven for seeing a slight contradiction in that passion. The ruckus that this 19-year-old Sydney-based beauty seems to inspire wherever she goes would be enough to test the energy of the most frenetic, yet Julie handles it all with a radiant charm that keeps in order the inevitable excitement around her.



VIRGINIA · October 1985

When a good friend suggested that Adelaide's Virginia Kelly pose for *Penthouse*, her motto — "Go for it!" — gave her the impetus she needed for the decision. And this 22-year-old generally makes swift decisions "If there's adventure in the air." During the day she's your model university student, but when the books are put aside anything can happen, not least of which was her sensual photo session for the October edition.

PET OF THE YEAR POLL

When you cast your vote on the coupon on this page you'll be giving yourself the chance to win this superb Toshiba AM/FM stereo radio/cassette player. The Toshiba RT-7045 is a compact and beautifully designed 12.5 + 12.5 watt unit with outstanding features including full auto reverse for recording and playback, 2-motor IC logic feather touch control and a five band graphic equaliser. The two way four speaker system is easy to detach and the system comes with Music Quick Selector System and full automatic shut off mechanism. The first voter whose name is drawn from the barrel by the editor will win this magnificent piece of machinery from Toshiba Australia. So make your selection from our eight finalists, fill in the coupon below, being sure to cast your vote by ticking the appropriate box, and send the completed coupon to *Penthouse*. You're mad if you don't.

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Pet Of The Year Poll, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062

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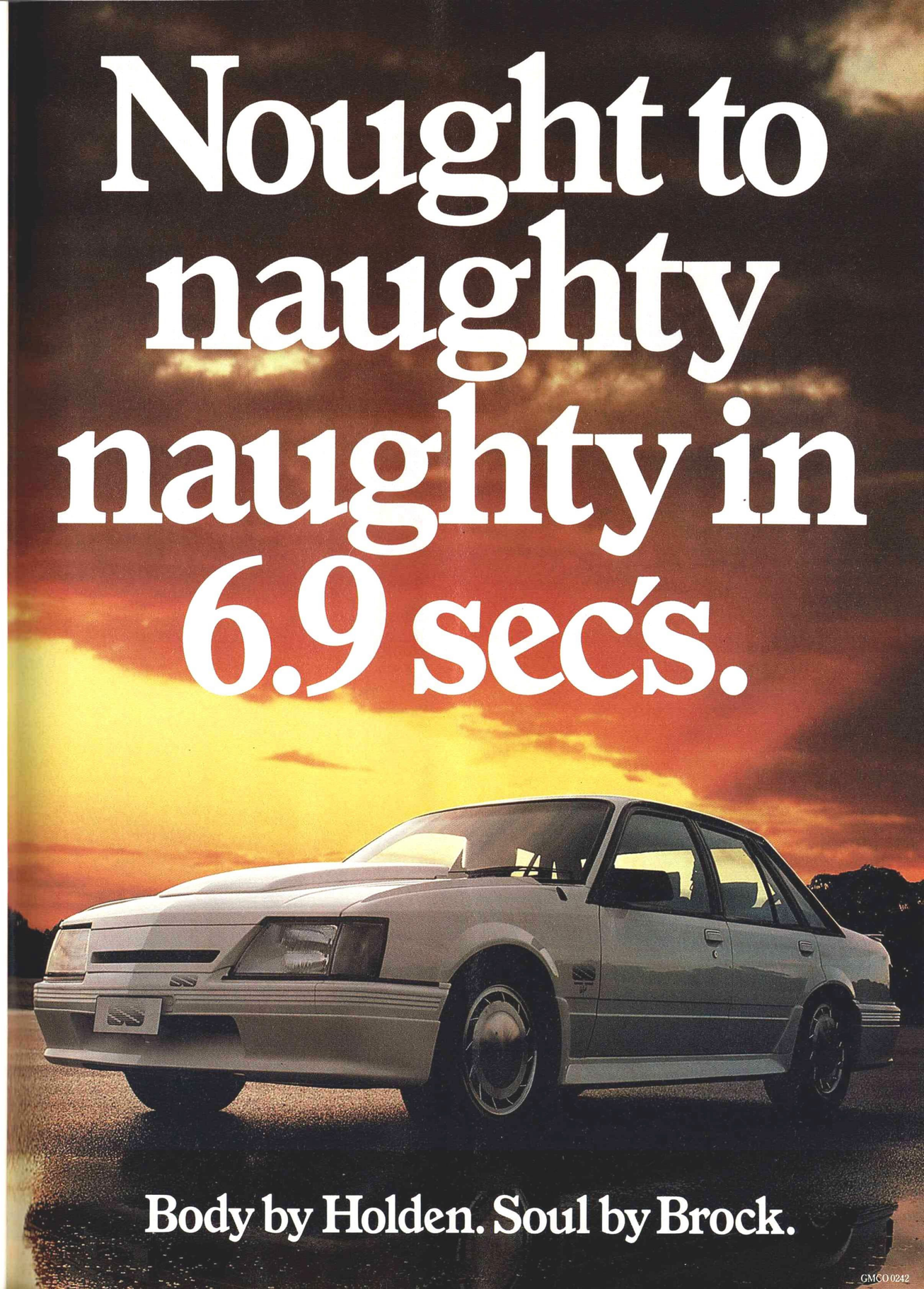


Body by Holden. Soul by Brock.

GMCO 0242

"I have always considered myself to be terribly orthodox. I think it is the church that is heretic"

THE REVEREND TED NOFFS

BY ROGER CROSTHWAITE

The Reverend Ted Noffs is one of the most recognisable churchmen in Australia. And, at a time when the church and its representatives are viewed with some disdain by most of the population, Noffs is one whose accomplishments are recognised by all, churchmen and laymen alike.

For the past 21 years Noffs has run the Wayside Chapel, a conglomeration of services and facilities operating under the auspices of the Uniting Church in Sydney's notorious Kings Cross area. His parish is the most densely populated square mile in Australia, and contains some of this country's most decadent and outrageous characters. It is also the heart of Australia's skyrocketing heroin trade, the place where smack is sold in alleyways mere metres away from expensive jewellery stores and the hustle and bustle of city life. So much heroin is sold and used around the Cross that every morning Noffs collects hundreds of syringes from the laneways around his chapel. Occasionally, he walks into the offices of prominent politicians, dumps those syringes on the polished mahogany desks, and asks what the hell is going to be done.

It's that meat and potatoes approach to his ministry that has got Noffs into more hot water than any other clergyman in Australia today. His own church has accused him of heresy; they've tried to pull him out of the Cross, and only occasionally have they acknowledged his work there. Ironically, he could have been a member of the church elite,

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

a power wielder in the Methodist hierarchy, if he had turned away from the Cross and its people and followed a safer path. But he saw his duty as helping the downtrodden, the destitute and the needy on the streets, rather than sitting in an office exchanging rhetoric with other churchmen.

The Wayside Chapel, a neglected outpost in 1964, is now a world-leader in dealing with young people with drug problems, the suicidal, alcoholics and down-and-outers. The Chapel also runs a Life Education program, which attempts to head off the likelihood of another generation — the teenagers of the Nineties — from steering down the deadly trail of heroin addiction. Although Noffs and his co-workers — teams of former addicts, prostitutes and bouncers who roam the streets looking for runaways in need of help — pull hundreds off the streets every year and give them another chance, Noffs himself is pessimistic about their chances of ever beating the heroin dealers who haunt the Cross. But it doesn't stop them trying, and it doesn't stop Noffs taking heart from the little victories they have every day.

The Chapel is now an integral part of Sydney: 20,000 couples have been married there, 10,000 babies named, and sadly, many, many funerals have been held for those over whom the Cross, and the heroin, has won out.

The church has long since stopped trying to pull Noffs out of the Cross. Now they bask in the reflected glory, but still shudder every time Noffs comes up with another of his innovative ideas. *Penthouse* Contributor Roger Crosthwaite spoke with Noffs in his tiny office in the Wayside Chapel, just metres away from where the steaming, vibrant and dangerous inner-world of Kings Cross was going about its daily business. He found him to be a compulsive talker, an energetic little man with an incredible love for his fellow human beings, obsessive about the things he believes in, a little rash in his criticisms of authority figures, and sometimes contradictory in his theories on drugs, life and the Cross.

But how many ministers of religion today would be willing to talk to *Penthouse* anyway? The inevitable tut-tuttings from church-goers would undoubtedly scare many away from airing their views in these pages. But Ted Noffs doesn't scare easily.

Penthouse: How did you come to be administering to a notorious area like Kings Cross?

Noffs: I think the church's idea was to get out of the area — it was a last ditch stand. I was at that stage the associate minister of the Lyceum, what was then the Central Methodist Mission. I had just been involved in the start of Teenage Cabaret, which was the big youth thing in Sydney then, and I was the co-founder of Lifeline.

So the church asked: "Can you do anything with Kings Cross?" And the main opposition at the conference when the appointment was made was from my own friends. They thought I was just wasting my ministry coming to Kings Cross. It was far better to become socially upwardly mobile, to become superintendent of a Central Methodist Mission in Adelaide or Melbourne or something like that. It was considered suicidal to come up here — ecclesiastical suicide. It would come to nothing, they thought. There was no Methodist congregation here. That was a humorous thing: somebody stood up at the conference and said, "But we have no Methodists there," and at that point I said I was in the ministry to minister to people, and there were 100,000 in the Cross.

Penthouse: Did you know much about the Cross at the time?

Noffs: I knew nothing, absolutely nothing! And having said that I felt this was an arena I *had* to come to, because there was a need for a ministry here. But the fact was I didn't know where to start. I had one or two journalist friends, one of whom was Peter Harvey, and he asked what was I going to do?

I said, "I'm going to start a coffee house, just as a place where young people can come." I thought that was an arena where we could create a sense of community. He said it was a reasonable idea, but who was going to come? I didn't know anybody there. I asked Peter, "Do you know anybody?" And he knew where the beatniks lived; he knew the pads in Crown Street where they lived. That was a start, so he showed me the pads and the following Saturday afternoon I put on some old clothes and went down there. Incidentally, that was the only time in the whole 20 years I've ever done that — dressed down to talk to somebody — but I thought if I went in there dressed in a suit I'd put them off. A very Methodistic thing to do.

Anyway, I knocked on the door, and up until that moment I thought of myself as a bit of a youth expert. I'd worked with young people at the Lyceum, I'd worked in churches amongst young people in Chicago and Washington and places like that. But once I walked in there I realised I knew nothing. I had to start all over again. They hated me. They didn't know who I was when I walked in on them, but the moment they knew I was a minister of religion, well, in their opinion that was the sickest of all institutions. Every institution was sick but the church was the worst. That's because it talked the most and did the least. And a philosophical discussion began — I mean a high-level philosophical discussion that I was completely unprepared for.

Anyway, after a while there was a break and someone asked if I wanted a cup of tea, but I couldn't have milk because they didn't have any. So I said let's go up the road and get a couple of bottles of milk. So me and this unbelievably strange looking character — weird clothes, no shoes — wandered up to a corner shop. And he plonked an empty bottle on the counter and asked for one bottle of milk. There were about 60 people living in this house, in unbelievable conditions, so I said, "No, look, I'll buy half a dozen bottles; that'll keep you going a while."

And this beatnik turned to me and said, "No,Ted, we only live on one bottle of milk at a time." And that stopped me in my tracks, because I'd come out of the Christian Church as a minister thinking that unless you knew where your income was coming for three years in advance you couldn't survive, which was the sort of philosophy in the church in 1964. And here was this dirty godless beatnik, so-called, paraphrasing the words of Jesus: "*Sufficient unto the days the evil thereof*" — "We only live on a bottle of milk at a time."

They couldn't believe I was inviting them to come to this coffee house, because nobody had ever accepted them before, and the following Saturday afternoon they all came. I didn't have anyone to look after the coffee shop except a few dear old ladies, who'd never done anything beyond sell an apron on a church street stall. But oddly enough, that was precisely what the beatniks wanted, somebody who just listened and didn't preach to them.

The following Sunday was the first of the huge anti-Vietnam War rallies, down at the Rushcutters Bay Stadium. And after it was all over I was back at the coffee house when somebody yelled out, "They're coming." And nearly the whole rally came back to the chapel. And that was the beginning. In 1964 this became the largest youth centre in the world.

Penthouse: What sort of problems did you start dealing with? Was it just someone to talk to, a shoulder to cry on, or were drugs a problem then?

Noffs: The things we were dealing with then are the things people have been trying to correct ever since. We highlighted, for example, the laws on vagrancy. About the third week here a group of the beatniks came to me and said, "Ted, there's a court case tomorrow morning. Three of the boys from our house have been charged with vagrancy. Can you help them?" So I went down in the morning and almost the entire beatnik population of Sydney was there. It was the first major protest against the absurd vagrancy laws.

I knew before we got to first base we were headed for trouble. When the case came up, the magistrate asked me to step forward. With a great flourish of his arm he looked around at this great crowd of young people and said: "Explain this trash."

I had become at that stage a devoted follower of the philosophy of Paul Goodman, who had written a book called *Growing Up Absurd,* which was his interpretation of the youth revolution, the existentialists and the "hippy movement" as it was to be called later on. So I stood there and explained that this was the result of society's absurdity, and that these young people were here really to ask that justice be done and that matters of the case be considered humanely. I was in mid-flight through my speech about Sartre, who the magistrate never seemed to have heard of, when he banged his gavel down and gave them all three months hard labor.

That was covered by the media Australia-wide, and that somehow made the Wayside Chapel well known so everybody would come there. An interesting thing that appeared in our "Poets' Corner" the evening after the court case was a little verse: "I went to the court of Petty Sessions, And saw them judging people there, The length of the sentence given, Depended on the length of the hair."

Penthouse: What had the case done for your standing amongst the beatniks?

> I find that the Festival of Light and the Right to Life people are religious voyeurs; they've got nothing to build their religion on except sex

Noffs: You mustn't think that the people coming here for help loved me at all — for them to come into a religious place was against the grain, and they had to pay their disrespect, they had to somehow attack me. And if it wasn't for an old Bohemian who gave me some advice at the time I don't think I would have been saved. He said to me: "Ted, you'll only last about three months. You're dealing with the most wounded people in society, and if you've ever dealt with an animal caught in a trap, you'll know when you try to release the trap it won't lick your hand, it'll bite you." And if I hadn't been told that I would never have understood the barbed attacks and criticisms that appeared in Poets' Corner. I got blamed for everything the Pope said, everything any evangelist in the world said, any bishop, archbishop and rabbi said, because I could be got at. And that was the theme of the chapel from the beginning, to be accessible, to be got at.

Penthouse: What was the attitude of the church hierarchy when you turned around and started campaigning for the "trash" of the Cross?

Noffs: They accused me of being exploited. That was the major criticism of the church at the time. And they forced me to think, what was I doing it for? If I was a follower of a person like Jesus, or the Buddha, or any other great spiritual leader, that was really the mark of their life — what was the cross except a symbol of exploitability? That's what it was all about.

And then I began to think: these people from the North Shore and the fashionable churches around Sydney who were accusing me of being barbaric in relating to these men and women with their long hair and strange clothes — who, after all, were their own sons and daughters — weren't they involved in some form of exploitation? After all, what is the nature of a church in a fashionable area but a haven for the status seekers? People seek status and credibility through the church.

The church's attitude through that period was not only one of lack of understanding, but a complete unwillingness to try and understand.

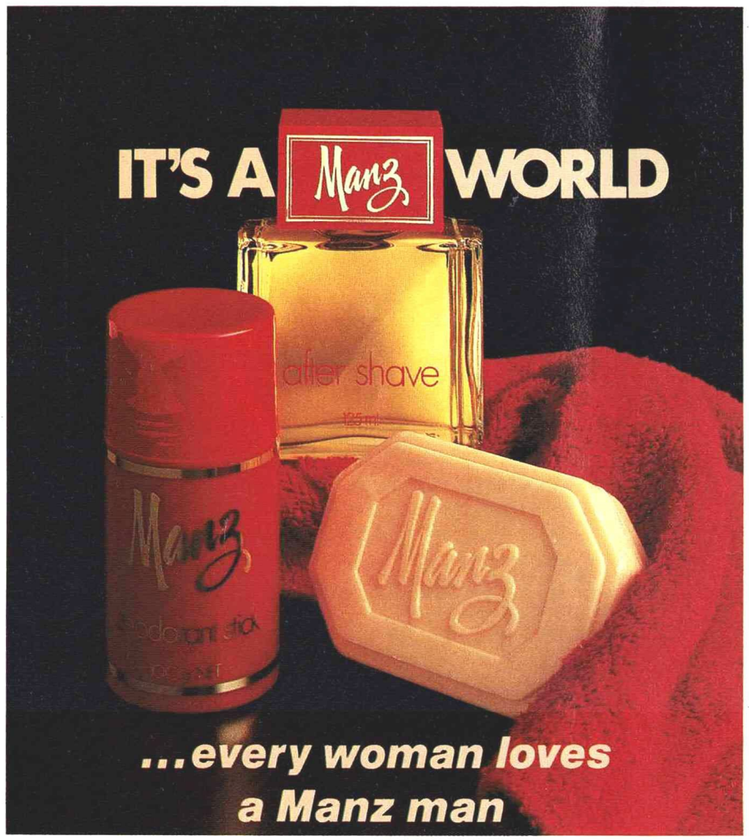
Penthouse: Did they ever try to pull you out of the Cross in those early years?

Noffs: Oh, yes! It happened along these lines . . . When I first became involved in dealing with the drug problem, in 1967, a girl was dropped almost unconscious outside the Wayside Chapel and she crawled inside. We found her under one of the pews, high on heroin, and we tried to find a doctor or a nurse or someone who could help her. It's unthinkable now, but there was nobody who would take her.

So we had to look after her here with my volunteers, and soon other cases came in and we started Australia's first drug referral centre. That was the point where I started getting in trouble with the church. They had developed the attitude that we shouldn't have anything to do with those people. There was a committee meeting, and they tried to stop me doing that sort of thing and being involved in that way. My argument was simply this: I will close the Wayside Chapel down when there are no drug addicts in its environs, not because there is one.

I explained to them that there were a thousand churches in Sydney who would never have the scandal of a drug addict coming near them. But were they being relevant? Here the prostitute, the drug addict, the alcoholic, the potential suicide were all welcome, and it was that kind of thinking that caused the church to raise its eyebrows and discuss whether I should be instructed to stop doing that kind of work.

For instance, there was a notorious pornographic magazine in Kings Cross in the Sixties called the *Whisper*, and I wrote a long poem about the *Whisper* and made one of the sellers of it the Prodigal Son. And the man who used to run the *Whisper* used to take my sermons and run them on a full page, opposite some nude figure. And the church said how embarrassing for the church that my sermons would appear in a pornographic magazine. But even at that



point I argued that that was where we had to be, if we were to be relevant.

Penthouse: Did you play the situation diplomatically or did you kick and scream?

Noffs: I must admit I raised my voice back at them. I pointed out their inconsistencies: for example, the number of closed churches in Sydney that could have been dealing with the youth problem, the problems of drug abuse, loneliness, destitute women and runaways. Yes, I raised my voice, but when they finally made it official in 1974, when they charged me with heresy, I realised then it was a matter of diplomacy.

When it happened I could not believe that this document charging me with heresy was not some kind of practical joke, but there it was in black and white: "Inconsistency with the doctrines of the Methodist Church" — which was heresy. They didn't like to used the word "heresy" because of all it symbolised in the minds of the community.

It was only public interest and concern —the concern of Jewish people, of atheist and agnostic people, all sorts of people — in writing to papers and ringing up radio stations and the like that really forced the church to vote against the charge. Oddly enough a lot of my friends were sorry that I had won, because they were hoping that I would break with the church and conduct this spiritual guidance and help from my own initiative. But I realised at that point, in contrast to my attacks on the church before, that I had to be diplomatic in the approaches I took.

Penthouse: Did you feel betrayed by the church? Did you ever consider getting out?

Noffs: You know, the interesting thing about all this is that I always considered myself to be terribly orthodox. I think it is the church that is heretic. Heresy in my terms is not disobeying some words in a book, it is failing to involve oneself, to be actively involved. And in that sense I think the church has failed very frequently.

Did I feel betrayed by the church? Yes, again and again, absolutely, and I'm still betrayed by the church which taught me as a child in its Sunday schools, which taught me as a young person in its youth clubs, that I had to be concerned with everybody in the community: particularly the people who were in distress, without the concern of whether they . . . belonged to the church or not, whether they were good or bad, whether they were rich or poor, saints or sinners. The church is very fond of singing that lovely little song: "Jesus Loves The Little Children . . . Be they yellow, black or white, they are precious in his sight" . . . but the moment I try to put it into practice they charge me with heresy!

But when people ask me, "Why don't you get out if you don't agree?" I say it's *my* church, not just *their* church. I sometimes think there's a lot of people in the church who think the same as me, but haven't spoken out yet.

Penthouse: But of course, now you're a winner, I presume they're glad to have you on side?

Noffs: The church has moved considerably to identify itself with the drug problem and other social problems that we tackle up here. But the problem of attitude is still there. Recently a church conference considered taking my system of "naming" children, but making it into a kind of second class baptism for people who aren't "belonging to the Lord" or something, which to me is abominable. That kind of thinking, theologically, is the heresy.

Recently at one of these interminable conferences with the church hierarchy, one of these men was saying: "But you can't baptise just anybody in the church; it says in the Book of Laws, chapter so and so," and he looked it up and showed it to me.

But I said, "Just look at the life of Jesus — he was walking in the woods one day when a group of children ran up to him, and he lifted one of them up and blessed them all. He'd never seen them before, and he'd never see them again but he didn't tell them to report to St Swithins three times a week before he'd bless them; he just accepted them. And this minister who'd been arguing with me slammed his fist down on the table and exploded, saying, "Let's leave Jesus right out of this!"

Penthouse: Fundamentalist Christians have multiplied incredibly in the States in the last ten years. What's your opinion of them?

Noffs: They won't even publish my books in the States, which gives you some idea of how deeply entrenched this form of religion is there. They say they're too radical. But what they have representing fundamentalist Christianity in the States is not Christian at all. It's a primitive cultism that has nothing to do with Jesus. I believe in the family of humanity, and that all religions count, but why call themselves Christian?

You have a man like Jerry Falwell who stands up and speaks passionately against abortion — it's the number one item in America among fundamentalists. But they don't give a damn about the annihilation of humanity through nuclear war. It's that kind of contradiction that makes them avoid any outright confrontation in the media.

I think it will lead to the downfall of the United States. That kind of religion is built on lies, dogmas and creeds that are no longer true. And I believe you can't build something strong on a basis of lies.

Penthouse: The Festival Of Light in Australia is another one of those dogmatic, fundamentalist organisations . . .

Noffs: Absolutely. And the Festival of Light here has done nothing; they never come to the streets of Kings Cross, roll their sleeves up and get involved with the life and death matters of runaways, derelicts and drug addicts. They pontificate. They all play their game from a safe distance; they all moralise.

Fred Nile makes a trip around the world for three months to investigate sin and pornography, which is in itself a form of voyeurism. I find the Festival Of Light and the Right To Life people are religious voyeurs; they've got nothing to build their religion on except sex. It all revolves around their ideas of promiscuity. Jesus got to know the prostitutes; he didn't talk about them, he sat down and ate with them.

Penthouse: Given that the Cross is a fairly foreboding place, and all its dangers are well publicised, why is it that nearly every teenage runaway heads here?

Noffs: You can relate it to a country town — if you walk down the main street of Mudgee or Gulgong and you belong to that town and you're in trouble, you stand out like a sore thumb. Here, you are obscure, nobody knows you, nobody gives a damn. You can melt into the shadows and become part of the life of the city. It's the anonymous nature of the city that makes this the Mecca for runaways.

But in addition to that, the Cross has a life of its own and somehow every person can fit in. The runaway girl or boy will be approached by someone, sometimes with tragic results. That's why we keep a team of four people on the street all the time, because if a runaway is approached for sexual reasons or over drugs, they're gone in a minute because they can easily disappear in the darkness of the Cross. You've got to get to them quickly.

Penthouse: What are the kids who come up here like? Are they determined to tough it out, or do they rapidly find themselves in over their heads?

Noffs: It's about half and half. Let me tell you the story of a little girl who ran away from Melbourne not that long ago, and managed to get all the way to Sydney and the Cross, still in her school uniform. It was just over a petty argument, like a lot of runaway cases are.

Anyway, she made it to the Cross and was picked up by a bunch of hoods from Bondi and they took her back to their place, where they raped her. Then they dressed her in some slinky clothing and staked her out in William Street as a prostitute. The girl was standing there, waiting for the first customer to come along, absolutely terrified, when fortunately one of the people from the chapel's Outreach team came along. And as loud as she could, without the people who were watching her hearing, she called out for help and he took her off to a coffee shop and eventually back here, where we rang her father.

> Heroin is the biggest single industry in Australia — it's $1000 million a year, and that's bigger than BHP

And the girl just broke down. At first she was going to see it through, being a runaway, but as soon as she spoke to her father on the phone, this sophisticated 16-year-old started to cry, and she was just a little girl again. Of course that doesn't happen all the time, but when their need is desperate they have that vulnerability.

Penthouse: It must be gratifying when it does work out, when the situation turns from being desperate into a happy ending.

Noffs: I can think of a couple of other runaways I knew. This girl and this boy were both arrested by the police in Brougham Street. He was sleeping with this girl — she was under 16 — and they were going to charge him with carnal knowledge.

But neither of them had anybody else in the world. I went to court for them and pleaded that what more beautiful thing could have happened? They found each other and for the first time in their lives they had some sort of security. And the magistrate gave them the benefit of the doubt and released them. And the sequel to this happened only a short time ago. I was in a car wash and this businessman walked up to me, distinguished, well-dressed, and says: "You won't remember me, but think back 13 years", and he told me the story. He and the girl had got married when they were old enough and now they had four children and they couldn't be happier. "*You cast your bread upon the waters, and it returns after many days*", and that happens all the time.

Penthouse: The biggest fight, and the subject on which you speak out most, is heroin. You've said the first experiences of it were as early as 1965, but what have you observed on the heroin scene over the last few years?

Noffs: It's seen a massive acceleration globally in the last two years. Heroin is as freely available in the Cross as ice-cream. It's treated as a pure commodity to be disposed of by an industry in much the same way as a supermarket. Drug dealers are a fact of life, and they are out to create as many consumers as they can. In some suburbs they'll go along in a car and give a taste of heroin to any kid they can see. The next week they'll charge a couple of dollars, the next $10, then $30 and then it's at the regular price of $50 a foil.

That kind of exploitation indicates that heroin is the biggest single industry in Australia — it's $1000 million a year, bigger than BHP. That's why it's gone from a single overdose here in 1965 — and indeed all through the Sixties a heroin death was an unusual occurrence — to today when you'll get four deaths in a night, or 23 overdoses if a bad batch of heroin has gone out. It's got to the stage where I believe the drug issue constitutes the number one problem facing humanity — there is no question about it. Not nuclear war. No parent in Australia, I would say, failed to sleep because they were worried about nuclear war. But I would say no parents of teenagers slept soundly last night because of the worry of the drug problem.

I can't see any solution to the drug problem. I think it's going to be with humankind from here on out. I believe that all we can do is to try and reduce the losses. It's unthinkable that it could wipe out an entire generation of young people, but looking at the beautiful young children who come through here on our Life Education program, to some extent you've got to realise it could happen.

The people operating the drug markets are the most skilled managers. These people are managing cocaine, heroin, illicit pharmaceutical drugs, synthetic drugs, you name it. And I believe they treat it just as a market to be exploited to the full. And what have we got opposing them? We've got ill-prepared law-enforcement agencies,

WISH I HAD A WINTERMANS...
There'll always be a moment when you'll "Wish you had a Wintermans". Like a Half Corona, the just right size for after dinner, after a show or at the restaurant of your choice. Ample. But not too large. Unparalleled flavour and coolness. A perfect cigar. An ideal gift.
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badly educated to the drug problem and unsophisticated.

Penthouse: What sort of agencies would you substitute for them?

Noffs: Take a country like Thailand. The man in charge of the drug fight there is a general, a real general. You go into his office and it's a war room. Admittedly, they've got the Golden Triangle in the north, and they know the positions of the opium fields and so on, but they're treating it as a war. And until countries like Australia treat it the same way we're not going to get anywhere.

Penthouse: From your experience, what is the toll from heroin in Australia? What's the casualty rate?

Noffs: I'm dealing now with one death a week, drug related. I've buried 166 people under the age of 30 who have died through drugs, mainly heroin. Now multiply that through all the cities of Australia, and all the ministries, and you get some idea.

And at those funerals there's not only the usual sense of sadness in the traditional way, there's anger. The family probably lost everything they had — the boy or girl probably stole everything they could to get heroin, down to their mother's and father's jewellery. Heroin turns a person into a thief, a liar, a cheat, a blackmailer. The family comes to the funeral almost with relief: anger that they've had so much stolen from them, but relief that it's finally over. And that's happening on a great scale.

Penthouse: If for no other reason, would you think combatting heroin would be the first priority for police because of its implications in other crime?

Noffs: I was in the maximum security section of Parklea Prison the other week, and they have a special drug group there. It seems that every prisoner in that maximum security section is there because of an involvement with heroin. They're in for armed robberies, big jobs, murder, kidnap, rape, all kinds of offences, but every one of them was involved with heroin. You've seen the statistics — 60 percent of all crime is drug related, including 70 percent of all thefts. When will governments see that that is where the focus has to be?

But law enforcement is just one section of the drug fight. The second section is education and prevention, which we're involved in here with the Life Education program. The third is treatment and rehabilitation, and the fourth is research.

Penthouse: Rehabilitation and treatment is another thing that has grown haphazardly. Just how many heroin addicts can get help if they want it?

Noffs: There is WHOS, Odyssey House, the methadone program, Narcotics Anonymous, the Salvation Army, the Catholic church — all have rehabilitation facilities. But they are all very limited in the number they can take. I believe two things have to happen. Firstly, all these treatment facilities, instead of fighting each other, have to be unified. They have to have — and I come back to that same analogy — a general, directing them like an army. Heads have to be banged together, and somebody has to say, "Look, you're all doing a wonderful job, but let's work together." WHOS can only deal with a couple of hundred, Odyssey can deal with a couple of hundred, but there are *thousands* of these people out there.

Penthouse: What's your opinion of methadone treatment?

Noffs: I am in favor of methadone being used as a form of detoxification. Methadone should be freely available in properly run clinics or through general medical practitioners, so that a person can be registered as a heroin addict and be given methadone, but be given it in the framework of a major detoxification program. I don't believe in methadone maintenance *ad infinitum.* I believe it should be used to bring a person down from heroin and then followed up with after-care. Alternative to that, to deal in greater numbers, emphasis should be put on Narcotics Anonymous. To my mind they are the best of all the agencies. We work around the clock with Narcotics Anonymous. The strength of Narcotics Anonymous is that within the Sydney metropolitan area an NA member will be in the home within the hour to help somebody that wants to stop using.

That's what has to happen — addicts and families have to have access to treatment immediately. It's abominable, it's scandalous, that government treatment centres frequently tell addicts that they have to come back in three months time to be assessed. That's insanity, sheer insanity.

When I had the Federal Health Minister, Dr Neil Blewett, up here a few weeks ago walking around the streets, we were doing the rounds when a heroin addict fell out of a cupboard on top of us, needle marks all over his arm, and yelled: "Ted, I want help *NOW*! Can you get me on to methadone?" Two or three others said the same thing that day, and by the time we got back to the chapel, our social workers were ringing the methadone centres and being told that they had to be assessed, and it was going to take three months but nothing could be done that day. That is insanity. They have methadone more freely available in Queensland, which is why a lot of addicts from NSW are going to Queensland to deal with their habit.

Penthouse: You've said before that the heroin trade is a multi-billion dollar, sophisticated, well-run and proliferating industry. If that's the case, who runs it? Where does the line stop?

Noffs: I think the answer to that is — God knows! I see about five lines of operators, still speaking in terms of a war. The front-

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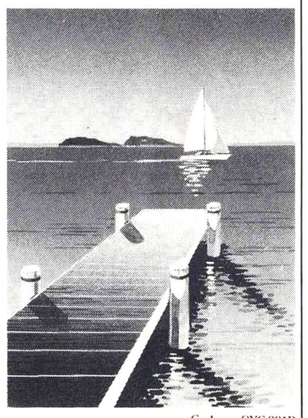

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line consists of the obvious pushers and pedlars who are selling the drug in order to support their own habit, and a few petty operators wanting to make a fast buck. And they're the ones who are usually getting picked up. There's been a tendency over the years, and I've done it, to call them the small fish, and ask why we don't concern ourselves with the big boys. But let's not underestimate the significance of the small fish. After all, if somebody points a gun and kills a person, society doesn't ask who manufactured the gun; they're concerned with who fired the gun. And we have a lot of heroin deaths in Sydney that are, I think, murder, but are passed off as administering.

I think maybe that to get to the big boys in the backline we need to have it mandatory for a life sentence to be given, even for the users in the frontline. I've never said this before. If we did that we could say to them: "But you will get half your time taken off if you will name the person who supplied you," and so on back up the ranks until you get to the right person.

Now I think the big-time dealers, the big operators in the backline dealing with millions and millions of dollars, would unquestionably consist of world business figures. I think it's being managed within the framework of Mafia operations, international terrorist operations and international political operations. How, for instance, are people getting money to fight the war in Lebanon? These are the sort of questions that have to be asked.

I heard the other day that a major businessman in Bolivia offered the government $3 billion to let him be free to operate his cocaine trade. They're bigger than governments. The drug industry is now becoming capable of corrupting governments. Naturally you've got people in Australia — well known business figures — who are able to pay off those who would name them. It's a diabolical fact of life.

Penthouse: You've been a loud voice in the cry to clean up the heroin trade for many years. What sort of pressure has been applied to shut you up?

Noffs: From the drug financiers and dealers the pressure has been limited to warnings from pushers as I walk down the street. They shout things from across the road. Some of the pushers up here are notoriously well known. We know them and they know us. They'll utter a string of expletives, or threaten you and push and shove you as you walk down the street. But the fact that I speak out is some sort of protection.

Penthouse: It must be incredibly frustrating, walking down the streets of the Cross and seeing these dealers plying their trade, and they know that you know about them, but there's nothing you can do about it.

Noffs: That frustration is there all the time. You know that person is involved with murder, in destroying the lives of people. But a principle I've discovered in life is that justice operates. Oddly enough, over the past 21 years, that is the one thing that I've been able to see happen.

There is a spiritual justice, and these characters do get their just deserts sometimes, but one thing you can't do is take the matter into your own hands. That's a major problem that even the police have today — that they can arrest somebody openly involved in the sale of heroin, find nothing and they have to let the person back on the street.

Penthouse: There are also those people who say the world has always had drugs and some people will always abuse them, and that the drug problem now is the same as it's been for hundreds of years.

Noffs: No other society has had to grapple with a problem such as the one that faces this generation. It's absurd to say that today is no worse than previous centuries. There's never been a drug problem on this scale.

> The Bohemianism in the Cross is what makes it fantastic. It has unbelievable depth, and that's why I believe it's the most exciting square mile in the world

I might be seen as just one voice in the wilderness — well, 20 years ago I was one voice, but increasingly I've been joined by others and the politicians today are recognising more and more that this is a political issue. The other night we held a vigil with a group called RAIN — Relatives Against the Intake of Narcotics — and I was expecting six to show up. There were 150 there outside NSW Parliament House. It is now a political force to be reckoned with. Concerned parents all over the country are saying to their politicians, "Listen, stop pussyfooting around with this. We don't want speeches, we want help now."

Penthouse: Do you think the various Royal Commissions into drug trafficking have been successful?

Noffs: No, and I think the failure of the Royal Commissions was at the point where they didn't have a permanent equivalent established — not just a Crimes Comission, but a specialised commission on drugs.

If 60 percent of all crime is drug related, then let the Crimes Commisson deal with the other 40 percent, but let there be a national commission on drugs. That's where Mr Wran has made the right move in announcing that there will be a permanent state commission on drugs, but I wish that Mr Hawke would do that on a national level.

It could co-ordinate all the resources of law enforcement and develop the kind of specialised units we will need in the 21st Century. The various commissions in the past were all retrospective — they were looking at why and how our law enforcement had failed, not how it should work in the future.

What we lack in this country is a consistent philosophy towards all "abusable" substances. I'm opposed to the *laissez-faire* decriminalisation of any substance, whether it's marijuana right through to heroin, and I'm also opposed to the total prohibition that we have at the moment. But there is a middle course that we can develop through a national commission, a philosophy towards everything from cigarettes and alcohol to heroin.

I think we should take the same stance towards the destruction of our young people as to the destruction of the environment — the polluter pays..These drugs can become available on condition that two things happen — that the person who makes the profit from the sale of any one of these substances does all the education about its dangers, and secondly that the person who creates the product pays for the clinics that deal with its victims. I don't think in the 21st Century anybody will be able to avoid that conclusion.

Penthouse: If you had never come to the Cross 21 years ago, do you think you would have taken on a safe North Shore ministry and by now hold a position in the church hierarchy?

Noffs: No. Even in the little outback towns and parishes of the Riverina my wife Margaret and I were involved in the development of programs for young people. This has always been part of my philosophy, that it's among the dispossessed, the troubled young people, that our work is. You have to try and give a sense of heart, a sense of soul — all cities need it. We're just about to go into the Gold Coast, which desperately needs a soul, and we're hoping our Life Education Centre can help develop it.

When I first came to the Cross people said: "Oh, a Methodist churchman. You're coming here to drive all that good old wickedness out of the Cross." And I said, "No, we're coming up here to add a dimension of life to the Cross, not to take life away. Those were the words of Jesus: *"I have come to bring life."*

That's what the Church has forgotten, it seems to me. It tends to be a killjoy, a destroyer. The Bohemianism in the Cross is what makes it fantastic. It has unbelievable depth, and that's why it is still the most exciting square mile in Australia, and I believe in the world. New York is incredible, but I think the Cross has more to give than any other place on the planet.

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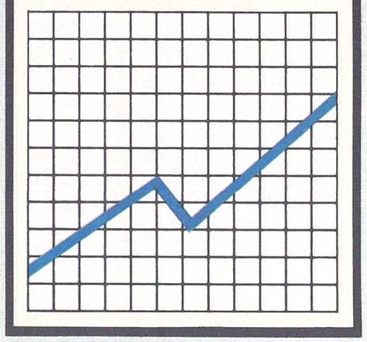
PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

DO YOU EXPLOIT WOMEN?



It used to be okay to manipulate women. Taking advantage of the ladies, exploiting their weaknesses, manoeuvring them into positions where they had to satisfy your whims, were accepted gambits in the game of machismo. Of course, the rules of the game weren't always framed in such bluntly opportunistic terms. There was considerable talk of things like "chivalry" and the "separate spheres of woman." But in the end the prevailing attitude pretty much boiled down to screw-'em-and-forget-'em.

Nowadays — as you may have noticed — things have changed. Not only are the rules of the game being altered, but the game itself is also being played with less enthusiasm and by fewer participants. Prompted in part by the evangelising of the women's movement and in part by enlightened self-interest, many men have come to realise that they can deal with women in nonexploitive ways and not be any the less masculine for doing so. A woman we know sums up the change this way: "Fifteen years ago all the men I met seemed to want me to be a combination of whore and beast of burden. They wanted to screw me and then have me stick around long enough to wash the sheets. Now I get less of that, especially from younger, more sensitive men. They're more willing to take a chance and risk their egos by treating me as an equal and as a friend. The funny thing is that these guys turn me on a lot more than the old chest-thumping types ever did. And I think the men feel better about these 'new' relationships, too. They're not under the same pressure to prove that they're he-men."

Still, the old ways die hard. Men brought up, to admire the exploits of cowboys and Casanovas have a tough time abandoning the manipulative behaviors of yore. When you consider the way most of us were brought up, you need not be surprised that we should approach women as if they were resources to be exploited.

Psychologist David Winter says that men with the greatest need for power are those most likely to take advantage of women. Winter, who has done extensive work on power motivation, explains: "Women — having been identified as the 'weaker sex' — are natural objects for these men to exploit. There are a whole lot of techniques men use to sabotage women, and they'll try anything that will achieve the goal." The purpose of this quiz is to give you some idea of how prone you are to employing these techniques.

Why do so many men feel this overpowering drive to take advantage of women? "This may be putting it a little too simplistically," says Winter, "but basically the cause seems to stem from the fact that this sort of man has an excessively strong Oedipus complex. His very strong attachment to his mother has to be broken so that he can become a 'real man.' He achieves this break by attempting to dominate other women."

While the theorists continue to examine this male impulse to dominate women, men are working at overcoming it . . . if for no other reason than blatant self interest. There may still be a few women out there who enjoy being used as doormats, but the intelligent, sexy, assertive lady will have none of it. This quiz may help you get in shape for dealing with modern women.

These questions result from surveying the research literature, interviewing psychologists and sex therapists, and — most of all — talking to women. You may find some of the questions uncomfortably personal. But if you answer the questions honestly, you should end up with an indication of how manipulative you are in dealing with the ladies in your life.

1.When you take a woman out for the first time, do you make it obvious that you are spending a lot of money on her in the hope that she'll feel all the more obliged to "repay" you with sex at the end of the evening?
(a) yes
(b) no

2. Do you consider intercourse "complete" once you've had your orgasm? In other words, do you roll over and light up the proverbial cigarette as soon as you've come?
(a) yes
(b) no

3. When you're out with a woman, do you make a great show of treating her like "the little lady"? (Opening doors for her with a flourish, pulling out her chair at dinner, lighting her cigarette *every* time, for example.)
(a) yes
(b) no

4. Do you encourage your lady to be "liberated" but then drop casual hints that she's losing her femininity? ("Jeezus, you look like a goddamn dyke in those ratty jogging clothes. Next, you'll want to borrow my jockstrap.")
(a) yes
(b) no

5. Do you agree with P.T. Barnum's premise that there's a sucker born every minute?
(a) yes
(b) no

6. If you were having business acquaintances over to your place for drinks, would you automatically assume that the lady you live with would act as hostess for the evening?
(a) yes
(b) no

7. Do you cook gourmet meals and then expect the woman you live with to do the dishes and scour the mountain of greasy pans you've left behind?
(a) yes
(b) no

> Men who suffer a strong Oedipus complex are most likely to exploit women

8. Someone has just stepped on your foot. You will now utter a profanity. You have a choice of shouting either (a) "You c..t!" or (b) "You arsehole!" Are you most likely to choose the former term when you are angry?
(a) yes
(b) no

9. Would you feel resentful if your lady went out "drinking with the girls" — even though you often stop in at the corner pub to have a few with the guys?
(a) yes
(b) no

10. When you're walking down the street with a woman, do you set the pace and expect her to keep up with you?
(a) yes
(b) no

11. If you and your lady are sitting around at home for the evening, do you usually choose what music to play on the stereo?
(a) yes
(b) no

12. If the two of you are watching the tube, do you automatically select which shows you will watch?
(a) yes
(b) no

13. Do you play on a woman's guilt feelings as a way of coaxing her into bed with you? (That is, do you give her the impression that you'll probably suffer a total mental collapse if she doesn't give you head right this minute?)
(a) yes
(b) no

14. When the lady in your life tries something new (like a new hair or makeup style), do you usually find something to criticise about her revamped appearance?
(a) yes
(b) no

15. You live with a woman. You both work full time, but your salary is twice as high as hers. Because she earns less, do you expect her to do more of the housework?
(a) yes
(b) no

16. When you and your lady sit down after work, do you usually tell her how *your* day went before letting her relate what kind of day she had?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Have you ever said "I love you" to a woman and not meant it?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. Do you use the "I love you" tactic *frequently* with women and not mean it?
(a) yes
(b) no

19. Did you first have intercourse at an earlier age than did most of your friends and did it occur at least before the end of your fourth year of high school?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Do you like to have a woman peform "exotic" sex with you (fellatio, S&M, etc) even when you know she doesn't enjoy it?
(a) yes
(b) no

21. When you take a woman out, does it bother you if she doesn't look as good as you know she can? In other words, do you want her to look as close to "perfect" as possible whenever she'll be seen in public with you?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Do you believe that wives should *not* work?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. If you're living with a woman, do you feel that she should go to bed with you whenever *you* want?
(a) yes
(b) no

24. Do you make a practice of pointing out to your lady (or to others) her dumb, irrational, inept, "female" mistakes?
(a) yes
(b) no

25. Do you agree with the adage: "Treat 'em mean and keep 'em keen?"
(a) yes
(b) no

SCORING

This is not a quiz you want to score highly on (unless, of course, you actually believe that relations between the sexes should be manipulative). The more "yes" answers you checked, the more likely you are to be a man who takes advantage of the women in his life. Give yourself five points for each "yes" choice.

If you scored 100-125 points:

You're a regular puppeteer when it comes to women. As a matter of fact, you're probably a first-class manipulator of everybody and everything in your environment. It's likely that you feel extremely nervous in *any* situation you can't control. There may be a lot of people around — especially women — who don't like the pressures you're exerting on them. Watch out. You may be a Don Juan with lots of conquests, but you could have difficulty or trouble establishing mature, long-term relationships with women.

70-95 points:

You have a strong tendency to take advantage of women but have at least partial success in controlling this impulse. You probably realise that this characteristic can sabotage your emotional relations with women but that sometimes your urge to exert power — to be a "man" — gets the better of you.

40-65 points:

You're on the right track. You occasionally lapse into the old war-between-the-sexes routine, but generally you seem to realise that women are not merely toys to be played with. In the long run your "liberated" attitude probably attracts women to you. They're likely to be more at ease with you than with a man whose primary object with women is to see how fast he can get into their pants.

0-35 points:

We envy you. You apparently have a strong sense of your own worth and have little need to take advantage of women (or anyone else) to boost a fragile ego. This attitude bodes well for your relations with the ladies, who often find self-assurance like yours to be a powerful aphrodisiac. They know you're not looking for notches on your gun. They realise that since you don't see them only as objects, you can turn on their minds as well as their bodies. And that can be sexy.

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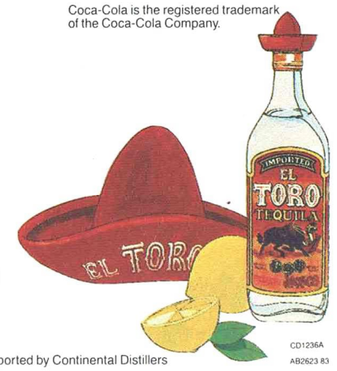

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2. When I'm good I'm very good. But when I'm bad I'm great.
3. When I want your opinion I'll give it to you.
4. I know what you're thinking. Let's try it.
5. I'm so happy I could just fart.
6. Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you've got – the less shit you have to eat.
7. Reality is for people who can't handle drugs.
8. My face is leaving soon. Be on it.
9. As long as I have a face, you have a place to sit.
10. I don't have a drinking problem. I drink. I get drunk. I fall down. No problem!
11. Pardon me – but you have obviously mistaken me for someone who gives a shit.
12. Save our beaches. Harpoon a fat chick.
13. I'm so horny even the crack of dawn isn't safe.
14. Your criticism is greatly appreciated. Stuff you very much.
15. Life is a bed of roses. But watch out for the pricks.
16. The word for the day is legs. Help spread the word.
17. There is no gravity. The earth sucks.
18. If it wasn't for pickpockets I'd have no sex life.
19. Too old to rock'n'roll. Too stoned to stop.
20. Support your local police. Beat yourself up.
21. Lead me not into temptation. I can find it myself.
22. Be alert. This country needs lerts.
23. Don't drink water. Fish f**k in it.
24. Has your pussy had my whiskers today.
25. There is a fine line between genius and madness. I tooted mine.
26. I suppose a truck is out of the question.
27. 6 U L D V 8 (Sexual deviate)
28. Open 24 hours a day (Open fly artwork)
29. I never used to be able to finish anything but now I
30. If you're a schizo that makes four of us.
31. I choked Linda Lovelace.
32. Sex is bad for one. But it's very good for two.
33. Get even. Get odd.
34. This is not snot. This is my cash flow.
35. I've always been crazy but it's kept me from going insane.
36. I'm an anti-nuclear war head.
37. Never try to teach a pig to sing. It wastes your time and annoys the pig.
38. There is intelligent life on earth. But I'm just visiting.
39. I'd like to help you out. Which way did you come in.
40. The secret of success is sincerity. Once you can fake that you've got it made.
41. Nothing succeeds like a budgie,
42. How can I love you if you won't lie down.
43. I'd rather be pissed off than pissed on.
44. When the going gets tough – the tough go shopping.
45. I can tell you're lying, your lips are moving.
46. Refuse to have a battle of wits with an unarmed person.
47. Sorry – but my karma just ran over your dogma.
48. Heaven doesn't want me and hell's afraid I'll take over.
49. I ♥ Beer
50. I ♥ Sex
51. I ♥ The World (With artwork)
52. I ♥ Myself
53. I ♥ U
54. I ♥ Rock'n'Roll
55. I ♥ Drugs
56. I don't ♥ anything
57. I ♥ Your Body.
58. Christmas has been cancelled, they found the father.

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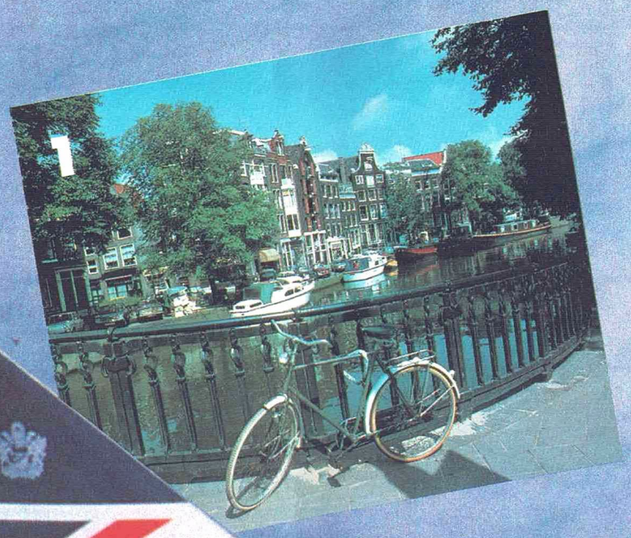

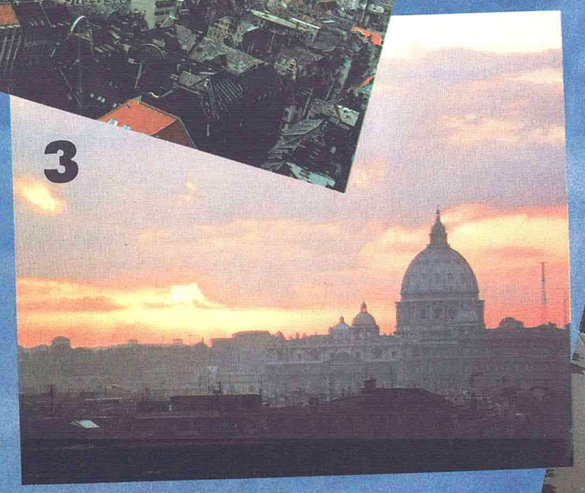

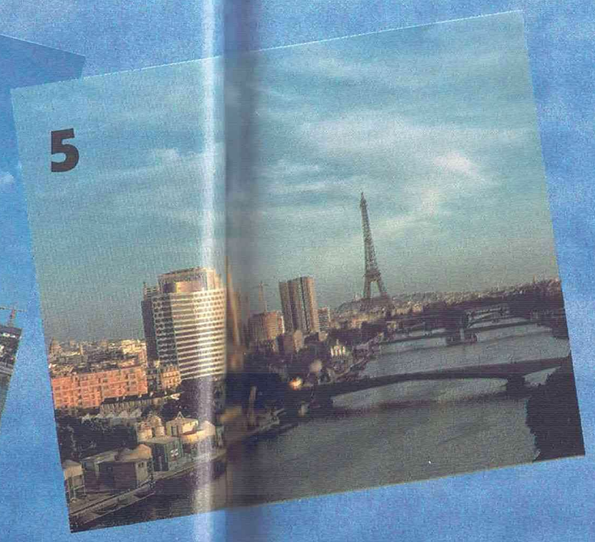

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Entry and participation in this competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* magazine and British Airways and their families. All participants must be 18 years old or over.

The winning entry will be the first correct entry drawn from the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*.

Closing date for the competition will be the last mail on Friday, December 20, 1985. The winner will be announced in an upcoming edition of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. All entries become the property of *Australian Penthouse*.

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MOTORING

PRECIOUS METAL

Buy the right car at the right time for the right price . . . and make a fortune

BY PETER McKAY

Late in 1984 an Australian businessman paid a reported $104,000 for an Isotta-Fraschini Tipo 8A, a massive Italian-made cabriolet period piece considered particularly desirable by men who collect motor cars. Several months later the same vehicle was sold to a salivating and obviously well-heeled overseas buyer for an amount not unadjacent to 300 grand. That, as so many clever fathers-in-law are bound to point out, is a lot of brass for a car that's out of warranty.

Not everyone understands the complexities of buying and salting away valuable motor cars for pleasure and/or profit. And

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

METAL

for every fairytale told of fortunes made on car collectables, there's a counter-story about the one that got away or the bloke who got stung.

Our moneybags friend with the Isotta-Fraschini made close on $200,000 from this one deal. Not even veteran car investors are sure whether he was cunning or merely lucky. The market for collectables is about as stable as South American politics. As one wise old head put it: "A good investment is a car that someone wants to buy when you want to sell it." It's no fun selling the most valuable motor car in the world if there isn't a buyer around with cash at the ready. Desire and substance are often incompatible.

Australia's most valuable motor car is probably a pre-war Mercedes 540K Cabrio, its worth estimated at $450,000. In the world of collectables all prices are guesses; buyers are reluctant to go public with figures that might be of tremendous interest to the tax man.

If the money outlaid for the Merc 540K sounds steep, an outrageously wealthy American recently paid a trifling $940,000 for a Duesenberg. That was way above the going rate but the gent in question wanted the car in question — hang the cost.

Motoring authority and collector David Berthon has a few guidelines for rookie collectable shoppers. Cars with a track pedigree, sporting machines, roadsters and dropheads are generally solid propositions. A vehicle once owned by the famous or notorious — a John Lennon or Idi Amin — is extra special. Berthon also advises to "go for quality." A rule of thumb, he suggests, is to stick with rare or prestige makes. This applies to cars of any era. Too often Berthon has seen cases of uneducated buyers over-capitalising on bread-and-butter models. "They might grab a scruffy 1925 Chev for say $1500, spend $5000 to $6000 restoring it, and, then discover its market worth is $6000 tops."

Believe it when he says there's an art to selecting wisely among the elderly stuff. His cars are always a blend of good economic sense and unbridled ardor. He's currently restoring one of the great vintage models, a 1910 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. When complete, it'll owe him about $65,000. Its real value: around $200,000.

"Many people underestimate the cost of restoring old cars. Bits for the rare and valuable motor cars can be frighteningly expensive. Many parts are simply unobtainable and have to be hand made." Tyres to suit Berthon's 75-year-old Roller are made by Dunlop in England. Cost: $650 each.

What's happening with greater frequency is that many time-and-weather ravaged cars of the 1900-1920 period are so costly to bring back to original condition that they're no longer an investment proposition.

Obviously there's more bucks to be made at the pricy end of the car collectable market. But, equally, the ranks of potential investors with a spare million or two are thinner. Like the cars themselves, opportunities are rarer. Even the experts beg to differ — with each other. Berthon doesn't rate an Isotta-Fraschini too highly: "Compared with other cars of that late Twenties vintage, it feels like a truck. The Rolls of the day was a far more refined car . . ."

Berthon's list of highly desirable cars is not short; it starts with "any vehicle eligible to compete in the London to Brighton Rally" (pre-1905) and runs through all the chain-driven racing or sports cars of that period, Edwardian era Silver Ghosts, the high performance 30/98 Vauxhall of the Twenties, classic Bentleys, Bugattis, the elegant American-built Duesenbergs and Cords, English Lagondas and Alvis, the 356 Porsche, the Jaguar XK120 and D-Type, Gullwing Benz, the MG TC-TF, *Happy Days* Yankee cars and some of the Oz horn stuff. "There are many others that are starting to appreciate; the twin-cam MGA is now quite rare and highly sought after. So too, the Jaguar E-Type and Porsche 911." And the MGB, not even a good sports car in its day, is also threatening to fall into the desirable investment category. If anything, this proves collectors are not uniformly guilty of impeccable taste. Next we'll hear the godforsaken Triumph TR-7 has miraculously found friends among those who harbor motoring jewels.

Most of the cars on Berthon's hit parade are valued at six figures; they're way out of reach for most of us. Closer to reality perhaps is an MG TC, a top example of which might change owners for close to $25,000. MGBs go for around eight grand and anything more than loose change is way too much for a TR-7.

A good Morris Cooper S is worth keeping; their prices are moving upward as their numbers decline. And even the homely Morris Minor is riding a wave of popularity. To own one though is to be eternally late for appointments.

Considering its isolation and population, Australia is a surprisingly buoyant market for the extraordinary and uncommon. It follows that prices too are stable and realistic, bordering on the high side for popular and desirable cars. There are some spectacular auto collections Down Under. Some are open to the public, like Peter Briggs' museum of about 150 classics (comprising many racing cars) in the Western Australian country town of York. Others, such as the holdings of Sydney's Laurie O'Neil — said to extend to several dozen cars and including a no-mileage Ford Mustang — are essentially for the owners' enjoyment. Very few — if any — of the worthy collections exist purely for their investment potential. Inevitably they're raised by men with a passion for cars. Significantly, just about all the owners refuse to put a dollar value on their cars.

One such collector is Ross Marshall of Sydney. He sets aside most Saturdays to

Collector's editions — Top: 1953 Austin Healey; Above: 1947 MG TC.

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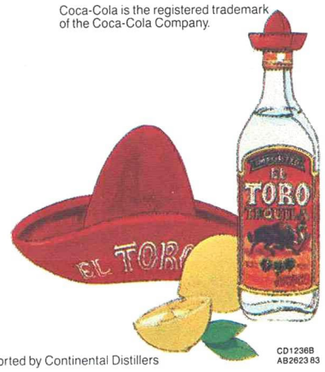

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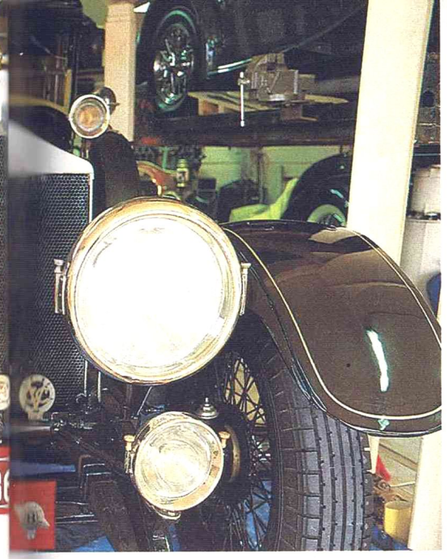

Far left: The 1937 Bentley; Top left: 1910 single-cylinder Brush; Above: 1914 Rolls Royce.

METAL

work and play with his toys. All of Marshall's cars are road registered, mobile and, as he puts it, "very much alive." Marshall began collecting seriously in 1957 and soon found himself with seven veteran (pre-1919) models. "It wasn't the way to go — I could drive only one or two." So he changed the composition of his car cluster. Now he has "a bit of this and a bit of that." Representing the pre-WWI era, there's a 1911 single-cylinder Brush (reputed to be the car in which Francis Birtles drove from coast to coast), and a 1914 Rolls Silver Ghost seven-seater passenger limousine. He also has a "glorious, sensuous 100 mph" 1937 drophead Bentley Vanden Plas: "The only one in the world with this coachwork."

Three post-war examples of British sports car heritage also reside in the Marshall collection: a 1949 MG TC, a 1951 MG TD and an Austin Healey 100/4. A Porsche Carrera 911 rounds off his stellar lineup. "They're the classic of the modern sports car and fantastic value for money. They just don't depreciate."

Car buffs don't have to enter a time warp to go shopping for blue chip automotive investments. New models offer some potential. As Marshall confirms, Porsches, more so the timeless rear-engined 911 models, are rock solid, as are the top-of-the line Mercedes (in particular the big coupes).

The current revival show — the Where-Were-You-In-'62? nostalgia kick — is responsible for the galloping values of Forties, Fifties and Sixties cruisers out of Detroit. Cadillacs, Thunderbirds, Mustangs and Corvettes are hot property, and getting hotter. But dare suggest their recycled popularity is due to splendid suspension technology and tasteful styling and you're likely to be instantly certified. A quarter-century ago, a representative sample of Detroit's finest was a so-delicate two-tonner that handled like a bowl of junket. It had chrome by the acre, disinterested steering, cross-ply tyres at least 10cm wide, genuine fading drum brakes about as big as a Rowntree's Golden Rough, and a man-sized 390 cuber V8 up front. They claimed more American lives than Pearl Harbor.

Today, collectors have to do battle with the cut-and-shut brigade for cars of the Rock 'n' Roll period. The wrong hands can wreak all kinds of artistic havoc on valuable property. A malevolent street-rodder, blinded by the gleam from the chromium grille, can spend ten grand turning his machine into a brightly-hued, purple velour lined, huffing, puffing, evil-tempered, kidney-shaking monument to bad taste:a 200 km/h bordello. To most Children of Ming, though, the old Yankee iron does represent an era of youthful innocence and first love. Memories are free, unless you've just forked out $30,000 for a faithfully-restored pristine 1962 T-Bird Sports Roadster to assist in the re-creation. Being a re-born bodgie can be an expensive business.

Australian cars of the late Forties and early Fifties also bring mind-blowing amounts. The Holden humpies — the 48/215 and FJ models — continue to appreciate steadily. Mint condition sedan examples fetch around $8000. Utes are highly prized too. Modified early Holdens also realise good money but could be dubious value long-term. Pukka collectors insist on original presentation.

Other cars with appeal in The General's Aussie lineup are the Bathurst 350 ci Monaro, XU-1 Torana, A9/X Torana and Torana SLR5000. The Peter Brock VH Commodore Group Three is still a trifle young, but is beginning to show signs of becoming a valuable acquisition.

But no Holden can match the investment potential of Ford's classic GTHO Phase Three, the world's fastest four-door production car. One was recently advertised — perhaps optimistically — for $45,000; most bring around 20 Gs. Funny though, how there seem to be more HOs and SLR5000s on the road than were ever built. Copy cat classics abound among the street machine fraternity.

The much-maligned locally-manufactured Leyland P76 could, according to some in the know, be a good thing for the year 2000. But only rust-free, low-mileage V8-models. Several examples are already in storage awaiting Their Day.

Purveyor of exotics in Sydney, Gigante Prestige Cars, detects an upswing of interest in soft-top cars of all descriptions, as well as Aussie classics and Benzes of every model. "If a car has been loved to death, then it's bound to hold its value," says sales manager at Gigante's Chris Heffron. "That goes for everything from a Toyota Corolla up.

"Mother a motor car and it'll repay you in full when you sell." Gigante's operation deals primarily in pre-owns of the Seventies and beyond and is handily placed to monitor the trends in late models. "Limited-edition Brocks, XU-1s, Phase Threes are all on the advance. And Ferrari Dino 246s. Two years ago they'd be worth $20,000 to $25,000; today they go for 40 for a hard-top and 50 for a convertible.

"Convertibles of every description are good news. In '83 you could pick up a Morrie Minor softie for a few hundred; now you'll need three or four grand.

"MGBs are moving and so are Triumph Stags. Good ones demand eight or nine. Benzes are fail-safe.

"Eight years back a typical 280SL was worth around 20. Today . . . $35,000. Anyone can make money on cars . . . just keep them clean and tidy and original."

Auction firm Pickles specialises in unique and expensive cars. Pickles' Storm Jacklin surveys the collectable scene from his pulpit, gavel in hand. He is about the first man in Australia to detect a slump in the economy; the first signs are usually the tycoons off-loading their expensive and exotic toys.

After some deliberation Jacklin nominated the best buys in different price ranges. He came up with around a dozen or so cars. At the affordable end are the pre-war Austin Chummy (under $10,000), the R-R Doctor's Coupe, the Falcon GTHO Phase Three, an early MG sports, the six-cylinder Austin Healey and a Mercer Raceabout ($10,000-$20,000). His choice for the 20 to 30 grand bracket is any veteran (1904 or older) in top order.

The 6.9 Mercedes is his selection in the $30,000-$40,000 category, while in the $40,000-$100,000 zone are machines such as the Jaguar SS100 3.5, Gullwing Mercedes, a string of Bugattis and some of the more recent Porsches.

Finally, in the over-$100,000 list, there's the Silver Ghost, limited edition performance cars like the AC Shelby Cobra, and the 500K Mercedes.

Jacklin sees dozens of collectables — and collectors — every week of his working life. He is charmed out of his mind by the machines, constantly bemused by the men who, for emotional or financial reasons, worship pieces of automotive magic.

Says Jacklin: "They're crazy, these car collectors. I can walk into an art buff's house, take a $40,000 painting off the wall, hand him over a cheque and walk out without a ripple of emotion from the owner.

"A car collector reacts so differently . . . they're so fanatical. I usually get instructions a mile long . . . 'Don't get it wet, don't leave it in direct sunlight. They really care so much." ○—

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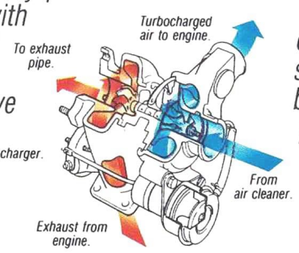

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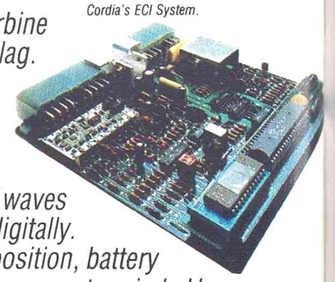

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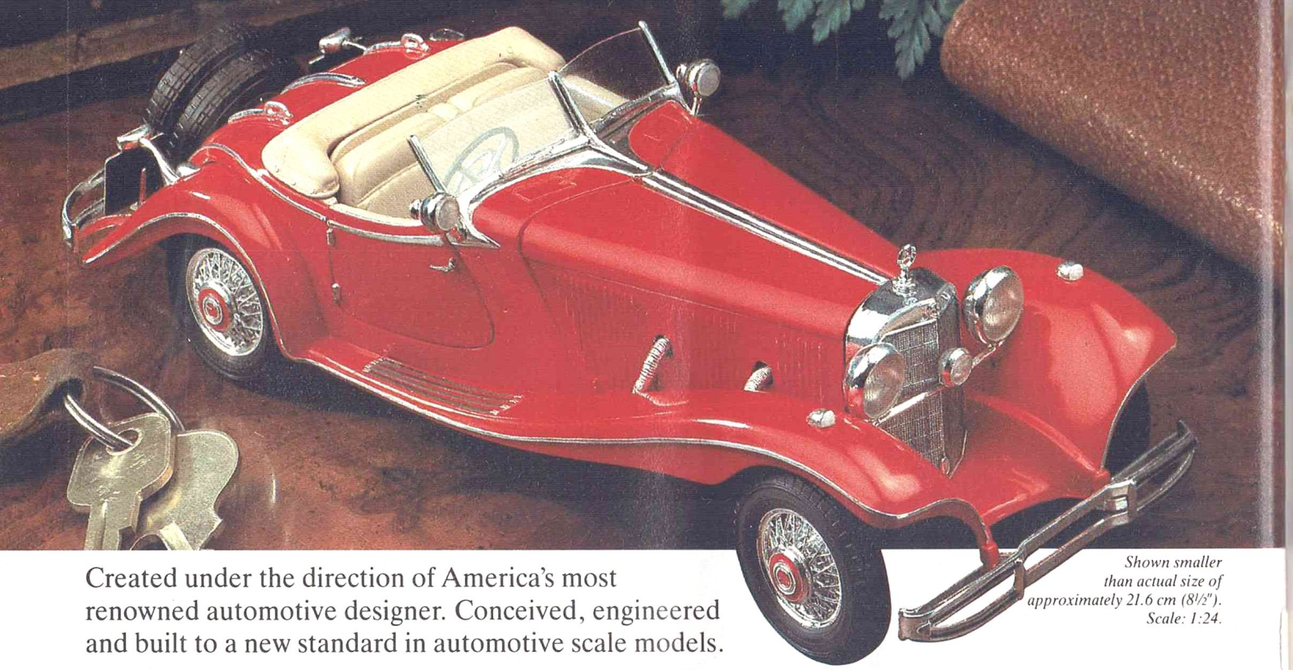

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GORDON H. BUEHRIG. Designer of the legendary Cord 810, the Duesenberg J, Auburn Speedster and, now, the Director of Franklin Mint Precision Models. "I was convinced that collector model cars could deliver more — in detail, finish and overall quality. That's what separates this model car from any you may have seen before."

THE FIRST ISSUE of an important new series is traditionally of great interest to collectors — especially when that "first" involves collector model cars. For not only is model car collecting one of the most fascinating forms of collecting, but today it has also reached new heights of popularity.

Now, The Franklin Mint is pleased to announce its first series of die-cast metal collector models: the great classic sports roadsters. This marks the initial issue of Franklin Mint Precision Models. And inaugurating the collection will be an intricately detailed scale model of the world-famous Mercedes-Benz 500K.

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Crafted in the traditional scale of 1:24, The Mercedes 500K Special Roadster is the perfect showpiece for a tabletop or desk. Where you can display the detailed engine compartment, try the quick steering action, work the "knock-off" hub on the spares. If you are a car enthusiast — or simply take pleasure in owning objects that are made with care and skill beyond the ordinary — this superb imported model will be a most satisfying possession.

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PART·EIGHT

CONTRACEPTION

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

Accurate advice and careful consideration are the watchwords in deciding what form of contraception best suits yourself and your partner. In last month's Sealed Section we addressed the subject in relation to such factors as lifestyle, religion and health and examined popular barrier methods of contraception including the condom, diaphragm and cervical cap, spermicides and IUDs. In this, Part Two, I will look at natural methods of birth control, hormonal contraception — the Pill — and sterilisation. It will hopefully equip you with the overview necessary to make the best decision on a question that most of us must face. Included is a comparative charting of the advantages and disadvantages of the main forms of contraception. I earnestly counsel you to make yourself familiar with these considerations for your own and your partner's ongoing benefit.

Dr. Carl

NATURAL BIRTH CONTROL

The so-called "natural" methods of birth control are based on a thorough understanding of the woman's menstrual and uterine cycles. Because no drugs or surgical procedures are involved in these methods they have no unwanted side-effects nor any negative influence on future pregnancies. The disadvantages of these methods are, however, that they rely totally on the regularity of the body's cycles and symptoms, and therefore the risk of a pregnancy occurring is relatively high.

Coitus Interruptus: This method of birth control has the highest failure rate of any acknowledged contraceptive procedure. It involves the male withdrawing his penis from the woman's body just prior to ejaculation.

Unfortunately this method of contraception does not allow for human error, such as the male's timing being a little late or his becoming "carried away" and forgetting to withdraw altogether. Most importantly, *coitus interruptus* does not take into account the fact that sperm cells are often found in the pre-ejaculate fluid which the male produces in response to sexual stimulation.

Apart from being unreliable as a method of contraception, most couples are likely to find *coitus interruptus* unsatisfying, especially if it's the only contraceptive method employed.

The Rhythm Method: On about the 14th day before her next period begins a woman releases a mature ovum or egg from her ovary. The egg travels along the Fallopian tube to the womb and unless it is fertilised during this journey it will only survive for about 48 hours. It is during this time that the woman may become pregnant.

It is known that sperm can survive in a woman's body for about four days and so coitus which occurs four days before or two days after the time of ovulation provides the opportunity for the sperm to join with the ovum — ie fertilisation and pregnancy.

It's reasonable to assume that by avoiding intercourse at the "fertile time" of a woman's cycle you should avoid fertilisation, and this method of contraception is known as "The Rhythm Method." The problem however is that not only do women's menstrual cycles vary in duration, but so too does the time at which ovulation occurs for the individual from one month to the next. Pinpointing the exact moment of ovulation can be very difficult.

To estimate her fertile period a woman must first of all work out the length of her cycle, measured from the beginning of one period to the beginning of the next. It's usually somewhere between 21 and 35 days, but should only be determined after a number of months of careful plotting. Some women have fairly regular cycles, while for some others cycles fluctuate enormously. Obviously, the greater the irregularity of the cycle, the greater the chance that errors will occur in determining the time during which pregnancy will not occur.

Once the most common number of days between menstrual periods has been established, 13 to 15 days before the start of the next period is assessed as the time during which ovulation could occur. The fertile period would then be somewhere between the five days (maximum sperm life) prior and the three days (maximum egg life) after these dates. For women whose cycles vary, further days must be added at both ends of this time span to allow for fluctuations in ovulation.

The danger of the rhythm method as a means of contraception is that many factors, including illness and anxiety, can affect the time of ovulation. This is even the case with those women whose cycle lengths do not normally vary, and so the estimated fertile period may be quite incorrect. Some women may also produce more than one egg, and the fertile period can be longer if the eggs are not released at the same time. This is uncommon, but it throws out calculations completely.

Basal Body Temperature: The basal body temperature is the body's temperature while at rest and roughly coincides with its lowest temperature for the day. As mentioned earlier, the sudden increase then fall in the oestrogen levels and the gradual increase in progesterone levels which occur around the time of ovulation cause the basal body temperature to rise by about 0.4°C. This temperature variation, which is usually less than that caused by a fever, can be another indication of when ovulation has taken place.

This method is not precise of course, but by plotting her temperature each morning as soon as she wakes (before moving around or drinking), a woman may determine her basal body temperature for the day. When the temperature readings for the whole month are joined, there will be many rises and falls, although generally temperatures will be higher in the latter part of the cycle and during menstruation.

If, in your first month of plotting, the readings seem to give no indication of your cycle and the probable time of ovulation, do not be discouraged. A rise in temperature can be attributed to intense excitement, some drugs (such as alcohol), illness or lack of sleep. Other factors such as depression or sedatives and pain-killers can lower the body temperature.

For some women, this method of determining their fertile time works reasonably well. Its chief disadvantage as a method of contraception is that it gives no indication of when ovulation is about to occur — only when it has done so — and therefore assessing the number of "unsafe" days *before* ovulation becomes just guesswork.

Further Clues to Assessing the "Fertile Period": Women can learn to be more aware of the changes which occur in their bodies at various times during their menstrual cycle. Many are already familiar with the feelings of fluid retention and tender breasts, sometimes accompanied by irritability and mild depression, which are often noticed a week or so before the next menstrual period. Pre-menstrual tension (PMT) is the body's reaction to the increasing levels of progesterone.

With practice and application, some women are able to identify other physical signs which indicate what stage of their cycle they have reached, including the twinge of pain in the abdomen which some women notice *about* the time when ovulation occurs.

The Billings Method: As ovulation approaches, the influence of oestrogen encourages the cervical mucous to become progressively more elastic and lubricated — its appearance and texture can be likened to the white of an egg. Under the microscope this jelly-like discharge has an open tunnel structure, which aids the passage of the sperm towards the cervix.

After ovulation, due to the influence of progesterone, the type of cervical mucous which is produced changes, and it gradually becomes thicker and more opaque. Under the microscope this type of cervical mucous is more mesh-like and actually hinders the sperm in their attempts to reach the womb.

The Billings Method depends on carefully noting the changing characteristics of this cervical mucous from deep inside the vagina. In this way the woman may be helped to determine when ovulation is still to occur, and when intercourse would be unlikely to cause pregnancy.

Of course there are factors which may influence the readings. Stress, anxiety, vaginal infections and even dietary components may alter the type of mucous being secreted and couples should realise that the method is far from foolproof.

Combination Natural Method: The failure rate for natural birth control methods can be reduced significantly by combining all the information obtained about a woman's cycle by using the methods just discussed. Thus armed with an understanding of her normal cycle length, temperature readings each morning and observation of the cervical mucous secretions, a woman would be able to know fairly accurately when intercourse would be most likely to result in fertilisation.

During the "unsafe period" other methods of contraception will need to be employed. Some couples, for example those who have religious beliefs which outlaw any other type of contraception but the natural methods, may abstain from sex at this time or use methods of sexual stimulation which do not involve the penis or the ejaculate coming into contact with the female genitals (oral sex for example). Others, who may have an aesthetic dislike of diaphragms, condoms or spermicides, may use these methods during the times when the risk of pregnancy using natural methods is too high.

Despite the Pill's side-effects, it has enabled millions of women to pursue careers with little fear of unwanted pregnacy.

HORMONAL CONTRACEPTION

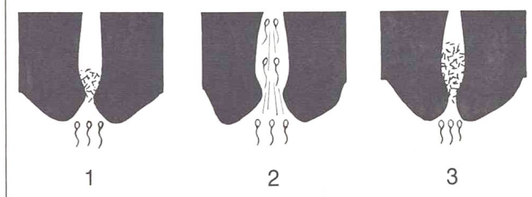
Since the late Fifties when oral hormonal therapy became available, there has been a great expectation among medical researchers that the problems of contraception could be easily met through chemical means. Although this has occurred to a limited extent, there are still many questions to be answered.

The term "the Pill" is usually used to describe a combination oestrogen/progestagen tablet which is administered over the duration of the menstrual cycle. It is generally believed that the oestrogen component acts by inhibiting ovulation and that the progestagen (artificial progesterone) enhances this action as well as tending to encourage the growth of the uterine lining. By combining these two hormones it is possible to lower the dose of the oestrogen, which is usually the main cause of the problem side-effects.

Early Pills (those of the Sixties and early Seventies) tended to have relatively high doses of both hormones; there has been a gradual reduction of hormone levels with the more modern Pills. There has been a great deal of research involving the use of oral contraceptives during the past 20 years, so much that it is probably true to say that more research has been carried out on oral contraceptives than on any other class of medication. When you consider the huge number of women who have safely taken the Pill for more than 20 years, it puts into perspective some of the more sensational media reports which have attempted to portray it as a highly dangerous medication.

Of course, it must be remembered that any medication is likely to have side-effects, and must be prescribed and monitored carefully. In other words, the Pill should not be used indiscriminately or for long periods of time without medical assessment.

THE CERVICAL MUCOUS CHANGES IN THE MENSTRUAL CYCLE.



1. Post-Menstrual Strands form a net in the gel. Cervical opening and canal closed. 2. Peri-Ovulation Strands form canals in the watery gel. Cervical opening and canal open. 3. Pre-Menstrual Strands form a dense mesh. Cervical opening and canal closed.

Benefits of the Pill: Apart from the fact that it is convenient and relatively cheap, there are several other positive benefits which are likely to result from the Pill being used. Numerous studies have indicated that the Pill, when properly used, has a very low failure rate: something in the order of one pregnancy for every 200 women using the Pill per year. For many women, the most beneficial side-effect is in the control of their periods. Women taking the Pill tend to have less blood loss and less menstrual pain than those using other methods of contraception. In addition there is some evidence that the symptoms of pre-menstrual tension are alleviated.

What is not generally appreciated is that there is strong evidence that the Pill actually protects many women against a number of important diseases such as cancer of the uterus and ovary, some types of ovarian cyst, pelvic infection and some benign breast lumps.

The Pill has enabled millions of women to plan their families and has allowed them to take up careers with little fear of unwanted pregnancy. Provided that there is proper medical supervision and awareness of those for whom the Pill would not be suitable, serious side-effects can usually be avoided.

Side-Effects of the Pill: Fortunately, although side-effects are common, these are usually minor. The most prevalent are:

1. Slight weight gain and fluid retention (oedema).
2. Mid-cycle spotting (bleeding).
3. Missed periods. Often a source of confusion, but the most important thing to remember is to continue taking the course.
4. Headaches. Usually these are minor but occasionally they may be severe enough to warrant cessation of the Pill.
5. Yeast infections of the vagina (Candida or thrush) are a relatively common problem and occur as a result of changes in the vaginal environment.
6. Depression. Some women seem to be particularly sensitive to mood changes whilst taking the Pill. Fortunately these mood changes are usually minor and may be managed by merely changing the dose.
7. Skin pigmentation (Chloasma). A particular form of skin discoloration of the face may occur, especially in those exposed to sunlight. Similar changes are normally seen in pregnancy.

Women Who Should Not Take the Pill: There is a special group of women for whom the Pill is contraindicated (dangerous):

1. Those who suffer undiagnosed genital tract bleeding;
2. Those with previous heart or clotting disorders;
3. Those with cancer of the breast, uterus or liver;
4. Those who suffer from severe migraine.

Women Who Should Consult their Doctor Before Taking the Pill: There are a number of common conditions and risk factors which should be taken into account before the Pill is prescribed, including:

1. Smoking. There is a definite increase in the likelihood of such complications as blood clots and hypertension with cigarette smoking and the use of the combined Pill.
2. Moderate hypertension. Known hypertension (high blood pressure) needs to be carefuly watched in the case of patients using the Pill.
3. Diabetes. It is known that the Pill may affect the course of this disease and for this reason caution is warranted.
4. Liver disease. Mild elevations of liver enzymes are regarded as normal in women taking the Pill. For this reason many clinicians are nervous about prescribing the Pill in cases of known liver disease.
5. Certain drugs, including anti-coagulants, anti-depressants and anti-convulsants. Because there is a known interaction of hormonal Pills with a small but important group of drugs, it is wise to advise your doctor of all your medications prior to obtaining a prescription for oral contraceptives.

Tips on How to Take the Pill Efficiently: In a busy medical practice, the clinician sometimes does not have the time to explain in detail minor points when prescribing medications, yet it remains important to know a few basic facts. Remember that we are dealing with very small doses of hormones (measured in micrograms) and for this reason their effect may be lost if even one dose is missed. A regular routine should be established: I personally advise women to take their Pill at the same time every morning, perhaps when they're carrying out some other habitual activity such as cleaning their teeth of having a cup of coffee. In this way it's possible to remember a forgotten Pill before too many hours have elapsed. It's also a good idea to have an "emergency packet" with you in your handbag to ensure as little disruption as possible to your hormonal intake.

Should you not feel well and have an attack of vomiting or diarrhoea, it's possible that the full dose of the Pill will not be properly absorbed. In such cases it would be wise to double the dose of the Pill (by taking an additional Pill from your emergency pack) or at least use alternative contraceptive methods until the end of that cycle. Remember also that during its first month of use, the Pill has an unacceptable failure rate as a contraceptive. Other, additional methods of contraception should be used during the first cycle. Take the Pill strictly as prescribed.

Types of Pill. The most common type of Pill used today is probably the *Sequential Oral Contraceptive*, which involves

CONTRACEPTIVE METHOD	WOMEN/100wm's*
Coitus Interruptus (Withdrawal)	35
Rhythm	30
Spermicides	2-36
Condoms	3-36
Basal Temperature	15
Billings (cervical mucous)	3-16
Combined Natural Method (Rhythm, Billings & Temperature)	8
Diaphragm and Spermicide	2-15
IUD	1-5
The Pill: Oestrogen & Progestagen Progestagen only	0.1-1 2-5
Sterilisation (Vasectomy & Tubal Ligation)	0.1 - 0.33

*These figures are a general guide only, an estimate of the number of women who would become pregant out of 100 women using the same method of contraception for 1 year.

PART·EIGHT
CONTRACEPTION

CONTRACEPTIVES: THEIR PROS AND CONS

	METHOD	ADVANTAGES	DISADVANTAGES
NATURAL METHODS	WITHDRAWAL (COITUS INTERRUPTUS)	Inexpensive No side effects. No preparation required.	Low efficiency; does not account for pre-ejaculate; human error; great pressure and responsibility on the male — may affect performance; relatively unsatisfying.
	RHYTHM METHOD	Inexpensive No side effects.	Period of abstinence required; low efficiency; woman's menstrual cycle not always predictable; intercourse regulated by calendar rather than desire; requires careful note-taking.
	BILLINGS METHOD (OBSERVATION OF CERVICAL MUCOUS)	Inexpensive. No side effects. Slightly more reliable than previous rhythm or withdrawal methods.	Period of abstinence required; requires time to observe and learn signs of ovulation; readings often affected; taking readings may be thought messy and distasteful; intercourse regulated by calendar rather than desire; guesswork elements.
	TEMPERATURE METHOD	As for Billings method.	At least two months charting and plotting required before pattern determined; readings affected by various factors; only indicates when ovulation *has* occurred — guesswork elements; period of abstinence required.
	COMBINATION NATURAL METHOD (TEMPERATURE, MUCOUS & CYCLE RECORDING)	Combined efficiency. No side effects. Does not affect sensation. Preparation is done before intercourse commences.	Requires much time and recording; readings still affected by extraneous factors; period of abstinence required.
BARRIER METHODS	SPERMICIDES	Enhances efficacy of other methods when combined. Can act as lubricant. May inhibit some vaginal infections. No prescription/examination required.	May be considered "messy"; can be expensive; may make oral sex unpleasant; reapplication required; low efficiency if used alone.
	CONDOMS	No side effects. Reasonably simple to use. Gives some protection against sexually transmitted diseases. Does not require prescription/ examination, also variation of sensation.	Can leak or tear; user must wash thoroughly and change after ejaculation, unnatural feel, taste or smell; reduced sensation; spontaneity of love-making affected; should be used with a spermicide.
	DIAPHRAGMS OR CAPS	Relatively few side effects. Does not need to be changed after each ejaculation. Woman prepared up to 24 hours beforehand.	Requires expert fitting and careful insertion; must be left for at least 8 hours after intercourse; requires meticulous hygiene; may cause irritations; may be felt by the male during intercourse.

	METHOD	ADVANTAGES	DISADVANTAGES
	IUDs (INTRA-UTERINE DEVICES)	Almost as efficient as hormonal methods. Once in place, can be left for 1-2 years. Few chemical side-effects.	Must be fitted by a doctor; possible trauma on insertion and in following month; regular checks required; increased possibility of infections and menstrual problems.
SURGICAL METHODS	TUBAL LIGATION (FEMALE STERILISATION)	One of the most effective methods of contraception. Requires no further attention. Health risks and side-effects minimal after procedure & healing.	Should be regarded as permanent — circumstances may change, then decision may be regretted; general anaesthetic, hospital stay and convalescence required; possibility of tubal pregnancy greater after reversal of sterilisation; some women report complications.
SURGICAL METHODS	VASECTOMY (MALE STERILISATION)	May be performed under local anaesthetic. Very effective method. Simpler and usually safer than tubal ligation. No effect on masculinity, responses or sensation. Side effects and health risks negligible.	Approx. 16 ejaculations needed t expell traces of sperm in semen; alternative contraception needed for some time after procedure (about 3-9 months); reversals usually possible, however pregnancy is only achieved in 50-75 percent of reversals.
HORMONAL	THE PILL	Effective and relatively safe. Cheap and convenient. May alleviate aspects of difficult periods.' Evidence of protection against some diseases.	Requires prescription and regular examinations; must be remembered every day; unsuitable for women with particular health conditions — doctor will assess and discuss risks to individuals; side-effects are usually minor: eg fluid retention, increased appetite, nausea, tender breasts, headaches, depression or moodiness, yeast infections, spotting or missed periods; some experience more serious side-effects.

the use of small adjustments of oestrogen and progestagen throughout the cycle to allow for the fluctuation in natural hormonal levels. These Pills are often referred to as biphasic Pills, depending upon the number of types of Pill in the pack, and are lower in hormone dosage than the older fixed-dose combined Pill.

A Progesterone-Only Pill (or Mini-Pill) is available for women who are lactating and those for whom oestrogen Pills may be dangerous (such as the older woman). Unfortunately this Pill carries with it a slightly higher failure rate than the combined Pills; because of the small amount of active hormones it is of the utmost importance to take them at the same time each day. The advantage of this Pill is that it may be used as an alternative to the combined Pill in women who have a history of heart or clotting problems.

The Day-After Pill. This type of contraception is usually used as an emergency method of contraception after unprotected intercourse, and involves taking high doses of synthetic oestrogen and/or progesterone within 72 hours of coitus. Because of the relatively high dose of hormones used, side-effects such as vomiting and headaches may be relatively severe, and for this reason their use of a form of contraception is not recommended on a regular basis.

Injectable Hormonal Contraception: This method is largely used in rural communities around the world. Ovulation is usually suppressed by an effect on the pituitary gland, but at the same time the oestrogen/progesterone balance is upset and for this reason, uterine bleeding may become unpredictable.

Some controversy has developed in the USA regarding the use of the drug because of a possible relationship to pre-malignant cervical changes. Additional laboratory studies on dogs have suggested a possible relationship with breast cancer. For all of these reasons, injectable contraception is not generally recommended in Australia.

STERILISATION

So far we have discussed the various "Natural", Barrier and Hormonal methods of contraception. The final method left to discuss is in itself rather final — surgical sterilisation. This method of birth control involves blocking the tubes which normally carry the reproductive cells of either the male or female, so that the union of sperm and ovum is prevented. (In males the operation is known as vasectomy and in females, tubal ligation.)

Although it is often possible to reverse these operations, no guarantee of success can be given. A great deal will depend on the surgical technique used to perform the sterilisation, and the amount of destruction of the tubes involved. Ideally, reversal requires microsurgery and even the most optimistic success rates stand at about 75 percent. It is therefore advisable when considering sterilisation to assume that the operation may be permanent.

There are many couples for whom sterilisation may be an option — those who have completed their families or for whom child-bearing could be dangerous. However, careful consideration is needed before making this decision. Sterilisation is not the answer to a failing sexual relationship or to a young mother having difficulty coping with her two small children. Ideally, both partners should be happy with the decision to have no more children and the partner considering the sterilisation procedure should be quite sure that no matter what the future holds, their choice would be the same. As difficult as it may seem, the possibility of dramatic changes occurring, such as another marriage or the death of a child, must also be thought about.

Vasectomy: There are many misgivings expressed about vasectomy and its effect on "masculinity." Perhaps the best way to allay these fears is to discuss exactly what the operation involves, and how it works.

The male reproductive cells (sperm) are manufactured in the testes. On maturity they pass along a tube called the vas deferens to the prostate, where they are mixed with the seminal fluid. At ejaculation, the seminal fluid containing the sperm is forced out of the penis through the urethra.

Vasectomy involves preventing the sperm from reaching the prostate by blocking the tube which normally carries them from the testes (that is, the vas deferens). After the operation, seminal fluid is still produced by the prostate and seminal gland and ejaculation occurs in the normal way . . . the only difference is that the ejaculate does not contain sperm. The male's sex drive, sexual functioning and "masculinity" are not affected in any way.

Due to the fact that the vas deferens is more surgically accessible than the female Fallopian tubes, it is probably true to say that vasectomy is technically an easier operation than tubal ligation. The technical details of the vasectomy operation vary, but basically two small incisions are made in the scrotum (under either local or general anaesthetic), and the vas deferens are identified. A small segment is then removed from each tube, and the ends are tied, cauterised (burned) or stitched.

Recovery from a vasectomy usually takes a week to ten days and bruising is the most common complication. Sometimes infection occurs but this is rare. It may be some time, however, before all the sperm from the seminal vesicles and those in the top section of the blocked vas deferens are eliminated, and so the man is not immediately sterile. Regular sperm samples are required for the next month or so before no other form of contraception will be needed. In general it takes about 16 ejaculations to clear the semen of sperm.

Tubal Ligation. This surgical procedure is a little more complicated than vasectomy and requires a general anaesthetic. It involves the blockage of the Fallopian tubes which normally carry the mature eggs to the uterus, and a number of methods may be used to do this.

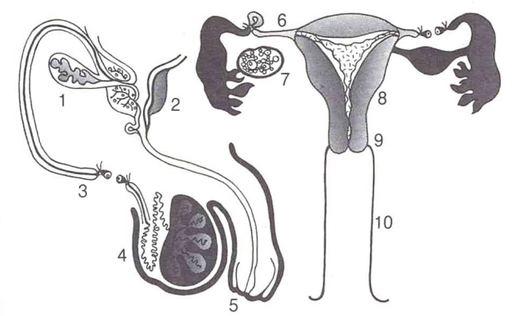
To locate the Fallopian tubes, an incision must be made in the abdominal cavity. In earlier days this was done by a formal cut, as with an appendectomy. The usual method today is via laparoscopy, which requires only two small incisions in the abdomen. Carbon dioxide gas is usually introduced into the abdominal cavity to lift the muscles from the pelvic organs, and a tube-like instrument called a laparoscope is inserted to allow the surgeon to see the tubes. He may then tie, cut, burn with an electric current, crush, and/or remove a section of each tube, or may apply plastic clips or rings to them. Those methods which do least damage to the tubes (such as simple ties, clips or rings) are perhaps the easiest to reverse, though failure rates with these methods may be higher. Sterilisation may be performed through an incision in the vagina, though this procedure is uncommon in Australia because of the risk of infection.

Total recovery from tubal ligation normally takes about one week, although normal duties may be resumed before this time. There may be discomfort or pain for a few hours after the operation, but this has usually settled by the next day. Complications are minimal.

Who Should Have the Surgery — Man or Woman? In many marriages and long-term relationships, once the decision has been made for permanent birth control, the question of who should submit to surgery arises. From a purely academic point of view it really doesn't matter, although a number of factors should be taken into consideration: (a) The health of the partners involved is of obvious importance when considering elective surgery. A partner who already has known heart problems would not be wise to undergo an avoidable general anaesthetic. (b) The relative ages of the couple. The partner who has the fewer reproductive years ahead may be less likely to be disadvantaged by the procedure, or to require a reversal. The woman's reproductive years are much less than those of a man — about 15 to 45 years, compared to twice that for the male. (c) If a breakdown of the relationship does occur it is usually the woman who gains custody of the children. She may be less likely to want another child in a new marriage. (d) One partner may be more likely to regret the decision later.

Sterilisation has the lowest failure rate of any contraceptive method to date — something between 1 in 300 and 1 in 1000. The success of the procedure will greatly depend on the expertise of the surgeon while the type of techniques which are more destructive to the reproductive tubes have a lower failure rate. However, these methods are also more difficult and sometimes impossible to reverse.

Because it is so effective, has minimal side-effects and complications, and requires no ongoing treatment, sterilisation continues to be the most efficient method of population control in developing countries.



Surgical sterilisation procedures usually involve cuts or ties.

CONCLUSION

As yet there is no contraceptive which is 100 percent effective and 100 percent safe. All the methods we have discussed have advantages and disadvantages, with varying degrees of unwanted side-effects and risks of failure. Guided by the advice of a medical practitioner it is really up to each couple or individual to determine what their contraceptive requirements are.

Because there are a number of methods of contraception available it is worthwhile to examine each from the point of view of suitability. Remember that circumstances change and it may be necessary to review your decision at a later date.

Whatever method is chosen, try to get into a regular routine — for example, keep the thermometer and chart beside the bed, take the Pill at the same time each day, or make sure there is a good supply of condoms and spermicides on hand. Some contraceptives can be incorporated into the love-making itself and can even offer a little variety. Contraception need not be the most serious subject of the day.

PART·EIGHT

CONTRACEPTION

LETTERS

Attractive and lonely

I am a 27-year-old male, attractive and lonely. I have lost all my confidence since my wife left me three years ago. I can't hold a job and haven't even been on a date, much less had sex, in all that time. I get along fine with women until it gets closer than friendship. Then I have trouble talking and I go blank and withdraw before I get anywhere. I've seen a therapist but felt I was getting the treatment just for my money, not for my problem. Do you have any advice that could be of help? I am not impotent.

I'd really like to hear from you!—*Name and address withheld*

While it is comforting to learn that you are not sexually impotent, it appears clear that you are suffering from another form of impotence. Namely, you don't feel in control. You make it clear that your wife walked out on you, and your therapist isn't interested in you either. With that headset it only stands to reason that you would not feel comfortable investing in yet another situation in which you could be seduced and abandoned—for the third time! Don't let yourself in for more disappointments.

While your letter focuses on your difficulties in re-establishing intimate relationships, and while that probably was the focus of your counselling sessions, you may need to work through your feelings about the past before you can embark on the future. It won't be until you can accept the reality that your wife isn't going to be coming back into your bed that you will be able to invite somebody else in.

Quickie

Can you please advise me if there is an ointment or lotion that would help me to stretch the skin of my penis?—*M.S., address withheld*

I am afraid there is no such ointment which will stretch the skin of your penis and indeed I wonder why you should wish to do this? Perhaps you are uncircumcised and your foreskin is so tight that it is uncomfortabe when your penis is in full erection. If so, any soothing ointment may help the soreness in the short term and I would recommend a simple massage oil or possibly a neutral cold cream such as Nivea. But in the long run I can see no alternative to your having a circumcision if your foreskin is so tight. I would recommend that you go to your GP and ask him to examine you to see what needs to be done. If indeed you do need a circumcision then this can be arranged and when completed will solve the problem.

He's got it, she flaunts it

I am a 28-year-old male. I have been married to a beautiful woman, also 28, for nearly five years. I was a top footballer in high school. We married shortly after I graduated from uni.

My wife has always loved my body. I'm satisfied with it, too, and work out daily to keep it in good shape. Our problem is that, although I'm proud of how I look, I don't feel that I have to flaunt it for everyone to see. But my wife is just the opposite. Nearly all of the clothes she buys me are either sleeveless t-shirts, tank tops or shirts that are cut off above the navel.

I have gone out and bought my own clothes just so that I could have shirts with sleeves. These shirts have ended up with holes under the arms after being worn just once or twice. They are then thrown away or the sleeves are cut off. I have asked my wife to leave my clothes to me, but she won't hear of it. She says she is proud of my body and that I should be too. Is this some fetish she has, or am I wrong for thinking people should not show off their bodies constantly? We have even been refused entrance to restaurants because my hairy belly wasn't covered. Please help.—*J.E., Brisbane*

It may be that your wife has an exhibitionistic fetish of some kind, for it is certainly unusual to constantly feel the need to strut your own, much less someone else's, stuff. However, there is another explanation which is worth exploring.

Many women are socialised into believing that who they are is merely a function of the men they marry. Even in today's more egalitarian culture, Jane Smith may still identify primarily as Mrs John Smith or Sally Smith would rather be known to the world as "the wife of Dr Smith." While you indicate that your wife is quite attractive in her own right, she nevertheless may believe that the only way to feel good about herself is by making sure everyone feels good or is impressed by you.

If this explanation has a ring of truth in it for you, you may want to discuss the possibility with your wife and encourage her to consider counselling, or perhaps better yet, joining a women's consciousness raising group. If no bells go off, then you will want to look at what function the revealing clothes may have. For example, do they serve as a form of foreplay for your wife, exciting her in public in preparation for your return to private intimacy? If neither one of these explanations serves, you might consider relocating to a hotter climate!

NEXT...

The next instalment of the Guide To Human Sexuality will consider the subject of fetishism. To some extent everyone of us incorporates some degree of fetishism into the process of sexual arousal, and as a result it has sometimes created misunderstandings between couples. We'll consider the role of fetishism in our sex lives and look at some of the objects and parts of the human anatomy which the fetishist focuses on.

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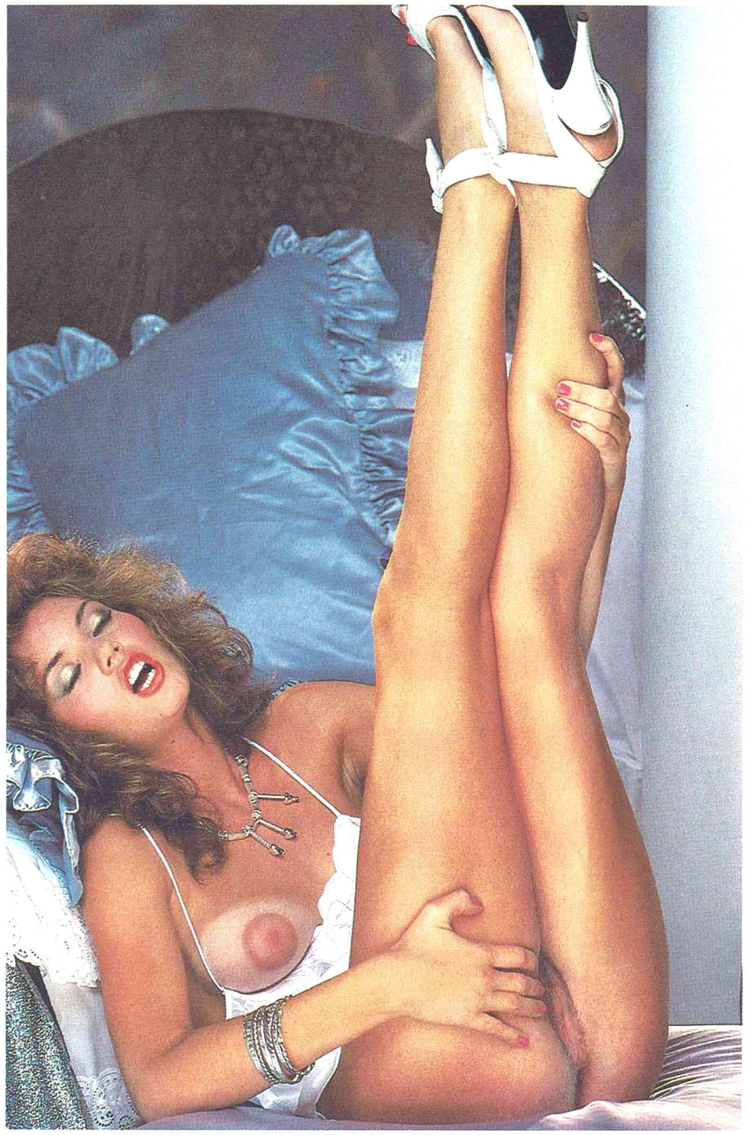
FREE REIGN

When nubile 19-year-old Jennifer James recently broke off with her longtime manager and lover, it prompted a turning point in her professional outlook. Up to then she had happily been shunted to and from modelling engagements and product endorsements. "Having someone organise me meant I could sit on my throne and be lazy. Being a free agent now is more my style. I much prefer to handle my own affairs," she says.

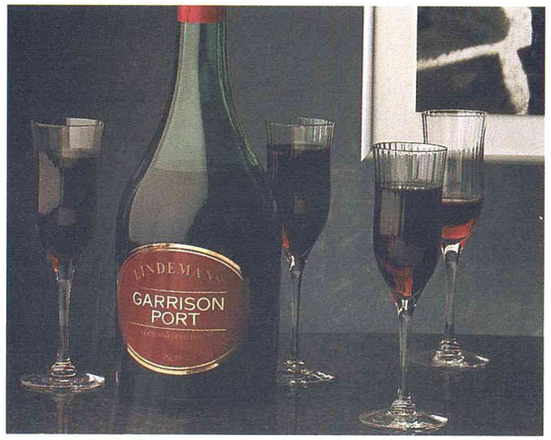
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



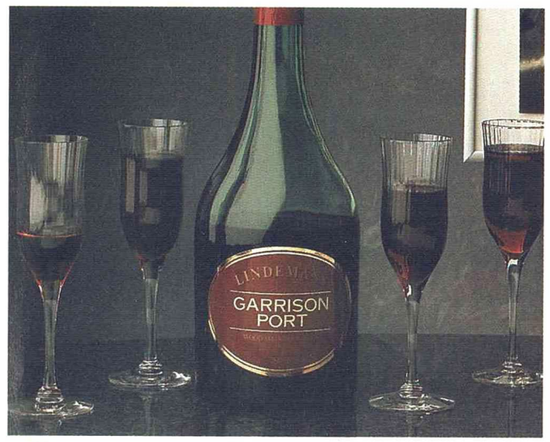
That was her first major decision; her second is to head for the exotic East where she plans to do high-fashion modelling. "In Japan, men are more open about wanting to tear off your thousand dollar dress," she says. "But they can usually afford to replace it."

For precocious Jennifer is one lady who knows exactly what she wants from her career. "I'm basing my future on the fact that men simply cannot resist me. Between you and me, I can't resist taking advantage of something so obvious.

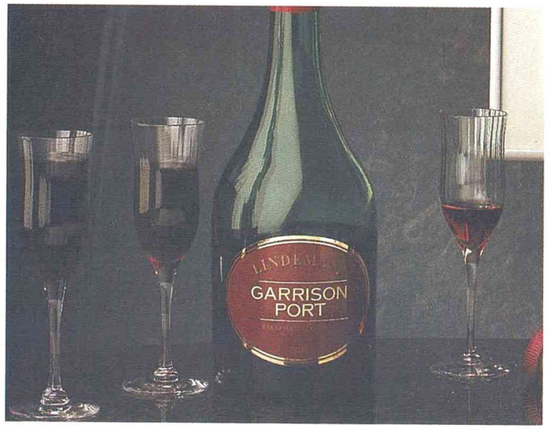
"Making myself as attractive as I can — spending hours preparing myself — is something I love. It just so happens to be quite lucrative as well as a turn-on. But the crowning glory is that moment when a man catches my eye and realises I have the power to fulfill his every fantasy."



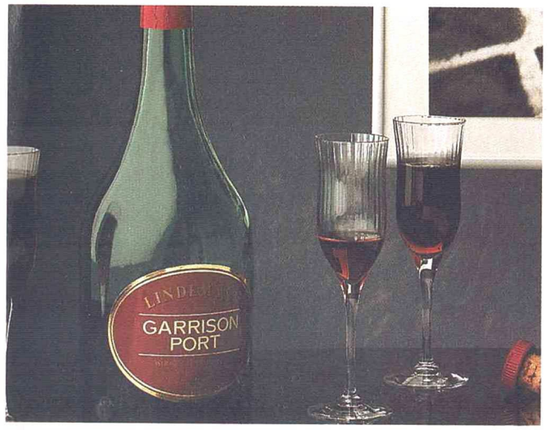
10.00 pm. Salvador Dali is a genius.



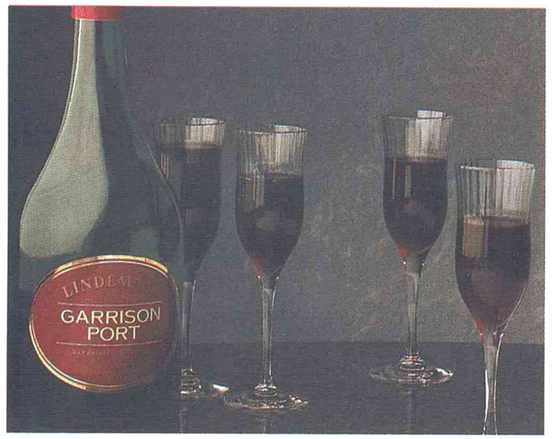
10.30 pm. Salvador Dali isn't a genius.



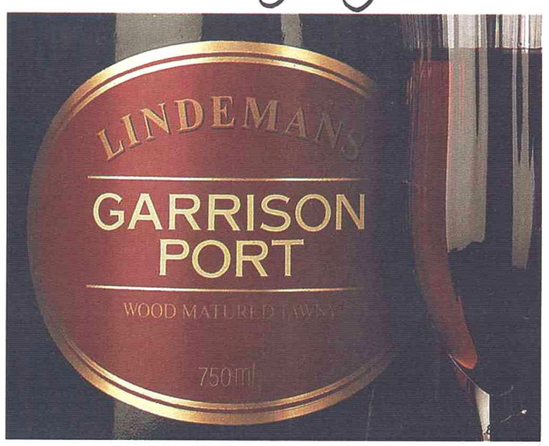
11.15 pm. Salvador Dali couldn't paint houses.



11.45 pm. Who is Salvador Dali anyway?



12.30 am. Salvador Dali is a genius.



Once breached, there's no saving the Garrison.

LOOSE ENDS

PHONE MESSAGES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

A friend of mine recently had cause to phone actress Jodie Foster. Just thought he'd give her a tingle and rap into her shell-like about the state of the biz. Actually he's a television writer and as Ms Foster was about to light up our small screens in some mini-series, a television station's publicity office had teed up the interview. It looked like being a big day in the life of a man more accustomed to extracting meaningful quotes from Australian soapie stars and digging up new angles on Fatso The Wombat.

So it was with heart aflutter and index finger atremble that he dialled her pad on the US West Coast. After a ten-second ring her phone answered and Jodie's deep husky tones tickled his inner ear.

"Uh, hi . . .," she rasped in her best laidback Californian drawl. "Sorry to screw you around and all that . . ." When she said "screw" the lead in my friend's pencil (HB) snapped. Then she continued: "Uh, I'm not here at the moment. I know what a hassle it must be for you, but if you can handle talking into my machine after the tone, I'll get back to you when I get my act together. Now wait for the tone, here. . . BEEP."

It was a disappointed man indeed who left his message from Sydney, Australia, adding that if she didn't call him back he'd shoot Bob Hawke. Well, that's what he told friends while dining out on the experience soon after. He has since framed her number and hung it over his phone at home and he ranks Jodie's phone message among the coolest he's ever heard. As a journalist, he's heard a lot of them.

Which, on a parochial level, brings me to my point. Jodie Foster aside, everybody who thinks he's somebody seems to have an answering machine these days and the messages they leave on these annoying devices are often excellent insights into their personalities — or at least, how they wish to be perceived.

Take political writer Mungo MacCallum for example: "Mungo MacCallum here. I'm out of the office. So leave your name and number after the beep." Short and to the point, and delivered in the brusque manner of a man who takes no shit, suffers no fools and never rings you back if you're not important enough for him to waste his precious time and energy on you.

Sexologist Bettina Arndt is a different kettle of fish altogether. Hers is the message of a woman who wants you to relate to her, wants to help you overcome your problems: "Hi. This is Tina. I'm out at the moment so you're going to have to leave a message on this horrible machine. You can't possibly hate talking into it as much as I do."

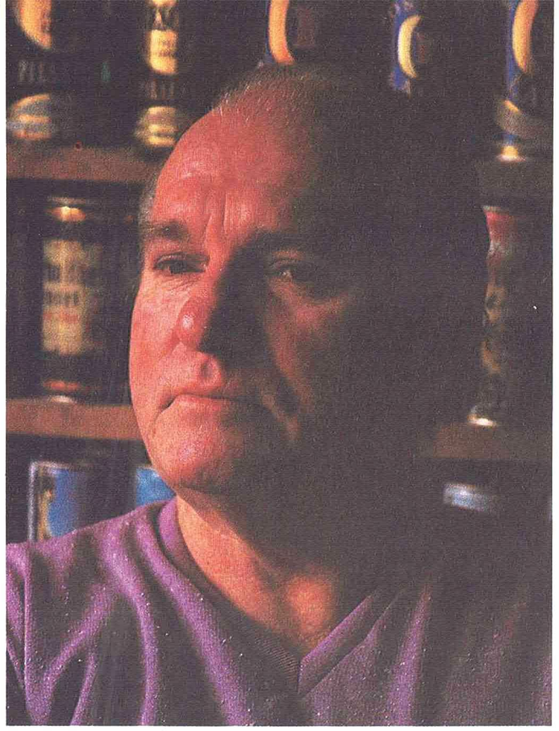
It doesn't take much to work out comedian George Smilovici's drift, but it's interesting to note that he has either mellowed out or moved upmarket lately. In the days when he was So Tuff that he wore *Life. Be In It* T-shirts to funerals, he used to have a little ditty on his machine that laughed at you and told you what a sucker you were for wasting 20c. These days he pretends he's an English butler saying: "You have just dialled the residence of Mr George Smilovici. Unfortunately, the master is out at present. If you care to leave a message, I believe he will return your telephone call."

For under $200 you too can join the ranks of those who like to appear that they have got a lot better things to do than hang around waiting for the phone to ring. You too can play on callers' basic abhorrence of answering machines, and feel fairly secure in the knowledge that they won't have enough time to think up a message that's wittier than yours or even have the presence of mind to cleverly quip, "Get stuffed."

Just under $400 buys you even more power. The message you record can run for a lot longer than a style-cramping 20 seconds. You can record your phonecalls and blackmail close friends. If things are slow at a party you can ring home, decode any messages left there for you and move on someplace more exciting.

Of course, as on all models of phone machines, you reserve the right to never ring back people who've called you, thus defeating the supposed purpose of the device. For, as any good yuppie knows, answering machines have nothing to do with business efficiency. They are for status, for never missing an opportunity that may be advantageous to their owners, and for power. I've got to have one. — *C.J. Mackay*

Illustration by Jim Mitchell



Roy Heffernan remains committed to his beloved wrestling, but also enjoys the diversion of his favorite hobby, collecting beer cans.

MAN OF A THOUSAND HOLDS

Australian TV wrestling fans of the Sixties knew him as "Australia's Own" and "The Man of a Thousand Holds." They were names that inspired hope, but Roy Heffernan never really made it on *World Championship Wrestling*. Certainly he was a step above the perpetual palookas like Con Tolios and Jan Jansen, but then he was never a match for the likes of Killer Kowalski or Spiros Arion, either.

Little did Australian fans realise that in North America Heffernan was half of what was regarded as one of the great tag team duos. In November, 1984 Heffernan and his partner Al Costello were honored with a lift-out wrestling centrefold — 20 years after they'd parted company — by America's *Official Wrestling* magazine.

Heffernan, now 60, grew up in a family of wrestlers and didn't take long to assert himself: by the time he was 19 he'd cleaned up both the Australian light-heavyweight weightlifting and amateur wrestling titles. Five years before that he'd established himself as the strongest 14-year-old in the world by lifting 179.5 kgs. He became a professional wrestler at the age of 20, and a year later was declared Mr Australia.

But Heffernan found Australia in the postwar years too austere for his liking, so he packed up his wrestling trunks and headed for India and Pakistan, and after ten months on the sub-continent Heffernan decided to move on to more salubrious climes. He grappled his way around wrestling venues all over the globe, including 53 bouts at Madison Square Garden in New York, battling under such names as Roy Hefner and Roy Heff, more because of narrow promotional posters than the demands of monosyllabic wrestling fans. In 1957, in Calgary, Canada, Heffernan joined forces with fellow-countryman Al Costello in a tag team partnership that was to rewrite wrestling's record books. They collected titles from all over Canada and the US, and were billed as "The International Champions" for the next seven years.

Heffernan and Costello wrestled as "The Fabulous Kangaroos", and much to the chagrin of the very pro-American crowds, would parade their Aussie nationalism as boldly as their championship belts. "We'd always wear our slouch hats and we'd run out to the ring to the tune of 'Waltzing Matilda'," Heffernan recalls. "Once in the ring we'd flick cardboard boomerangs to the crowd."

In 1964 Heffernan returned to Australia, under contract to *World Championship Wrestling*, and stayed with TV wrestling for eight years before deciding it was time to call it quits. While the game had been good to Heffernan, it had taken its toll on his body. He could have been hit by a runaway prime mover for all the broken bones he rattles off.

These days a lot of Heffernan's time is taken up with Roy Heffernan International Promotions, which promotes about 100 wrestling shows each year at a number of clubs in and around Sydney. He also trains up and coming wrestlers, something that he does through his love of the sport rather than for money.

Photo by Karen Watkins

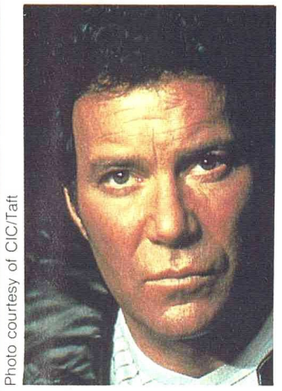


Photo courtesy of CIC/Taft

Captain James Kirk . . . a stardate with eternal glory

BEAM ME UP SCOTTY!

In a paddock outside the tiny NSW town of Robertson there lies a giant brown turd-like object that is penned in with stout barbed wire and tethered to the ground lest it escape in the night. Had he ever stumbled upon it, Erich Von Daniken would no doubt have been inspired to write yet another sequel to *Chariots Of The Gods*. This is The Big Potato, one of the strangest and most ludicrous tourist lures in this country. And, as any Robertson local will tell you in regard to the mammoth eye-bespeckled eyesore, a town just doesn't cut it until it's got a crass tourist attraction.

But The Big Potato is a mere chip off the old block. Over in the land that invented the crass tourist attraction, a Robertson-sized town has had a brainwave. Riverside, Iowa, population 826, is building a monument to a man who is yet to be born and who will never exist. They are printing up T-shirts and buttons and digging up dirt from behind the town barbershop and carefully sifting it into vials to be flogged to visiting rubbernecks — lucre from filth.

Riverside has declared itself the future birthplace of Captain James T. Kirk, commander of the Starship Enterprise and star of the classic *Star Trek* TV show and string of movies. Gene Roddenberry, the creator of *Star Trek*, apparently let it slip sometime during the show's long run that the burly commander was born during the Third Millenium in a small town in Iowa. Grasping this wisp of trivia, Riverside alderman and "Trekkie" Steve Miller let his fertile imagination go where no man's had gone before and declared his own hometown the future birthplace of Kirk. As a statue of the good commander nears completion, *Star Trek* fan clubs from across the country are streaming into the town. Dressed in full regalia, they brandish phasers and dollars for "Captain Kirk Dirt" and other knick-knacks.

An exercise in enterprise . . . or the final frontier?

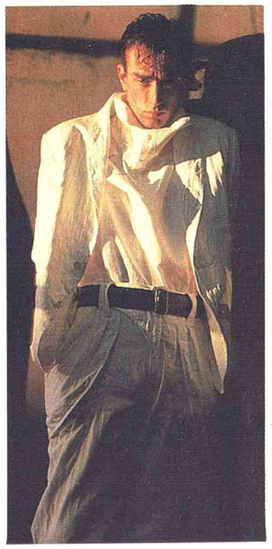
LOOSE

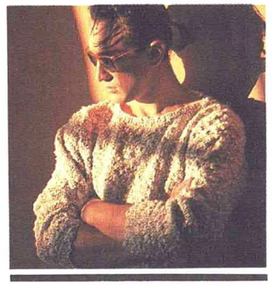
RAUNCHY RIP-OFFS

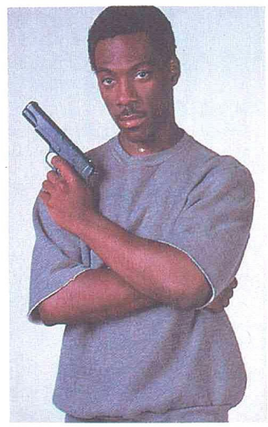
At the hands of state legislation, legally available X-rated video went the way of all flesh last year. It was strange indeed that while ghoulish titles like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *Bloodsucking Freaks* remained available on video store shelves, adult titles free of violence and heavy on fantasy were decreed no-nos for those old enough to vote, marry, procreate and pay taxes. More's the pity that we won't be seeing the fruits of a highly amusing craze in X-rated video currently sweeping the States.

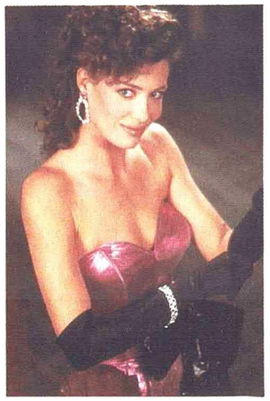
The past year has seen an explosion of the porn blockbuster rip-off and such titles as *Beaverly Hills Cop, Indiana Joan, The Woman In Pink* and *Sexbusters* are doing bumper business at American video outlets. As X-rated films cannot be advertised on television or other mass media, the ploy of giving them titles that consumers immediately recognise and storylines sending up the originals is the key to big bucks.

Some of the porn plots closely follow the original blockbusters, others simply cash in on the title and go off on the merry way of most porn films — dispensing with intricacies of plot in favor of action. *Beaverly Hills Cop* is one such — apart from a central character called Ready Murphy (played by Peter Pole) the film in no way resembles the blockbuster version. *The Woman In Pink* (starring Christie Canyon in place of Kelly Le Brock,) follows the original in so far as it recounts a man's fantasy vision of his dream girl — incorporating a great many flashes of pink. Buxom Candi and Karen Summers replace Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd in *Sexbusters* as the girls ya gonna call whenever evil sexual frustration rears its ugly head. Other titles currently available include *The Year Of Loving Dangerously, Romancing The Bone, Piggy's* ("Everything *Porky's* promised, *Piggy's* delivers!"), *Erotic Zones: The Movie* and *On Golden Blonde*.









Eddie Murphy . . . upstaged Kelly LeBrock . . . in the pink

AVANT GARB

All of us have some kind of "awareness" of clothing. For some it might only become evident when the shoes are discarded at night and the sinuses revile at the impact of killer socks — but it's awareness.

Things are changing though, according to Naji Imam, a man with his finger on the pulse of Australian menswear trends (some would argue he's performing heart massage on it). Imam asserts that the Eighties man is not only taking more of an interest in *clean* socks but the whole area of (grnnk, mnnk) *fashion*. More men are keener than ever to look good, and they're putting their wallets where their taste is. Whereas fashion was once a dirty word in the Aussie male's vocabulary, it is now the leading growth area of a flourishing industry.

The spectacular expansion of Imam's own Najee label attests to what he says. What began in the Melbourne suburb of Fitzroy in 1975 has boomed into an internationally recognised and respected range of menswear and accessories. Not only have Najee outlets mushroomed throughout Australia, they have also penetrated markets in both Europe and the US, with exports to Italy (like selling ice to Eskimos), and have offices being opened in New York, LA and Houston. The Najee entries have for two years in succession taken the cake in the Men's Casual section of the Australian Fashion Industries Awards.

Naji Imam, the designing force behind the label, points to the traditional Aussie dissociation from European trends for the yawning gap that his company is now largely filling, "when there is no profound cultural difference at all." He says his clothes combine the excitement of contemporary life, drawing on these European origins, with Australia's relaxed atmosphere. "It is not a manufacturer overly specialising, but rather making garments interchangeable to provide a complete fashion identity."

Illustration by Mark Tremlett

SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE

Fashions come and fashions go. Some stick around to become classics and some stick around to wear out their welcome (ie Bri-Nylon body shirts, white vinyl shoes and seersucker sports jackets). Some never really make it at all despite designers' valiant attempts to persuade us that it's in to wear designer jeans with plastic peekaboo cut-outs around the buttock area. One such trend was the skirt for men, first trotted out in the Sixties and generally given the big A by folks who, while happy to wear love beads and loose psychedelic blouses, found it beyond their dignity to pull on a nice skirt.

Well, what's always been cool for the Scots is apparently becoming hot news for the Americans and the Europeans as more men than ever are slipping into something that gives their nether regions freedom to breathe. What these chaps are wearing under their skirts is anyone's guess, but considering the recent female fashion trend toward wearing men's style undies, something frilly with reinforced gusset for added confidence lies within the realm of possibility. And so does the vision of clusters of beskirted men in a front bar near you or in the outer at a summery cricket match. The realm of very unlikely possibility.

Another unlikely male fashion was rudely disinterred from the graveyard of its just deserts at winter showings in Paris recently. Remember the Nehru jacket, that high-collared button-up affair so *de rigeur* in the days when every second word uttered by the *IN* set was "groovy"? Well, an attempt is currently being made to place it back in the wardrobes of those with a finger on the pulse of where it's at. If you're the kind of person who never throws anything away you could just be lucky enough to still have one in your wardrobe. Why not get it out along with your platform shoes and two-tone vee-knee flares? At this rate, they too should be about due for a second coming.

WALKING ON WATER

You know how dashed annoying it can be when you run out of crisp chablis while lounging out on your yacht, and have to fiddle around with the dinghy to get ashore for fresh supplies? Well, fiddle no longer. Simply pop on a pair of Aqua Walks and stroll ashore. You don't have to be "you know who" to walk on water these days, all you need is $1000 to snaffle up a pair of Italian Aqua Walks from The Toy Shop in North Sydney, the sole Australian distributor.

Aqua Walks are like cross-country snow skis, designed for use on water. Based on a Leonardo Da Vinci concept, these outsize shoes incorporate an articulated tail section and a retractable spring loaded keel. They are made of tough polythene and come with a pair of stocks that have rotating cones at the ends to support the Aqua Walker as well as help propel him or her.

The Toy Shop assures potential buyers that falling over away from shore is not a too frightening proposition as it is very simple to climb back on, click into your rubber booties and continue walking. Aqua Walks can carry up to 120 kilograms and each Walk weighs nine kilograms.

SMELL LIKE A CROCODILE

Just about everyone is familiar with the laughing green crocodile symbol of the French sportswear house Lacoste. Over the past few years the little fellow has adorned the left breasts of the world's most prominent upwardly mobile trendies. Now there's a new way to wear the crocodile status symbol. A male fragrance called simply Lacoste has just been launched in Australia for distribution by Juvena. Lacoste say that the fragrance range is a natural extension of their popular sportswear label as its fresh minty scent that is both light and unobtrusive should appeal to Australian men of the sporty persuasion. Ten products make up the collection, with prices starting at $13 for soap and ranging up to $45 for 100ml eau de toilette spray.

WIN A PACIFIC FRIDGE

A bar fridge is the sort of thing you may wish you had but never seem to get around to buying because there's always something more essential to be purchased or bills to be paid. A mini-fridge as an extra to a main fridge represents a blend of luxury and convenience. For most of the year it may be stocked with a few beers, some softies and mixers for a quiet one after work or on the weekend. Come Christmas or long weekends, noisy with visiting relatives and friends, they become essential when the main fridge is chock-ful of food. And at parties they allow you a peaceful few minutes alone in the bathroom without someone banging on the door for a tinnie out of the ice-filled tub. What more can be said apart from every home should have one, and courtesy of Pacific Gorenje, *Australian Penthouse* is going to place one in the home of one of its readers. And we're going to throw in half a dozen bottles of Carrington champagne for luck.

Pacific mini-fridges are designed for maximum capacity (140 litres) in minimum space, which allows easy placement behind most bars. Check out the accompanying photograph and you'll get a pretty good idea of how much you can fit into one of these entertainer's best friends. The Pacific range of mini fridges are priced from around $250 at leading department and electrical stores around Australia.

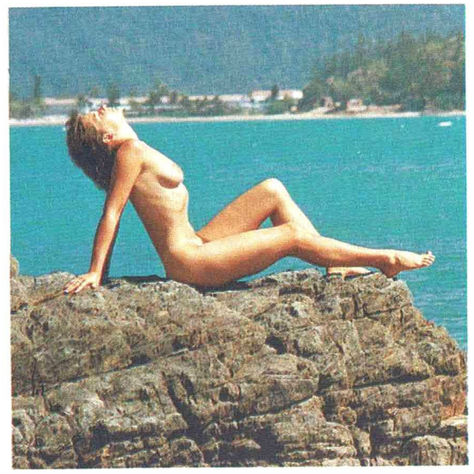
To win a Pacific mini-fridge and six bottles of Carrington champers to celebrate your luck, simply send an entry to *Penthouse* bearing your name and address and stating (in 25 words or less) why you'd like a Pacific fridge. Mail your entry to PACIFIC COMPETITION, Loose Ends, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW. To give you a chance with the Christmas mail load, entries will close on Friday, January 31, 1986.

THE WINNERS ARE...

From a small but decidely mixed bag of entries to our July Win A $1000 Bed From Sleepmaker competition, the chosen winner was Mr Chris Sullivan of Mayfield, NSW. Mr Sullivan wins the mammoth 183cm × 203cm posture-sprung Bio-Body Bed from Australia's leading manufacturers of quality bedding.

From Esky-loads of entries to our two September Loose Ends competitions the following winners were chosen. Father's Day Competition: P. Bennett, Armidale, NSW; R. Sangster, Parkdale, Vic; B. Carter, Rhodes, NSW; D. Baker, Gowrie, ACT; J. Taylor, Mackay, Qld; K. Dymnycz, Inala, Qld.

Penthouse Video Competition: A. Coolwell, Bardon, Qld; M. Charlton, Richmond, Vic; C. Bayliss, Croydon, NSW; G. Yard, Banksia, NSW; J. Cole, Brisbane, Qld; D. Murray, Mt Martha, Vic.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Picture postcard stuff — from the balmy tropics comes this month's winner of the *Penthouse*/Polaroid Photo Competition. South Molle Island inhabitants Steve Rogers and subject Ingrid Howard teamed up with this effort to get the nod for its blend of blue and bounteous beauty.

For their trouble — taking time out from complete indolence to pick up a camera on this secluded outing — they win a choice of Polaroid prizes: either the Polaroid SLR 680, the superb top-of-the-line in the Polaroid range, or the recently developed 35mm Auto-Process System, an amazing package that allows the user to develop color transparencies anywhere — and in minutes.

All Steve and Ingrid did was complete the form below, bung in a few of their happy snaps, and post the caboodle off to *Penthouse*. Shots can be submitted on any film, but take note that the pace has been set...

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) ..... of ..... am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: ..... Date .....

Signature of witness: ..... Date .....

Brisbane's Kathy Davis

COMING IN JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Grand Auto Theft — He was the king of Australian car thieves — until they put him away for five years. His speciality was Holden Commodores, and when he got behind the wheel of one he often led frustrated police on a high-speed chase through the suburbs of Newcastle and Sydney. Don't miss this rip-roaring tale of the lad who ran up a record of more than 80 convictions, mostly for multiple car theft — which is why they call him The Commodore Kid.

Horrorscopes — Did you know statistics reveal that Taureans form the community sector most likely to be charged with bestiality? Or that Librans are the star sign most likely to display homosexual tendencies? If you want the nitty gritty on your sex life according to the stars, grab a copy of January *Penthouse*.

The Young Man And The Sea — The burgeoning sashimi market has registered dollar signs in the eyes of Australian fishermen who have suddenly found a lucrative new source of revenue. This is the story of one man's battle with one of the biggest tuna recently hooked off Sydney's game fishing ground, The Peak.

Pet Of The Month — Looking like a sexy teenage savage, Brisbane's green-eyed Kathy Davis makes her debut in January *Penthouse*. Sun, sea and sensuality drip from this pictorial, providing a sizzling pinnacle to the Australian summer.

Dirty Pool — Combine a billiard room and all its accoutrements with a *Penthouse* photographer and two girls who want to play, and what have you got? A pictorial with balls!

NEW MAFIA

Continued from page 66

more than 300 were rounded up. William French Smith, then US Attorney General, hailed the multinational probes as a tremendous blow against organised crime. And now Bono and countless others are in jail in Rome and Palermo. Della Toree and many of the other launderers are in prison in Switzerland. Much of the New Mafia's real estate and other investments around the world have been seized by various governments. It seems like the New Mafia has been broken.

Wrong. "They are running it all from prison," says a Palermo prosecutor. "Leggio is in jail. So what? Leggio has been in jail before. He was running things then and he's in command now."

Others echo that prosecutor's opinion. "Until those in the government and those businessmen who are supporting them are put away, you can't say they're finished," says Nando Dalla Chiesa, the assassinated general's son. And Italian and American investigators say that the Mafia is now using Syrian, Lebanese, and Indian couriers to bring junk into the United States.

In Bagheria and in Palermo, the Mafia still rules. Every restaurant, every vegetable stand, every fruit and nut dealer pays them a tithe. Even the public school buildings are owned by the *amici* and leased in turn to the city. All this, despite the arrests and the Pope's anti-Mafia talk and Archbishop Pappilardo's threats to excommunicate *mafiosi*.

In the United States, despite the arrests, Drug Enforcement Administration statistics show no decrease in either the quantity or the quality of heroin on the streets and no increase in price for the drug.

Detroit, for example, is one city with major heroin and attendant crime problems. Nearly every day, flying squads of cops armed with bullet-proof vests, shotguns, and portable battering rams raid at least two of what they call "dope pads." They know that much of what they find there is Mafia junk, but they never see the men on top, the major wholesalers.

When Police Inspector Joel Gilliam was asked whether the wave of Mafia arrests had had any effect on the narcotics flow in his city, he replied: "By locking up some arsehole in Sicily, Italy? I don't know if that's going to be our salvation. You've got a distribution network that's in place, and the only analogy I can give you is that if the chairman of Chrysler decided to go on sabbatical for a year, I don't think they're going to stop making Chrysler products because he's not there to do the day-to-day whatever."

And if you can find him and gain his confidence for five minutes or so, stickman Twenny will tell you that his Corporation deals only in "Mafia dope . . . only the best, my man." OH

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GX-1000
Audio Cabinet

CB-K7A
Cassette Case (optional)

Also available in silver finish.

Sansui

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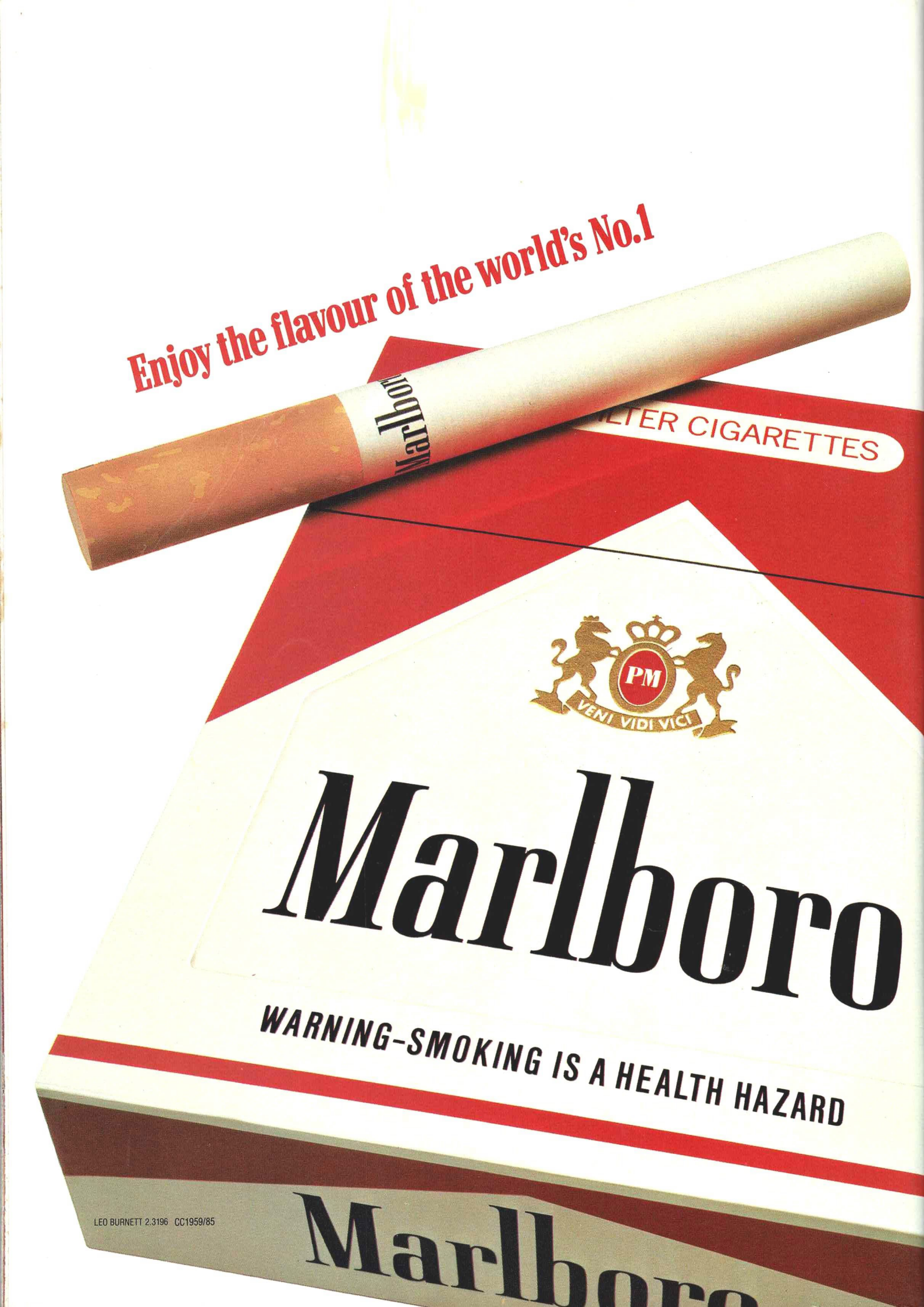
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